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OR,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge,

For MAY, 1793.

Some Memoirs of the Rev. Father Edgeworth, Abbé de Ferment.

(With an elegant whole length Portrait of that diſtinguiſhed Clergyman.)

WHILST multitudes of the French clergy renounced their allegiance to their ſovereign, in breach of oaths they had frequently taken, the more conſcientious of them preferred loſs of property and emigration to an acquieſcence with the command of a ſanguinary ſet of rulers. Very few amongſt thoſe who refuſed to take the civic oath (in contradiction to the oaths of ſubmiſſion to the laws, the king and the nation, ordered by the firſt national aſſembly) were either ſuffered to remain in France; or choſe to abide the dangers that hung every day more tremendous over their head. Amongſt the intrepid few who braved all fears from a ſenſe of duty, was the ſubject of thoſe memoirs: and it will be ever the boaſt of this country, that an *Iriſh* prieſt alone ſtood fearleſsly faithful to his duty; alone merited the confidence of a dying ſovereign, who could not truſt one of his natural born ſubjects; and alone perſevered to the laſt moment in this glorious conduct.

Francis Edgeworth, was born in the county of Longford, about the year 1750, deſcended from the highly reſpectable family of the Edgeworth's; he was bred up in the eſtabliſhed church of Ireland, but going over to France for education, he embraced the roman catholic faith; and his inclination moving him to a wiſh to enter into the prieſthood, he ſtudied for that purpoſe in the ſeminary of St. Sulpice in Paris, and received the higheſt clerical orders in 1776.

His erudition, his piety, and his exemplary life ſoon introduced him to the notice of thoſe who had not ſuffered the new fangled doctrines of ſcepticiſm to baniſh religion from their hearts, and philoſophize away their God. As from the place of his birth he had imbibed a love of rational liberty, he ſaw with concern the unwarrantable ſtretches of arbitrary power; and when the firſt ſteps were taken to abridge deſpotiſm, his wiſhes and prayers accompanied them. He cheerfully acquieſced with the happy reform that eſtabliſhed a limited monarchy, leaving to the crown only the Godlike power of doing good, and taking away the diabolical privilege of doing harm: Had France continued under the conſtitution of 1791, the worthy abbé, with all the real friends of freedom would have rejoiced; but, alas intoxicated with power whilſt they inveighed conſtantly againſt its abuſe, the ſucceeding National Convention, waded in blood to the ſcene of horrors and diſtraction which all good men muſt lament.

The abbé Edgeworth, was not univerſally known by that name, for being ſettled in France, in conformity to the cuſtom there, he added to his family name that of the place of his family property and was called the Abbé de Fermont; and having when in college obtained the ſobriquet or nick name (from his early baldneſs) of Eſcheveux, he was uſually called M. Eſcheveux de Fermont, and by that name he was promoted to a

mitre by Louis XVI. in the year 1789. However he never enjoyed the emoluments nor conſequences of that dignity; for refuſing to hold it from the national aſſembly, under their new mode of dioceſan election, he continued to act only as a pariſh prieſt.

After the king had been impriſoned it was eaſily foreſeen what the conſequence would be; all who were his friends began to ſeek their own ſafety in flight. But the dauntleſs Iriſh prieſt thought himſelf reſtrained by the nobleſt motives, and continued in Paris, regardleſs of the conſequences, reſolving as ſoon as the bloody republicans would permit him, to go and adminiſter ſpiritual conſolation to his royal maſter. In this frame of mind he imagined nothing leſs than death would be his portion, yet like a true confeſſor he remained firm to his duty; and expreſſed ſo much in the letter he wrote in the beginning of December laſt to Father Maſſey in London, who had been his fellow collegian. Which is as follows.

"You are undoubtedly ſurpriſed, my dear and honoured friend, that whilſt the clergy of France are flocking to England, for chriſtian ſhelter and ſupport, I ſhould remain here, amidſt the ruins of this afflicted, perſecuted church —indeed, I have often wiſhed to fly to that land of true liberty and ſolid peace and to ſhare with others your hoſpitable board, where, to be a ſtranger, in diſtreſs, is a ſufficient title:—but Almighty God has baffled my meaſures, and ties me to this land of horrors, by chains which I have not the liberty to ſhake off!—The caſe is this:—the wretched Maſter charges me not to quit the country, as I am the perſon whom he intends to prepare him for death. And ſhould the iniquity of the nation commit that laſt act of cruelty, I muſt, alſo, prepare myſelf for death; as, I am convinced, the popular rage will not allow me to ſurvive an hour after the tragic ſcene: but I am reſigned; my life is of no conſequence: the preſervation of it, or the ſhedding of my blood, is not connected with the happineſs of millions —could my life ſave him, I would willingly lay it down; and I ſhould not die in vain!—Receive this unfeigned aſſurance (perhaps for the laſt time) of my reſpect and affection for you; which, I hope, even death will not deſtroy."

After the king was condemned, he requeſted from the Convention, that the abbé de Fermont might attend him, this being permited: the pious and worthy man went to the Temple, conſoled and joined him in prayer. He left him not but attended to the foot of the fatal ſcaffold, but was by unprecidented inhumanity prevented from aſcending, by the ruthleſs Santerre—yet had the courage to call aloud to the dying monarch, as the murdering inſtrument was falling on his neck—"*O, ſon of St. Louis! you aſcend to heaven.*"

After the king's murder, the grief ſtruck prieſt retired to vent his ſorrows in ſolitude, where he remained unmoleſted, for the nobleneſs of his conduct ſtruck even the barbarians with an awe. It was expected he would have ſought the means of retiring from France, and it was even reported that he had arrived in London. But the pious abbé thought he had not yet fulfilled his duty. He reſolved ſtill to riſque his life by continuing to be ready to aſſiſt the mourning family of the unfortunate Louis, if the ſanguinary butchers ſhould ſeek to crown their infamy by their deaths.

The diſtreſſed Manufacturer. (With an elgant Engraving of an affecting Scene.)

MR. S——, a worthy gentleman of a moderate fortune, but what was ſufficient to ſupport his family conſiſting of himſelf and one daughter (for he had buried his wife about eighteen months) with every comfort of a middling ſtation. He was rather frugal in his own pocket expences that he might the more liberally provide every thing fitting for his daughter in a line of elegance that did not deſtroy that ſpecies of houſewifery that ought to attend every female who would be a proper miſtreſs of her own houſe. Whilſt the father's fondneſs refuſed no indulgence in his power, the young lady's duty and good ſenſe forbad her to require any thing that her father's fortune could not conveniently afford, or was unbefitting her ſtation in life.

A ſhort time ſince, being at breakfaſt, ſhe

ſhe aſked Mr. S—— for ſome money, a demand ſo unuſual (for he always anticipated her deſires) rather ſurpriſed him, Betſey, ſaid he, are you without money? you know you had a guinea in your pocket yeſterday after dinner; but perhaps you have made ſome little purchaſe which indeed was quite unneceſſary, for as I ſupply your wardrobe your pocket money is only for amuſement. Yes, papa, replied ſhe, I did make a purchaſe yeſterday to the whole extent of my purſe; not of any thing to wear; but of ſolid content and heart felt pleaſure. —Pray (ſaid her father ſmiling) let me know your whole guinea's worth of pleaſure and content—yes, ſir, ſhe anſwered, I procured bleſſings and prayers, that pleaſe me more than plays or aſſemblies, and will do me more good than the richeſt apparel. In ſhort, ſir, I went to take a walk yeſterday afternoon, and was accoſted by a boy of about ſeven years old, though he looked very wan yet his features were pret y; he begged my pardon, but hoped I would give him a halfpenny to buy ſome bread for his poor mother, who had not had any ſince the day before. I made ſeveral enquiries of him and the reſult was that I reſolved to follow him to the room where he dwelt. It was a back garret in a poor houſe in the Liberty; when a moſt diſtreſsful ſcene preſented itſelf to my eye—a decent looking woman, with a meagre countenance, had a little girl ſtanding at her knee, crying for food; another, a little leſs, was in her arms, and a young infant in the cradle; a meagre man her huſband, was on his knees at prayers. The wheel, reel and loom were empty and idle, and the whole room ſhewed variety of wretchedneſs. Here mother, ſaid the boy who uſhered me in, here's a lady has given me a teſter, and bad me ſhow her here, and now I'll go and buy a loaf; the huſband roſe and came towards me. Dear miſs, ſaid he, I am unuſed to this miſery, and unaccuſtomed to aſk alms. Hitherto I maintained my little family by the joint induſtry of me and my wife, but ſhe has lately lain in, and was very ill for ſome time after; we have been now nine weeks out of employment, and none is to be procured. Every thing we had, to the very cloaths on our backs have been pledged for ſubſiſtance, all is now gone and we have been two days without a morſel of bread. My poor woman, through mere want, has not milk to nouriſh her babe; I was ſinking into deſpair, not ſo much for myſelf as for my wretched family. I began to pray ſincerely for patience under my ſorrows, and that our united ſufferings might not drive me to any illicit means of ſupport——my prayers are heard, heaven has ſent you to give me immediate relief, and I will yet truſt that Providence will not forſake me in future.— I was moved extremely. I gave this diſtreſſed family, the whole contents of my purſe, ſincerely lamenting it was ſo ſcanty: and I retired amidſt their united bleſſings: feeling a joy, at having aſſiſted ſix fellow creatures, infinitely more delightful than any I have hitherto felt.

Mr. S—— embraced her with rapture, ſaying, my dear girl, you have made a real purchaſe indeed. I applaud your benevolent diſpoſition, cheriſh it ever in your heart—but, my Betſey, don't you think if you had given half your money to this family, and reſerved the reſt for ſome other you might have done as well, for, alas! there are multitudes of poor manufacturers in like diſtreſs—Oh papa, ſaid ſhe, with great vivacity; how could I do otherwiſe than I did. I gave relief to one family, and if every one who is able would do the ſame to one family each, all would ſoon have comfort—but this I firmly reſolve: I will not wear a ſingle article that is not the manufacture of my own country, till there is not one hand unemployed.

Theatrical Regiſter of the Theatre Royal, Crowe-ſtreet.

(Continued from page 291.)

April, 30, 1793.

ROMEO and Juliet—Juliet by a Lady being her firſt appearance on any ſtage—with the Romp.

May 1. Hamlet, with Patrick in Pruſſia (Mr. M'Crea, and Mr. Smith the Prompter's benefit.)

2. Wild Oats, with the Relief of Williamſtadt, &c. (Mr. Dawſon's benefit.)

3. Romeo and Juliet.

4. No play.
6. The Sultan, the Comedy of the Way to keep Him, and Three Weeks after Marriage, (Mrs. Abington's benefit.)
7. He would be a Soldier, and the Quaker (a free benefit for Mr. Sparks, and Mrs. Sparks (formerly Miſs Aſhmore,) both in diſtreſſed circumſtances in Scotland—yet, alas! a very indifferent houſe.
8. The Road to Ruin, and the Romp, for the benefit of Signora Roſa and Madelain de Caro.)
9. No play.
10. No play.
11. No play.
13. Macbeth, and the Dead Alive.
14. A Prelude from Harlequin's Invaſion—The Chances and the Priſoner at Large, (Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy's benefit.)
15. Venice Preſerved, and the Highland Reel, (for the benefit of a gentlewoman and her children, whoſe huſband has been ſome months confined in the four-courts marſhelſea) the part of Belvidera, by the gentlewoman herſelf.
16. Tancred and Sigiſmunda with the Spoil'd Child and part of Comus—(Mr. Hargrave's benefit.)
17. She Stoops to Conquer, with the Poor Soldier, (for the benefit of Miſs Ryder) the characters of Tony Lumpkin, in the play, and Darby, in the farce, were played by Maſter John Ryder, being his ſecond, and we hear will be his laſt appearance. This is an abſolute injury to the public, as the youth evinced the ſtrongeſt proofs of his poſſeſſing true comic humour without deſcending to grimace or buffoonry; and of inheriting the ſpirit and genius of his juſtly admired father. And the warm and general applauſes of a very numerous and genteel audience teſtified how ſenſible they were of a merit ſo far tranſcending what might be expected from his youth.
18. No play.
20. The Waterman, the comedy of the Inconſtant, with the Sultan.
21. The Conſtant Couple, with dancing, &c. (for the benefit of M. Bartolammicci.)
22. The Wonder—with no Song no Supper (Mr. Mara Boxkeeper's benefit.)
23. The Way to keep Him, &c. (for the benefit of the poor diſtreſſed manufacturers) the pit was laid into the boxes; and an extraordinary great houſe was expected; but from that very expectation a great failure enſued: for many perſons who would have gladly contributed to ſo benevolent a purpoſe were deterred from going; by imagining the houſe would be ſo crowded that they could not poſſibly get room. Hence it was not half ſo productive as it might have been. However there was no deduction from the receipts; for the manager, very humanely gave up the entire charges to the charity; and the *whole* of the performers, as generouſly *performed gratis*.
24. An Interlude called the Grenadier—The Comedy of Wild Oats, and Love-a-la mode. Mr. Robt. Mahon, after a long abſence from the ſtage appeared that night in the part of Sir Callaghan, in the farce, and was cordially received, (for the benefit of Mr. Colthurſt.)

With this performance the ſeaſon cloſed: altho' ſome of the performers had not yet had their benefits, which were referred to the after-ſeaſon, in which ſundry performers will be neceſſarily abſent, and ſeveral new ones will appear. The ſeveral performances and performers will be particularly noticed in our next Theatrical Regiſter.

Private Theatre, Fiſhamble-ſtreet.

SINCE laſt month we have had four performances at Fiſhamble-ſtreet theatre, in the following order:

The Miſer, with the Son-in-Law.
The School for Scandal, and High Life below Stairs.
The Rivals, and the Son-in-Law.
The School for Scandal, and Poor Soldier.

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The Miſer did not *gain* much by repetition. It muſt be pronounced the moſt ill adapted piece, to the abilities of the performers, that has been preſented to the audience. As the defects were general through the entire performance, it would be endleſs trouble to point out faults. If the actors would wiſh to ſave their fame, let the title of the play be changed in their regiſtry, to *The Miſtakes of a Night.*

The Son-in-Law poſſeſſed ſome merit. It is therefore requiſite to point out where it lay, though, to the *time-killing* part of the audience, it may be unneceſſary, as it was obvious the contention for fame lay between the two principal performers, in the ſame degree as the two hands of a time-piece ſtrive for the hour. One moves in a ſlow and determined pace, and arriving at its end, marks its progreſs with an apparent ſteadineſs, whilſt the other, by circumvolutory ſteps, purſues it courſe with the utmoſt velocity, yet finds (though its motion be *quicker* than that of its competitor) it is *ſecondary* in pointing out the hour.

The characters were—Arionelli and Bowkitt, by meſſrs. Vernon and Gold. Cranky, by Mr. Stewart, was well ſo far as he was perfect. Vinegar, by Mr. Howard, was extremely well.

Cætera deſunt!

The School for Scandal is a play better adapted for the abilities and *manners* of gentlemen, than any other in the drama. The performance proved the truth of this aſſertion; for, taking it in a general view, it was the beſt play during the ſeaſon.

Dramatis Perſonæ.—Sir Peter Teazle, Mr. Weſtenra; Sir Oliver Surface, Mr. Leſlie; Crabtree, Mr. Lyſter; Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr. Hum. Butler; Moſes, Mr. Stewart; Trip, Mr. Jones; Careleſs, Mr. Wandesford; Charles, Mr. Price; Joſeph Surface, Mr. Aſhe; Rowley, Mr. M'Clean; Snake, Mr. Brown.—Lady Teazle, Mrs. Garvey; Mrs. Candour, Mrs. Wells; Maria, Miſs Atkins; Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. O'Reilly.

To point out the individual merit of each performer, would require nearly the ſame words and degree of praiſe.—It may not, however, be unneceſſary to give a few hints, which (ſhould the play be repeated hereafter) may tend to make it ſtill a higher finiſhed performance, and render it exquiſite.

If Sir Peter Teazle could forget his being on the ſtage, and raiſe his voice, the character would be inimitable.

Crabtree is rather a ſour than vociferous character.—If Mr. Lyſter reflects an inſtant, he will adopt this opinion.

Charles might daſh into a "louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain." His laugh was rather a prominent feature. If uſed with more caution it would have a greater effect.

Joſeph Surface,—the diſſimulation was too obvious. It would be difficult to deceive with a manner ſo ſuſpicious, he muſt he detected.—There are two points in getting up a character to be gained—one, to give it all the ſtudy poſſible—the other, to avoid, *in effect*, the leaſt appearance of ſtudy. Could theſe points be acquired in this inſtance, Joſeph Surface would rank in the higheſt order.

High Life below Stairs was given nearly in the ſame manner as before.—Freeman was performed by Mr. Vernon; he appeared quite imperfect in the laſt ſcene, which occaſioned ſome confuſion.

The Rivals was given, with Mr. Jones's Falkland, and Mr. Wandesford's Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Though the play went off well, ſtill it appeared extraordinary, that Mr. Jones ſhould reſign a part he had finiſhed with ſucceſs, for one that is the moſt unſucceſsful in the whole drama.

The Son-in-Law was given once more, but for what purpoſe it is impoſſible to determine. The effect it produced would give the farce a new name—*The Flying Mercury*; or, The Italian Opera Singer.

The School for Scandal was an exact duplicate to the firſt performance, and the Poor Soldier as entertaining as the former repreſentations.

Having now, ſir, given my opinion of the performances during the ſeaſon, before I lay by my pen, permit me to mention the claims I poſſeſs in taking on the arduous taſk of a critic. In the firſt place I am, and have been for a long time,

time, paſſionately fond of the drama. I conſider it one of the moſt rational amuſements of mankind. For forty years paſt I have cloſely attended the theatre, during which time, all that was to be ſeen in the theatrical world in Europe I have enjoyed. I have had the higheſt gratification in beholding the aſtoniſhing height to which the ſtage had riſen within that period,—riſen by the magical exertions of the *dramatic monarch*, and ſupported for a length of time by his *peers*,——actors that, I fear, "we ne'er ſhall look upon their like again." I have witneſſed with mortification its gradual decline to this day, which has brought it to the loweſt ſtate of degradation, *at leaſt in this country*. No period could have occurred ſo happy for the formation of an extenſive private theatre as the preſent, no theatre can be more delightful than Fiſhamble-ſtreet, in fine, it is exactly what was wanting in this city. On hearing of the plan, with avidity I gave my ſubſcription to a friend, who introduced me. I was perfectly gratified; and though I have never ſeen any company of gentlemen actors, who could *ſcientifically* compare with the meaneſt ſet of ſtrollers, yet, from the complexion of this theatre, and the *ſecond* play, I promiſed myſelf ſome entertainment.—I have not been diſappointed.

If I have dealt ſeverely with any gentleman's feelings, he muſt acquit me on this apology,—that I feel ſo much at ſeeing a diſtortion of any kind, that I cannot avoid declaring my diſguſt; and when I behold a man, who can act *wiſely* off the ſtage, play the *fool* upon it, humanity obliges me to ſhew him at once his deformity, that he may avoid the moſt ridiculous ſituation that a human being can be placed in.

I ſhall make two remarks. A man of genius will accuſe himſelf of faults, he will feel how difficult it is to become great, and will therefore be thankful for a hint. A man of no genius will be offended, and his pride, (the moſt predominant of his paſſions,) being hurt, ſeals up his eyes againſt himſelf, and on he goes dreaming, not that he has loſt his way, until his head is attracted by the poſt.

I feel myſelf happy in obſerving, there are few men in the preſent company that have not a very promiſing genius. I ſhall, therefore, continue my advice during the next ſeaſon; but I dread that, ſhould the improvement continue in the progreſſive motion it has began with, my pen will be laid aſide, for which I ſhall rejoice.

Genuine Memoirs of Mr. Sullivan.

THIS Mr. Sullivan was an unfortunate Iriſh gentleman, remarkable for violent paſſions, which hurried him into a bold, but unwarrantable and fatal enterprize. He yielded himſelf an implicit victim to love, that irreſiſtible ſovereign, which kings themſelves muſt obey. Having formed an attachment to an amiable young woman, of poliſhed and engaging manners, he was admitted as her lover; but from ſome trifling diſagreement, his viſits had, for a ſhort time, been forbidden. Stung with keen deſire, and wearied by tedious expectation, he broke into her mother's houſe at the dead of the night, ſeized her in his arms, and in ſpite of outcries, tears, and reſiſtance, conveyed her to a place he had prepared for her reception, in a lonely, ſequeſtered part of the county of ———. After ſecuring the avenues of his retreat, which was an ancient caſtle, he conſidered himſelf as ſafe from the danger of immediate purſuit; and conducting the trembling fair one into a retired chamber, he addreſſed her in the following words:

"You have tortured me ſo long on the tenterhooks of ſuſpence, that it is impoſſible I ſhould flatter myſelf with enjoying the leaſt ſhare of your affection:—but it is now too late to ſtruggle againſt an infatuation which has wound itſelf round the fibres of my heart; it ſhall not," continued Sullivan, his eyes flaſhing at once with vengeance and unruly paſſion, "it ſhall not remain for an inſulting rival to riot on thoſe beauties, which to contemplate has been, for many a day, the only ſolace of my life."

Deaf to her moſt earneſt entreaties, inattentive to remonſtrances and tears, he graſped her in his arms with the rude energy of fierce deſire, and was as happy as the ſtruggles of reluctant beauty, and

and raptures not mutual, could make him.

So flagrant a violation of the laws alarmed the country; and a detachment of ſoldiers, headed by the ſheriff, in a few days reſcued the lady, and conducted Sullivan to priſon. He was tried and convicted; but before ſentence of death was paſſed, the court permitted him to put the following queſtion:

"Madam, matters have been carried againſt me with a high hand, and they are now come to an extremity which it is only in your power to palliate; if you will marry me, the court will perhaps conſider my caſe in another light, and ſave my life."

"If I loved you," (inſtantly replied the violated and indignant female, erect with juſt pride and reſentment) "If I loved you to diſtraction, I would not ſtir a ſtep to ſave your life; though the puniſhment you are about to undergo will not reſtore my blaſted honour, it may hereafter protect innocence from violence and villainy."

This impetuous and miſguided pupil of impulſe ſoon after ſuffered an ignominious death.

It is not to defend his conduct that I have inſerted this article; a more important object, and I truſt one of more moral tendency, was in view.

"Let thoſe whom nature gave
Form to enchant, and beauty to enſlave"

—let lovely, bewitching women, be cautious how they receive or encourage the addreſſes of young men, leaſt the natural effuſions of cheerfulneſs and good temper would be miſtaken for partiality and approbation. It becomes every woman to examine her own heart, and the merits of the candidate for her regard, early, and with ſcrupulous accuracy. If he is ſo unfortunate as to have neither intereſting or agreeable, very good, and every ſenſible female will at once candidly ſay ſo, and ſpeak her mind with delicacy and firmneſs; for for the ſake of a dangler at Ranelagh, and a partner at a ball, ruin a man's happineſs for ever.

The betrayer of virgin innocence falls deſervedly by the ſword of an unhappy lover or an incenſed brother; the ravisher is led to a diſgraceful death, and no one will complain; but is the infamous coquette to go unpuniſhed, who ſmiles but to deceive, and wins only to betray?—If there be a hotter place in Hell, ſurely it muſt be reſerved for ſuch unfeeling monſters! Should this reflection arreſt one woman in her unprincipled career, or ſave one lover from experiencing that delayed hope which makes the heart ſick, and leads to the bottomleſs abyſs of deſpair and death, Sullivan will not have ſuffered, nor will Hackman have died in vain.

The Origin of Literary Journals. (From Curioſities of Literature.)

IF we abound with a multitude of ſcribblers, what an infinite number muſt there be of critics, ſince, according to the computation of one of the firſt—

"Ten cenſure wrong, for one who writes amiſs!"

In the laſt century, it was a conſolation, at leaſt, for the unſucceſsful writer, that he fell inſenſibly into oblivion. If he committed the private folly of printing what no one would purchaſe, he had only to ſettle the matter with his publiſher: he was not arraigned at the public tribunal, as if he had committed a crime of magnitude. But, in thoſe times, the nation was little addicted to the cultivation of letters: the writers were then few, and the readers were not many. When, at length, a taſte for literature ſpread itſelf through the body of the people, vanity induced the inexperienced and the ignorant to aſpire to literary honours. To oppoſe theſe inroads into the haunts of the muſes, periodical criticiſm brandiſhed its formidable weapon; and it was by the fall of others that our greateſt geniuſes have been taught to riſe. Multifarious writing produced multifarious ſtrictures; and if the rays of criticiſm were not always of the ſtrongeſt kind, yet ſo many continually iſſuing, formed a focus which has enlightened thoſe whoſe occupations had otherwiſe never permitted them to judge on literary compoſitions.

The origin of ſo many Literary Journals takes its birth in France. Denis de Sallo, eccleſiaſtical counſellor in the parliament of Paris, invented the

the ſcheme of a work of this kind. On the 30th of May 1665, appeared the firſt number of his Journal des Scavans. What is remarkable, he publiſhed his eſſay in the name of the Sieur de Hedouville, who was his footman. One is led to ſuppoſe, by this circumſtance, that he entertained but a faint hope of its ſucceſs; or, perhaps, he thought that the ſcurrility of criticiſm might be ſanctioned by its ſuppoſed author. The work, however, met with ſo favourable a reception, that Sallo had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing it, in the next year, imitated throughout Europe; and his Journal, at the ſame time tranſlated into various languages. But, as moſt authors lay themſelves too open to the ſevere critic, the animadverſions of Sallo were given with ſuch malignity of wit and aſperity of criticiſm, that the Journal excited loud murmurs, and the moſt heart-moving complaints poſſible. Sallo after having publiſhed only his third Journal, felt the irritated waſps of literature thronging ſo thick about him, that he very gladly abdicated the throne of criticiſm.

The reign of his ſucceſſor, Abbe Galloys—intimidated by the fate of Sallo—was of a milder kind. He contented himſelf with only giving the title of books, accompanied with extracts. Such a conduct was not offenſive to their authors, and yet was not unuſeful to the public. I do not, however, mean to favour the idea, that this ſimple manner of noticing books is equal to ſound and candid criticiſm.

On the model of the Journal des Scavans were formed our Philoſophical Tranſactions; with this difference, however, that they only notice objects of ſcience, ſuch as phyſics and mathematics. The Journal of Leipſic, entitled Acta Eruditorum, appeared in 1682, under the conduct of the erudite Menkenius, profeſſor in the univerſity of that city. The famous Bayle undertook for Holland, a ſimilar work, in 1684, and his Nouvelles de la Republique de Lettres appeared the firſt of May in that year. This new Journal was every where well received; and deſerved to be ſo, for never were criticiſms given with greater force. He poſſeſſed the art of compriſing, in ſhort extracts, the juſteſt notion of a book, without adding any thing irrevelant or impertinent. Bayle diſcontinued this work in 1687, after having given thirty-ſix volumes in 12mo. Others continued it to 1710, when it was finally cloſed. A Mr. de la Roche formed an Engliſh Journal, entitled Memoirs of Literature, about the commencement of this century, which is well ſpoken of in the Bibliotheque Raiſonnee. It was afterwards continued by Mr. Reid, under the title of the preſent State of the Republic of Letters. He ſucceeded very well; but, being obliged to make a voyage to China, it interrupted his uſeful labours. He was ſucceeded by Meſſieurs Campbell and Webſter; but the laſt, for reaſons of which I am ignorant, being diſmiſſed, it was again reſumed by Mr. Campbell. This Journal does by no means rival our modern Reviews. I do not perceive that the criticiſm is more valuable; and certainly the entertainment is inferior. Our elder Journals ſeem only to notice a few of the beſt publications; and this not with great animation of ſentiment, or elegance of diction.

Of our modern Journals it becomes me to ſpeak with caution. It is not treading on aſhes ſtill glowing with latent fire, as Horace expreſſes it, but it is ruſhing through conſuming flames. Let it be ſufficient, that from their pages I acknowledge to have acquired a rich fund of critical obſervation; and, if I have been animated by their eulogiums, I aſcribe this honour, not ſo much to the confined abilities nature has beſtowed on me, as to their ſtrictures, which have taught me ſomething of the delicacy of taſte, and ſomething of the ardour of genius.

To our Correſpondents.

*** The very elegant Prologue from Sligo, and the beautiful poem *The Smile*, in our next.

†§† The rhapſody ſigned *Quigley* we ſuſpect not to be an original; as we can ſcarce think any perſon capable of writing ſuch elegant language ſhould not be able to ſpell many common words in it.

Alex

Alexis; or the Cottage in the Woods.

(Continued from page 304.)

LOVE, intereſt, and ambition, are the three ſcourges which deſolated my life! Love was my own crime; intereſt ſwayed my barbarous brother; and ambition became the motive of all the vexations which a father heaped upon me—why do I ſay a father!—he was not my father, and had no claim to that title!—Nevertheleſs I loved him, I reſpected him, and that timid reſpect has always hindered me from ſhaking off the heavy yoke, beneath which he would cruſh me. Alas! without his ſon, without the cruel chevalier d'Anfort:—But I ſee theſe exclamations are a mere enigma to you, my friends; I ought to explain it, and relate the hiſtory of my family, thence I will make a digreſſion upon my misfortunes—therefore attend to me.

Aurora Bleville, my mother, was the daughter of the celebrated count Bleville*, ambaſſador at the court of Madrid in the preceding reign; ſhe could aſpire to the hand of moſt diſtinguiſhed young noblemen, who then graced the gay circles of the court, as much by her beauty and virtues, as by the powerful credit which her father enjoyed; but young ſtill, ſhe ſaw the count, and was no longer free to make a choice of her own. The count, on his ſide, fell deſperately in love with Aurora, and even carried his imprudence ſo far, as to demand her in marriage. The ambaſſador, offended at this proceeding, diſcarded the young nobleman, put his danghter in a convent, and compelled her, a few months after, to tie the marriage knot with the marquis de Corſange, the king's favourite, of an amiable diſpoſition, and endowed with a thouſand brilliant qualities; but for him Aurora felt an invincible repugnance; ſhe complied, however, with a father's command, and gave proofs to her huſband, if not of love, at leaſt of eſteem and friendſhip. I was the offspring of this marriage, and my mother feeling for me all the attachment of maternal fondneſs, began to be accuſtomed to her preſent ſtate of conjugal union, when ſuddenly a cruel incident revived in her the ſparks of her former paſſion, and its hopes. The king was at that time engaged in a war with Germany. The ambaſſador and his ſon-in-law, who fought by one another's ſide, were both, and at the ſame inſtant, laid dead on the field by a cannon ball. My mother, who ſaw herſelf thus ſuddenly rid of her father's and huſband's yoke, thought only of contracting a ſecond marriage: ſhe was then twenty-ſix, and count d'Anſort was thirty:—both free, both equally in love, they ſaw one another again, and joined in wedlock; but the imprudent Aurora, by this match, alienated from her the friendſhip of my father's whole family. Nobody would ſee her, or aſſiſt me, when afterwards I was compelled by misfortune to have recourſe to them.

Lady d'Anfort began to exact of her new huſband that I ſhould be brought up in his own eyes, and he neglected nothing to make me happy, and to render my education brilliant. The count promiſed all, and faithfully kept his word for two years: I mean, till his ſpouſe preſented him with a ſon of his own.—It is he, my friends, who is the cauſe of all my misfortunes.

The tenderneſs which the count and my mother felt for this ſon, the fruit of love; rather than that of matrimony, ſingularly cooled in them their affections for me. A child as I was I perceived and complained of it to my mother, who anſwered with ſullen ſteadineſs:—"Well, ſir, you ſhall no longer be the object of that neglect; for to-morrow, you are to be ſent to college, where you will ſtay till you have completed your ſtudies." I was thunderſtruck at theſe words, and ſpent the whole day in ſhedding tears, and on the next morning ſet out, attended by one ſervant. When I went to embrace my mother, I remarked that ſhe turned her back upon me.—My heart was depreſſed, and I was upon

NOTE.

* The fictitious names of Bleville, Corſange, &c. have been ſubſtituted out of reſpect for the families of my heroes, of which ſeveral diſtinguiſhed families are now in being.

the point of leaving the apartment, when my father-in-law, who ſaw my anguiſh claſped me in his arms, and gently preſſed a little preſent in my hand, telling me with an air of affection, that if I was ſtudious, and would behave well, he would give me liberty to come to his hotel once a month. Theſe words made me a little calmer; I ſtept into the carriage, and repaired with my valet to the college of Navarre—the ſame college where I ſince put my Alexis!

There I found a tutor waiting for me; a true pedant, quite made up of Latin and Greek, and who only added to my melancholy during all the time I had to ſpend in that priſon.

I was then twelve years of age, and began to think my mother's coolneſs was a real torment to me—Whence could it proceed?—had I behaved ill to her?—and ſuppoſe this had been the caſe, ſhould ſhe not have made ſome allowance to a boy only twelve years old?—Yet the count's careſſes had replaced her more than ever in my filial fondneſs. From that moment, I loved her as much as ſhe had diſpleaſed me before. Senſible hearts have no ſteadineſs in their opinions. A harſh expreſſion will grieve and diſcard them—the leaſt politeneſs makes their affection return even ſtronger than it has been before;—it is as eaſy to make them happy, as to afflict them.

During the firſt year of my being at college, I had the ſatisfaction to go from time to time to the hotel d'Anfort;—the ſecond year, I was ſent for leſs frequently;—the third leſs ſtill, and ſoon I became quite out of queſtion. I lived in the college, forgot, as it were, by all nature, left to the care of mercenary people, with no other compenſation than the company of a friend of the ſame age as myſelf, whom I had the good fortune to find there.

This friend!—forgive me my giving a tear to his remembrance!—this friend!—alas!—was moſt dear to me, and I went ſo far as—pardon, my friends, a thouſand pardons!—it is the effect of rankling remorſe which rends my heart.

Dulys was his name; he profeſſed the moſt ſteady attachment to me: the ſame temper, the ſame affection, in a word, every thing united us—we were always together. On thoſe days which were fixed for the ſtudents to walk out, we left the crowd of our fellow-ſtudents to give ſcope to our reflections; in ſhort, the moſt tender friendſhip operated equally on our hearts.—How he pitied my condition!—How he would alleviate my ſorrows!—But as I ſee my dear Arzelia ſhares my regrets, I will paſs rapidly over this circumſtance of my hiſtory, which will ſoon, in your eyes, overwhelm me with confuſion and guilt.

Dulys was then fatherleſs; his mother, who loved him tenderly, lived at Dreux, and never came to Paris; but her ſon regularly ſpent the holidays with her. Mrs. Dulys waited for that period with as much impatience as I felt ſorrow at its approach.—Alone, in the college, bereft of my friends and parents, during two months of the year, I had no other medium than to ſtudy, or to ſhed tears:—Youthful ſtage of life, with what bitterneſs haſt thou been annoyed!

I had now been ſix years at college, when I was one day informed that a ſervant deſired to ſpeak to me. I go down:—My heart palpitates for joy at the ſight of my ſtep-father's livery. Sir, ſaid the man, come quick with me!—your mother is breathing her laſt. A thunderbolt could not have ſtruck me as much as this news!—Heaven, what accident has happened?—What accident?—It is no accident my lord; your mother has been very bad theſe two months. What, two months! Could you thus leave me ignorant? She never aſked for you till this morning for the firſt time; but pray, my lord, uſe diſpatch,—who knows but we mayn't find her alive?

I felt ſo many ſenſations of grief, cauſed by ſudden ſtarts of thought, that I was on the point of fainting away. The ſervant perceives it, carries me to the coach, which was waiting before the gate of the college, and drove with the utmoſt diſpatch to the hotel d'Anfort.

I was conducted to an apartment, where my mother, on her death-bed, was only waiting for that moment to

reſign

reſign her breath. My ſon, ſaid ſhe, in a faultering and weak tone of voice—I am ready to expire, you will loſe me my ſon; I leave you a good father in the count: I have appointed him to be your guardian; he will condeſcend to take upon him for you the ſuperintendance of the property of my firſt huſband, the marquis de Corſange.—I give him full authority over you; obey him as you would me, and remember that you would do me an outrage in the tomb, which is ready to ſwallow me, ſhould you be wanting in gratitude towards him!

I preſſed my mother's hand, and bathed it in my tears; the count ſtood weeping at the bed's head, and his ſon next him.—This is your brother, added my mother, pointing to the chevalier d'Anfort, I command you both to live in cloſe intimacy, and to love one another till death ſhall part you—do you promiſe me that?

I ſtammered a few monoſyllables. Young d'Anfort anſwers Yes; his voice being intercepted by ſobs. His mother takes him in her arms, attempts to embrace him, falls back on the pillow, and inſtantly expires! Notwithſtanding the awefulneſs and horror of that moment, it grieved me to the heart that the laſt glance of my mother had been thrown on young d'Anfort. I envied him for it, and ſhowed him a hatred, which I could not ſuppreſs afterwards: This without doubt was my only offence; I charge myſelf with it, but I could not conquer it.

Two days after my mother's death, the count, who ſhowed me many marks of friendſhip, embraced and promiſed me an eternal attachment; begging me at the ſame time to return to the college; whither I went accordingly with a heart bleeding with ſorrow. Dulys no ſooner ſaw me than he flew to my arms. I related to him all that had happened, and we agreed unanimouſly that it would be neceſſary for me to be upon my guard againſt the fate which awaited me, as my only dependance was now on a man whom I was a ſtranger to. Yet I felt ſome concern for that man; I reſpected him; I even went farther, I loved him, he had gained ſuch an aſcendancy over me, that I feared, and dared not to ſpeak before him. What follows will ſhow you how fatal that timidity has proved to me.

I remained two years longer at college; yet the count uſed to ſend for me once every fortnight.—Thus I ſaw him, and the more his kindneſs attached me to him, the more I deteſted the odious character of my brother. He was ſcarce fourteen, but haughtineſs and impudence controuled all his actions. He ſcarcely deigned to look at me, called me always *Sir*, and rendered himſelf to be equally deteſtable to all thoſe who came near him. All his faults had a cauſe; my mother who made him her idol, indulged him in all his whims from his earlieſt infancy; he reigned with deſpotic ſway over all the domeſtics, and the caprices of a child were to be a ſacred law to thoſe who were appointed to wait upon him. If chance ever made her mention my name to him, it was always to tell him, "My little d'Anfort, my darling child, I love thee more, yes, I cheriſh thee more than him, &c." a hundred ſimilar expreſſions, which I was informed, tended to foſter the boy's vanity, and to inſpire him with a ſovereign contempt for me.—His father, on the other hand, in ſpite of all the friendſhip he bore to me, made him the ſole object of his tenderneſs.—That good father even carried his love to weakneſs, nay ſo far, that the little maſter often behaved to him with diſreſpect. At laſt the father's indulgence became as exceſſive as the ſon's arrogance. We often quarrelled; but I avoided differences with the moſt ſcrupulous care, becauſe I ſaw they became very vexatious to my dear preceptor; the more ſo as he always intereſted his conſcience in the boy's favour. At laſt the chevalier's inſults appeared to me rather contemptible than worthy of my notice. I did not foreſee that my complaiſance in yielding would coſt me ſo much one day, and that my brother would ſoon aſſume ſuch rights over me, as have rendered my life truly miſerable.

The count, ſince my mother's deceaſe, took to his houſe a very rich old maiden ſiſter, who treaſured up her conſiderable finances for his ſon. This

woman doated ſo much on her nephew as to call him her jewel, her happineſs; ſhe could never find terms ſtrong enough to expreſs her fondneſs and affection. Notwithſtanding, ſhe eſteemed me, and had much more regard for me than ſhe ſaw the young gentleman would condeſcend to honour me with. In conſequence, I put up with all their oddities, and hoped that all this complaiſance to the jewel of the houſe would make it poſſible for me to live in ſome comfort.

I was twenty, and had three times repeated my courſe of ſtudy, when the count would have his hotel to be my conſtant reſidence. I joyfully accepted his offer; and of all the profeſſions which he left to my choice, I gave the preference to a military life, though he ſeemed to adviſe me to take holy orders foreſeeing that I could not fail then to leave, one day, my whole eſtate to his ſons, or the heirs of his body. Nevertheleſs, he would not force my inclinations, and purchaſed me a lieutenancy in the regiment of Condé.

I was very well at my guardian's, where I had no other vexation than the tricks and malicious proceedings of my brother; but for theſe I conſoled me with my friend Dulys: he, like me, had finiſhed the courſe of his claſſical ſtudies, and was now ſtudying law to qualify himſelf for the bar. His mother had put him to board with a gentleman in the neighbourhood, where we could ſee one another at all hours. The marquis and all the family were fond of him, and indeed he was the common friend of all, excepting my brother, who could not bear him: but little did Dulys trouble himſelf about him, and we were all well content.

My diſpoſition was ſedentary, gloomy, and philoſophical.—I had no ruling paſſion or taſtes: ſtudy and reading was my ſole delight. Dulys was of the ſame caſt; we would often ſpend whole days in reading and making reflections. —Women were one day the topic of our converſation; Dulys particularized all the dangers to which marriage expoſed a man, in the moſt heinous colours; he depicted marriage as a fatal dungeon, which fetters the freedom of our being, and whoſe bands neither domeſtic croſſes nor the caprices of a ſpouſe can diſſolve. Doubtleſs he argued like an inexperienced young man; but I liſtened to his arguments, the reſult of which was, a mutual oath never to marry.—A fooliſh, ſenſeleſs promiſe, never made but when the paſſions lie dormant in our breaſt!—Frail ſtructure, which the leaſt wind can overthrow!—to my ſorrow I felt it but too much afterwards.

Count d'Anfort, who was a man of parts, enjoyed our whole confidence: I kept nothing ſecret from him, and was ſo imprudent as to communicate to him the firm reſolution I had taken. The project flattered his views; he ſeconded it, beſtowed a thouſand eulogiums on me, and was eager to carry the news to the Counteſs d'Ezelle, my godmother, an old lady uncommonly rich, who was very fond of me, and had promiſed many times to conſtitute me her ſole and univerſal heir. This counteſs, who was equally blind with regard to the chevalier d'Anfort, was glad to ſee that her intentions ſhould become uſeful one day to that dear family. Being therefore ſick of a dangerous diſtemper ſome time after, ſhe ordered us all to her bedſide, and dictated in our preſence the different articles of her will. "Corſange," ſaid ſhe to me, "the moſt tender friendſhip united me with your father; I have made you my ſucceſſor. I am rich, and owe my fortune to no one: to you I bequeath the whole bulk of my eſtate, but on condition of your ſigning a deed before witneſſes, by which you are to promiſe me never to marry, and leave your eſtate after your death, in reverſion to your brother, or his next heir by due courſe of law.

Bewildered as I was by my philoſophy, I conſented to all, and ſigned all. The counteſs expires: count d'Anfort demands a copy of my renunciation, and takes upon him the adminiſtration of this new eſtate, till I ſhould be of age. By it I acquired an annual income of three hundred thouſand livres and upwards.

I leave you now to think if, after this, my friendſhip was courted by the family of count d'Anfort. Every body careſſed me, even the chevalier received orders from his father to treat me with more

more gentleneſs and politeneſs ; in ſhort, as a perſon of high value.

I had unknowingly ſigned my ruin, and repented not ; Dulys too, who was as mad as myſelf, endeavoured to confirm me in my principles, and I was happy !—You ſhall ſoon ſee, my friends, to what a cataſtrophe my imprudent conduct has ſubjected me ! Theſe particulars have perhaps been tedious to you ; they were nevertheleſs neceſſary, to lead you to the more intereſting part of my adventures. Prepare yourſelves to hear a ſeries of horrors and unjuſt actions, brooded by the blackeſt and moſt baleful malignity.

Miſs d'Anfort, my ſtep father's ſiſter, had a friend, who was baron d'Arceville. That friend, who had been a widower long ſince, lived with his only daughter at one of his manors. He frequently wrote to Miſs d'Anfort, who had been very intimate with his late ſpouſe. One day ſhe received a letter from the baron, in which he mentioned among other things : " That as ſome urging affairs called him to the Weſt Indies, he was obliged to ſet out within a month. As I dare not, added he, expoſe my daughter to the hazards of ſo long a voyage, and firmly rely upon our ancient friendſhip, I ſhall make bold to put her under your care, for the time I ſhall be abſent. I hope you will not refuſe me that ſervice :—We ſhall be in Paris by the end of this week at fartheſt.

Miſs d'Anfort, enraptured with her friend's confidence in her, ordered an apartment to be fitted up for his reception, and another for her young pupil. You ſhall ſee, miſs d'Arceville, would ſhe ſay to us, every now and then ;—ſhe is ſo handſome, oh ! ſo very handſome ! I have no children, ſhe ſhall be my daughter : how pleaſed ſhall I be !

I liſtened to this diſcourſe with indifference, far from thinking that this adopted daughter ſhould make me renounce for ever what I had ſworn. In vain we waited for the baron on the day he had appointed ; it was late at night and nobody came. The next day paſſed in the like manner, and on the morning of the third we ſaw arrive a man, alone, pale, bewildered, and ſeemingly given up to the moſt gnawing ſorrow.—Eh !—my dear friend, ſaid miſs d'Anfort ! is it you ?—My God, what a ſituation you are in !—Where is your daughter ?—my daughter ! my daughter !—I have loſt my poor daughter !—O Heaven ! is ſhe dead ? I cannot tell.—You cannot tell ! pray explain yourſelf, what has then happened ?

The baron ſits down, compoſes himſelf a little, and ſometime after ſpeaks as follows :

We were in the vicinity of the ſuburbs of the city of *Nevers*, when a man in a phaeton, attended by one ſervant, drove againſt my carriage, and had nearly overturned it. Sir, ſaid I to him, take care what you are at !—He anſwers me rudely :—I reply in the ſame ſtrain —the inſolent ſtranger even dares to give me a laſh with his whip. I alight, and draw my ſword—we fight : I have the misfortune to kill him !—Neither the cries of my daughter, thoſe of our ſervants, nor any thing can withhold me ; the ſtranger lies dead on the field ; his valet ſought his ſafety in flight. I ſtept in my carriage, and order the poſtillion to drive hard. In the evening of that ſame day, a poſtchaiſe which drove with the greateſt rapidity, ſtopped my carriage ;—four men ſtep out—they attack me, my reſiſtance was vain :—One of them wounds me, I drop down ſenſeleſs, and only recover to ſee myſelf bereft of my daughter. Arzelia was no more with me, Arzelia had been carried off by thoſe four ruffians. Germain, my valet, who gave me every ſuccour in his power, ſaw her ſeized and put into the poſt-chaiſe, without being able to give her the ſmalleſt aſſiſtance. In ſhort I had loſt my dear Arzelia. I know not whither ſhe has been carried ! I ſtept again into my carriage, and here you ſee me forlorn, and cruelly injured ! What a fatal adventure, cried miſs d'Anfort !—and what do you think of it ? I can form no judgment whatever with any probability—the young man who inſulted me, was dead ; I had laid him ſprawling on the ground.—Who can then have taken away my poor Arzelia ?

The unhappy baron yielded again to his grief, and we endeavoured to conſole him, but to no purpoſe ; we could not

pacify him otherwiſe than by promiſing to accompany him to the miniſter, to whom he intended to diſcloſe the whole affair, and who alone had it in his power to reſolve the problem.

In conſequence of this promiſe, the baron, my ſtep-father and I, ſet out the next morning for Verſailles. The miniſter, who was at as great a loſs as we, promiſed to exert every means to make a diſcovery. Satisfied with that anſwer, we returned to Paris, alighted before the Thuilleries, where count d'Anfort begged us to ſtay, 'till he ſhould have terminated an affair with a perſon who lived in that palace.

While the count was gone, I and the baron walked about in the gardens. The baron always repeated how grieved he was at his loſs, and I endeavoured, though in vain, to diſſipate his ſorrow.

Night advancing, and the count not coming back, the baron, impatient of ſeeing him, intended to enquire into the cauſe which detained him. Wait for me, ſaid he, upon *Pont-tournant*; I am going to the palace.—I know the perſon to whom the baron went, and ſhall bring him back to you.

At theſe words d'Arceville advances towards the palace; the night began to be very dark.—I went to the place, where he appointed me to wait for him. Meanwhile I felt a ſecret uneaſineſs which I could not account for.—Several men of a ſuſpicious appearance ſeemed to have dogged the baron and me all the afternoon in the gardens. Now the baron having left me,—the ſame people followed me continually.—What could they want—did they ſuſpect me of any thing?—Were they peace officers, or enemies who had formed a deſign upon my life?—Such were the reflections I made, and I was even going to ſpeak to one of them who was quite cloſe to me, when a carriage ſtops:—two men alight, join thoſe who followed me, ſtop my mouth, ſurround and throw me in the carriage, ſit down by me, and drive on with ſuch haſte, that I had no time to know where I was.

This is what I call the adventure of the *Pont-tournant*. Follow me, I pray:—You will hear of accidents of ſo extraordinary a nature, as will require no leſs than the confidence you have in me, to give them the ſanction of your belief.

(To be continued.)

The Choice of Abdala: An Oriental Apologue.

WHERE the ſun begins his diurnal courſe, lived the youthful Abdala, whoſe uncommon virtues endeared him to all the ſubjects of the ſultan Almanzor, his father.

But the ſultan was a tyrant, who little regarded the virtues of his ſon. Conſcious of his own cruelty, he was inceſſantly a prey to ſuſpicions, which infuſed poiſon into his cup at the voluptuous banquet, and ſcattered thorns on the downy couch.

Almanzor beheld his ſon with a malignant eye, that darted rancour whenever he recollected the popularity his virtues had acquired. He even conceived a deſign to deſtroy him, becauſe, in the viſions of the night, he had ſeen him ſeated on the throne. But the mutes, who were deſtined to perpetrate the horrid deed, gave the prince an intimation of his danger, and adviſed him to retire.

There was a magnanimity in Abdala, the noble reſult of conſcious innocence, which would not permit him to adopt this advice: on the contrary, he determined to repair to the preſence of his father, and remonſtrate with him on the cruel purpoſe of his ſoul.

'My father,' ſaid he, 'I am come to ſhew the implicit obedience of a ſon. Thou haſt ordered me into thy preſence; I am acquainted with thy deſign; and if thou continue unjuſt and inexorable, I muſt await the ſtern decree with the ſubmiſſion of thy meaneſt ſubject. But filial duty impels me to warn thee of the awful conſequences. The angel of death will convey me to the bliſsful regions of paradiſe; but thou wilt be inceſſantly haunted by the demon of remorſe. And, in the moment of thy diſſolution, which muſt one day arrive, what anguiſh and horror will overwhelm thee!'

Theſe words ſunk into the tyrant's heart. Diſmayed by reflections on the paſt, and the proſpect of the future, he gave the ſignal to the mutes, to permit the deſtined victim to retire.

The

The young prince repaired to an adjacent grove, to muſe, in ſecret anguiſh, on the miſeries of the people. He laid himſelf down at the foot of a ſtately palm; and, abſorbed in theſe reflections, inſenſibly dropped aſleep. But his repoſe was ſhort and diſturbed; his waking thoughts haunted him in his dreams. When he awoke, he looked around for the miniſters of death, who had appeared, in his ſleep, juſt ready to execute the tyrant's inhuman command. Inſtantly, a celeſtial form ſtood before him, and, while gales of ambroſial ſweetneſs breathed around, addreſſed him in theſe words: 'Abdala! be not oppreſſed with grief. Awake to the pleaſures of hope. Be prepared for happy events. Thy genius will meet thee again.'—He inſtantly vaniſhed in a trail of light.

Abdala fancied he was ſtill aſleep. He roſe from his graſſy couch; and, convinced, at laſt, that he was awake, wandered through the grove, muſing intently on the viſion he had ſeen.

On a ſudden, he perceived three female forms approaching. The ſmiles and graces ſported on the roſy cheeks of the youngeſt; and the ſprightly thought beamed from her ſpeaking eyes.

The deportment of the eldeſt was ſolemn: her cheeks were pallid; ſhe appeared in the ſable ſtole of ſorrow; and the tear trickled oft from her dejected eye.

The third was grave, but not gloomy: her attire ſimple, but not inelegant: her roſeate hue was the charming fluſh of health; and her fine eyes ſeemed rather to beam with complacency and content, than to ſparkle with hilarity and joy.

When they had approached near the wandering prince, they ſtopped: and preſently the eldeſt thus addreſſed him: 'Unhappy Abdala! art thou retired to this grove to give vent to thy tears? The prophet, who knows the rectitude of thy ſoul, will not permit thy cruel parent to accompliſh his deſign. But vain will be thy purſuit after the phantom happineſs, which has no real exiſtence among the ſons of men. My life has been one continued ſcene of woe. With me the effuſion of tears has been inceſſant. Spring has no beauties, Summer no radiance, nor Autumn any charms for me: for Spring, and Summer, and Autumn rapidly fade; and pleaſure, whenever caught, will periſh in the very moment of enjoyment.—Take then, virtuous prince, the advice of a friend. Whenever the courſe of ſucceſſion ſhall call thee to the empire of thy anceſtors, ſeat not thyſelf on the fatal throne; for thoſe anceſtors have paſſed away like fleeting ſhadows, and dominion and glory are momentary poſſeſſions. Truſt not the caprice of fate by ſeeking unſubſtantial joys. Taſte not the luxurious banquet; for the banquet will ſatiate. Turn thine ear from the ſounds of harmony; for its ſweeteſt ſounds fatigue. Nor court the roſes of beauty; for the roſes of beauty fade.—Be wiſe, and take up thy abode in the lonely foreſt; for in the gloom of ſolitude, where Deſpondence will lull every hope with her ſighs, miſsfortune and diſappointment can never enter.'

She ceaſed: then waving a ſable wand, the cell of a derviſe roſe to view, amid ſavage wilds and projecting rocks.

At this inſtant, the laughter-loving nymph, with ſportive air, caught Abdala's arm: 'Prince,' ſaid ſhe, 'what a ſcene is this for the rapturous pleaſures of youth! Can you liſten a moment to the diſmal leſſons of that melancholy dame? To reject the pleaſures of life is ingratitude to Heaven: to enjoy them, in all their exquiſite variety, is to be truly happy. Let muſic and love then wing each moment with delight. How wretched the youth who is not awake to love and joy! How inſenſible, how inanimate his ſoul! But Abdala is neither inſenſible nor inanimate. A thouſand bright-eyed beauties ſhall bleſs thee with unfading charms. Thou ſhalt rove from fair to fair; and each moment ſhall teem with ecſtacy and bliſs. Take my advice. Aſcend the throne of thy anceſtors; but aſcend it only for its pleaſures; and leave to ſome hoary vizier its perplexities and cares.'

Theſe very oppoſite repreſentations perplexed the prince; but neither won the attention of his ſoul. Life appeared a burden as deſcribed by the firſt: a fantaſtic dream as painted by the laſt.

He turned, in this perplexity, to the ſedate but cheerful ſiſter. 'Prince,' ſaid ſhe, anticipating the meaning of his ſpeaking

ſpeaking eye, 'thy ſuſpenſe is natural. When extremes only are propoſed, Reaſon will neceſſarily pauſe! Reject what each adviſe; and attend to my counſel.—Thy father will ſoon terminate his wretched life. Go, and ſucceed to his throne. By thy wiſdom and virtues obliterate the memory of his crimes. If thou refuſe to reign over thy people, how great will be their loſs! If thou reign but for voluptuous pleaſures, how great will be thine! Be attentive to the felicity of thy people, and thou wilt ſecure thy own. Be not inſenſible, however, to the voice of pleaſure. Liſten not to that deſponding mourner. It is unwiſe to refrain from temperate enjoyment, becauſe intemperance is productive of ſatiety and diſguſt, or to abſtain from the pleaſures which virtue approves, becauſe thoſe pleaſures are not immortal. If man be doomed to mourn for ever, and to look with diſdain on all terreſtrial pleaſure, to what end were the faculties of enjoyment beſtowed? Or if levity and ſenſuality only are productive of happineſs, of what value is the reflecting ſoul?—As for yon nymph, the ſprightly votary of pleaſure, with what allurements can ſhe charm the wiſe?—Go: thou art born for empire. Perform all the duties of thy exalted ſtation, and thou wilt receive its glorious rewards. Deviate not from the paths of rectitude, nor ever forget the dictates of virtue and benevolence. The good ſovereign will enjoy pleaſures, which the ſplendour of dominion only can never give. His name will be immortal on earth, and the bleſſings of his people will waft it to heaven.'

The dews of inſtruction refreſhed the ſoul of Abdala. He embraced the happy ſyſtem, which diſtinguiſhed the dictates of wiſdom from the ſuggeſtions of deſpair, and diſplayed the difference between voluptuous pleaſure and the true happineſs of man.

He would have inſtantly declared his choice, but, on a ſudden, the three females vaniſhed.

The ſun was retiring from the mountain-tops; and while Abdala, whoſe mind was agitated by what had paſſed, was repairing, with penſive ſtep, to the palace of his father, his feet were bewildered, in the tangled thicket, and the darkneſs of the night overtook him.

In this gloomy ſituation a ſudden blaze of ſplendour was diffuſed around him. The cottage of the derviſe appeared transformed into a magnificient palace, at one of the doors of which ſtood the genius inviting him to enter.

Abdala obeyed, and followed his guide. He would have ſpoken, but his voice was reſtrained by amazement and fear.—'Mortal,' ſaid the genius, before he opened the door of the interior apartment, 'this is the palace of the genius Oraſmundo, who is ever propitious to the deſires of the wiſe and good. Thy worth and wiſdom are known; and the period is arrived, when thou ſhalt be happy.'

Then opening the door, Abdala perceived three beautiful virgins at the loom. They inſtantly roſe to welcome the ſtranger.

'Behold,' ſaid the genius, 'and chooſe a partner for life. Which is the object of thy choice? The name of the eldeſt is Triſtina, the grave; Serena, the placid is the ſecond; and Hilarana, the gay; the third.'

Abdala was dazzled by the ſplendour of their charms. But in Serena he recollected the features of the nymph whoſe leſſons he had attended in the grove; and approaching her with a reſpectful air, he declared his choice, and took her unreluctant hand.

At this inſtant, the palace vaniſhed, and he found himſelf in an humble cottage, where his eye was ſtruck by a beautiful female form. Her dreſs was ſimple as that of the village maid, her perſon graceful as the ſtately palm. But notwithſtanding her humble attire. Abdala ſoon recollected, with delight, the charming countenance which had ſo lately captivated his ſoul.

'Fortunate Abdala,' ſaid a voice from above, which he perceived to be that of Oraſmundo, 'thy wiſdom is conſpicuous in thy choice, and thy happineſs is now complete. If Triſtina had been thy choice, thou wouldſt have been doomed to irrevocable woe; if Hilarana had been thine, to inceſſant remorſe. But in Serena, the lowly Shep-

herdeſs

erdeſs as ſhe ſeems, thou haſt not only choſen a beautiful form, but a virgin whoſe ſentiments are congenial to thy own, whoſe heart is the favourite abode of the virtues, and whoſe ſoul is ſuſceptible of all the rational pleaſures that can render life deſirable. Thy father is no more. Go then, Abdala, and fill the throne of thy anceſtors. Go, and diſcharge the duties of a patriot king, and forget not the viſions of this night.'

The opening dawn found Abdala abſorbed in reflection on theſe parting words of the genius. But ſoon recollecting himſelf, he loſt not a moment to conduct Serena to the imperial palace. He had ſcarcely left the cottage, when the meſſengers appeared, with the awful intelligence that his father was no more. They conducted him in triumph to the expecting city, with the charming Sultana of his choice by his ſide. The univerſal acclamations, and the eagerneſs of all ranks to behold their new ſovereign and his conſort, evinced at once the exultation and the affection of the people.

The laſt duties to his father, Abdala performed with all the reſpect and decorum of filial piety. He began his reign by removing the grievances which the people had ſo long endured; and an unceaſing attention to whatever could promote the welfare of his ſubjects evinced that he had not forgotten the viſions of the grove. In fine, during a long ſeries of proſperous years, all confeſſed the excellence of an illuſtrious example, that inculcated virtue, and the wiſdom of a reign that diffuſed univerſal happineſs.

To the Editor.

SIR,

CAN any of your readers or correſpondents ſuggeſt a cure for horrible dreams? I am wofully tormented by them, and can aſſign no reaſon for this. Perhaps it may be neceſſary, Sir, that I confeſs to you, in order that you may judge whether there is any crime on my conſcience; but I aſſure you, that (with all humility be it ſpoken) I am very free from the vices of the times, and have no improper propenſities belonging to me. I enjoy a ſnug trade, the profits of which were never increaſed by roguery, nor diminiſhed by ſeizures; and, on the whole, I may ſay, that I am a very good kind of a man.

But, Sir, although my behaviour during the day is ſuch as the ſtricteſt law cannot object to, yet, in my firſt ſleep, I generally commit ſome very ſhocking crime. I have ſpent a cheerful evening with a friend, and, within two hours after bed-time, have embrued my hands in his blood.

I have more than once broke open my neighbour's houſe; and only yeſterday morning was about to be turned off at Newgate, when the ſervant knocked hard at my door, to tell me breakfaſt was on the table.

Many are the duels I have been concerned in, and more than once have killed the man who came to dine with me the following day; nay, I have not eſcaped myſelf, for, beſides being twice run through the body in duels, I have been whipped for privately ſtealing, and hanged for murder.

During parliament, I am every other night on my knees before the houſe, and have been twenty times in the cuſtody of the Uſher of the Black Rod, where I have remained frightened almoſt to death, until the ſhrill pipe of a chimney ſweeper or milk-maid releaſed me.

I am a perfect ſtranger to what they call pleaſant dreams, and wake every morning in a cold ſweat. In ſhort, Sir, what with murders, robberies, battles, and ſudden death, I am worn to a ſkeleton; and when I am free from theſe great misfortunes, I am troubled with leſſer ones. I have repeatedly failed in my circumſtances about ſun-ſet, and ſometimes have not been white-waſhed before the barber came to ſhave me.

Impriſonment is ſo familiar to me, that it now gives me very little uneaſineſs, nor do I much care for a verdict againſt me in the court of king's bench; but unleſs I can keep my hands from murder, and my perſon from Newgate, I ſhall never be able to ſleep ſoundly. It is really a ſneer to wiſh me a good night.

As to caſualties, Heaven knows, I have had my ſhare. I have broke my legs by falling from ſcaffolds,—I have dropped between two lighters, and been drowned in the Liffey.—I once fell into a glaſs-houſe furnace, and twice tumbled into Sweetman's largeſt vat. I ſhall ſay nothing of falling from a window, or of being bit by a mad dog.

Be ſo good, Sir, as to lay my caſe before the public, that ſome perſon may adviſe me how to make my nights and days correſpond; and I ſhall be your much obliged

PETER PHANTOM.

P. S. Should you reject this letter, it is a thouſand to one but I knock you down the moment I fall aſleep.

Of the Method of Diſtilling, as practiſed by the Natives at Chatra in Ramgur, and in the other Provinces.

By Archibald Keir, Eſq.

From the Aſiatic Reſearches.

THE body of the ſtill they uſe, is a common, large, unglazed, earthen water jar, nearly globular, of about twenty five inches diameter at the wideſt part of it, and twenty-two inches deep to the neck, which neck riſes two inches more, and is eleven inches wide in the opening. Such at leaſt was the ſize of the one I meaſured; which they filled about a half with fomented mâhwah-flowers, that ſwam in the liquor to be diſtilled.

The jar they placed in a furnace, not the moſt artificial, though ſeemingly not ill adapted to give a great heat with but a very little fuel. This they made by digging a round hole in the ground, about twenty inches wide, and full three feet deep; cutting an opening in the front, ſloping down to the bottom, on the ſides perpendicular, of about nine inches wide, and fifteen long, reckoning from the circle where the jar was to come, to ſerve to throw in the wood at, and for a paſſage to the air. On the ſide too, they cut another ſmall opening, of about four inches by three, the jar, when placed, forming one ſide of it, to ſerve as a chimney for the ſmoke to go out at. The bottom of the earth was rounded up like a cup. Having then placed the jar in this, as far as it would go down, they covered it above, all round, with clay, except at the two openings, till within about a fifth of its height; when their furnace was completed.

In this way, I reckon, there was a full third of the ſurface of the body of the ſtill or jar expoſed to the flame, when the fire came to be lighted; and its bottom not reaching to within two feet of where the fuel was, left a capacious hollow between them, whence the wood, that was ſhort and dry, when lighted, being moſtly converted into flame, and circulating on ſo great a ſurface of the ſtill, gave a much ſtronger heat than could elſe have been produced from ſo very little fuel; a conſideration well worth the attention of a manufacturer, in our country more eſpecially, where firing is ſo dear. There indeed, and particularly as coal is uſed, it would be better, no doubt, to have a grate; and that the air ſhould enter from below. As to the benefit reſulting from the body of the ſtill being of earthen ware, I am not quite ſo clear in it. Yet as lighter ſubſtances are well known to tranſmit heat more gradually and ſlowly than the more ſolid, ſuch as metals; may not earthen veſſels, on this account, be leſs apt to burn their contents, ſo as to communicate an empyreumatic taſte, and ſmell to the liquor that is diſtilled, ſo often, and ſo juſtly complained of, with us? At any rate, in this country, where pots are made ſo cheap, I ſhould think them greatly preferable, as, at leaſt, much leſs expenſive than thoſe which the gentlemen engaged in this manufacture moſt commonly employ; though of this they are beſt able to judge.

Having thus made their furnace, and placed the body of the ſtill in it, as above deſcribed, they to this luted on, with moiſtened clay, to its neck, at the opening, what they here call an *achar*; forming with it, at once a cover for the body of the ſtill, with a ſuitable perforation in it to let the vapour riſe through;

through; and the under part of the alembic. The *adkur* was made with two earthen pans, having round holes in their middles, of about four inches diameter; and their bottoms being turned oppoſite the one to the other, they were cemented together with clay, forming a neck of junction thus, of about three inches, with the ſmall riſing on the upper pan. The lowermoſt of theſe was more ſhallow, and about eleven inches wide, ſo as to cover exactly the opening at the neck of the jar, to which they luted it on with clay. The upper and oppoſite of theſe was about four inches deep, and fourteen inches wide, with a ledge round its perforation in the middle, riſing, as is already ſaid, from the inner ſide of the neck, of about half an inch high, by which a gutter was formed to collect the condenſed ſpirit as it fell down; and from this there was a hole in the pan to let it run off by; to which hole they occaſionally luted on a ſmall hollow bamboo, of about two feet and a half in length, to convey it to the receiver below. The upper pan had alſo another hole in it, of about an inch ſquare, at near a quarter of its circumference from the one below juſt ſpoken of, that ſerved to let off the water employed in cooling; as ſhall be mentioned preſently.

Their *Adkur* being thus fitted to the jar, they completed the Alembic by taking a copper pot, ſuch as we uſe in our kitchens, of about five inches deep, eight wide at the mouth, and ten at the bottom, which was rather flattiſh; and turning its mouth downward, over the opening in the *adkur*, luted it down on the inſide of the jar with clay.

For their cooler they raiſed a ſeat, cloſe upon, and at the back part of the furnace, about a foot higher than the bottom of the copper-pot; on this they placed a two or three gallon-pot, with a round hole, of about half an inch, in the ſide of it; and to this hole, before they lighted their fire, they luted on a ſhort tube of a like bore; placing the pot, and directing its ſpout ſo as that, when filled with water, it threw a conſtant and uniform ſtream off it, from about a foot high, or near the center of the bottom of the copper pot; where it was diffuſed pretty completely over its whole ſurface; and the water falling down into the upper part of the pan of the *adkur*, it thence was conveyed through the ſquare hole already mentioned, by a trough luted on to it for that purpoſe, to a cooling reſervoir a few feet from the furnace; from which they took it up again to ſupply the upper pot as occaſion required.

As their ſtock of water, however, in this ſort of circulation was much ſmaller than it ſeemingly ought to have been, being ſcarcely more than ſix or eight gallons, it too ſoon became hot; yet in ſpite of this diſadvantage, that ſo eaſily might have been remedied, and the ſhortneſs of the conducting tube, which had nothing but the common air to cool it, there ran a ſtream of liquor from the ſtill; and but very little vapour riſing from it; beyond any thing I had ever ſeen from ſtills of a much larger ſize, fitted with a worm and cooler. In about three hours time, indeed, from their lighting of the fire, they drew off full fifteen bottles of ſpirit; which is more, by a great deal, I believe, than could have been done in our way from a ſtill of twice the dimenſions.

The inconveniences of a worm and cooler, which are no ſmall expence either, I have myſelf often experienced; and if theſe could be avoided in ſo ſimple a way, that might eaſily be improved, the hints that are here offered may be of ſome uſe. The thin metal head is certainly well adapted, I think, to tranſmit the heat to the water, which is conſtantly renewed; and which, if cold, as it ought to be, muſt abſorb the faſteſt poſſible: whereas, in our way, the water being confined in a tub, that, from the nature of its porous ſubſtance, in a great degree rather retains than lets the heat paſs away, it ſoon accumulates in it, and becomes very hot, and though renewed pretty often, never anſwers the purpoſe of cooling the vapour in the worm ſo expeditiouſly and effectually as is done by their more ſimple and leſs expenſive apparatus. In this country more eſpecially, where labour and earthen wares are ſo cheap, for as many rupees and leſs, twenty furnaces with ſtills and every thing belonging to them,

independent of the copper-pots, might very well be erected, that would yield above a hundred gallons of ſpirits a-day; allowing each ſtill to be worked only twice: ſo very cheap indeed, is arrack here, to the great comfort of my miners, and of many thoughtleſs people beſide, that for one ſingle *peyſa*, not two farthings ſterling, they can get a whole *cutcha-ſeer* of it in the Bazar, or above a full Engliſh pint, and enough to make them completely intoxicated; objects often painful to be ſeen.

Of the ſuperior excellence of metal in giving out heat from itſelf, and from vapour contained in it, we have a very clear proof, in what is daily performed on the cylinder of the ſteam engine: for cold water being thrown on it when loaded, the contained vapour is conſtantly condenſed; whence, on a vacuum being thus formed, and the weight of the atmoſphere acting on the ſurface of the piſton, attached to the arm of the balance, it is made to deſcend, and to raiſe the other arm that is fixed to the pump; while this, being ſomewhat heavier, immediately ſinks again, which carries up the piſton, while the cylinder is again filled: and thus alternately by cooling and filling it, is the machine kept in motion; the power exerted in raiſing the pump-arm being always in proportion to the diameter of the cylinder, or to the ſurface of the piſton, which is exactly fitted to it, and on which the preſſure acts.

The contrivance too, of having the under part of the alembic, where the condenſed vapour is collected, or upper part of what they call the *adkur*, of earthen ware, of ſo great a thickneſs and of courſe at ſo great a diſtance from the heat in the body of the ſtill, is well imagined to keep the ſpirits the cooleſt poſſible when collected and running off.

By thus cooling and condenſing the vapour likewiſe ſo ſuddenly as it riſes, there is in a great meaſure a conſtant vacuum made, or as much as poſſible can be: but that both ſteam riſes faſter, and that water boils with much leſs heat, when the preſſure is taken away from its ſurface, is an axiom in chymiſtry too well known to need any illuſtration; it boiling in vacuum, when the heat is only ninety or ninety-five by Farenheit's thermometer; whereas in the open air, under the preſſure of the atmoſphere, it requires no leſs than that of two hundred and twelve, ere it can be brought to the boiling point.

I muſt further obſerve, that the ſuperior excellence of condenſing the vapour ſo effectually and ſpeedily in the alembic to our method of doing it on a worm and cooler, is greatly on the ſide of the former; both from the reaſons I have already adduced, and becauſe of the ſmall ſtream of vapour that can be only forced into the worm, where it is condenſed gradually as it deſcends; but above all, from the nature of vapour itſelf, with reſpect to the heat contained in it, which of late has been proved by the very ingenious Dr. Black to be greater by far than, before his diſcoveries, was imagined. For vapour he has ſhewn to be in the ſtate of a new fluid, where water is diſſolved by heat; with the aſſiſtance perhaps, if I may be allowed a conjecture, of the air which it contains; and all fluids, as he has clearly demonſtrated, on their becoming ſuch, abſorb a certain quantity of heat, which becomes what he very properly calls latent heat, it being heat not appearing either to the ſenſes or to the thermometer, while they remain in that liquid ſtate; but ſhowing itſelf immediately by its effects on whatever is near it, upon their changing their form from fluid to ſolid; as on water becoming ice, or metals fixing, and the like. In the ſolution of ſalts alſo, there is an abſorption of heat, as we daily experience, in the cooling of our liquors by diſſolving ſaltpetre in water; and this he has found to be the caſe with water itſelf, and other fluids, when paſſing into a ſtate of vapour by boiling. From the moſt accurate and judicious experiments, indeed, he infers, and with the greateſt appearance of truth, that the heat thus concealed in vapour raiſed by boiling, from any given bulk of water, would be fully ſufficient, if collected in a piece of iron of the like ſize, to make it perfectly red-hot. What then muſt be the effect of ſo much heat, communicated in our way of diſtilling to the worm, and to the water in the tub, will be

ſufficiently

ſufficiently evident from what has been ſaid, to prove I think that we have hitherto employed a worſe and more defective method than we might have done with reſpect to cooling at leaſt, both in the making of ſpirits, and in other diſtillations of the like kind, where a ſimilar mode is adopted.

The poor ignorant Indian indeed, while he with wonder ſurveys the vaſt apparatus of European diſtillers, in their immenſe large ſtills, worms, tubs, and expenſive furnaces, and finds that ſpirits thus made by them are more valued, and ſell much dearer than his own, may very naturally conclude, and will have his competitors join with him in opinion, that this muſt alone ſurely be owing to their better and more judicious manner of diſtilling with all thoſe ingenious and expenſive contrivances, which he can no wiſe emulate: but in this, it would appear, they are both equally miſtaken; imputing the effects, which need not be controverted perhaps, to a cauſe from which they by no means proceed; the ſuperiority of their ſpirits not at all ariſing from the ſuperior excellence of their ſtills and furnaces, nor from their better mode of conducting the diſtillation in any reſpect; but chiefly rather from their greater ſkill and care in the right choice, and proper management, of the materials they employ in fermentation; and above all, as I apprehend, from the vaſt convenience they have in caſks, by which, and from their abilities in point of ſtock, they are enabled, and do in fact, in general keep their ſpirits for a certain time, whence they are mellowed and improved ſurprizingly both in taſte and ſalubrity.

With reſpect to t e latter improvement, I mention it more particularly here, and the more willingly alſo, as in general it ſeems to have been but too little attended to where a due attention to it might be of the greateſt uſe. For of all things that have been found grateful to the human palate, there was none ever uſed, I believe, more hurtful to the body, and to the nerves eſpecially, than freſh drawn ardent ſpirits: and this owing evidently to the principle of inflammability, of which with water they are moſtly made up, being then in a more looſe and detached ſtate, leſs aſſimilated with the other principles than it afterwards becomes with time. By time indeed, it is gradually not only more aſſimilated, but at length changes its nature altogether; ſo as to become, what was at firſt ſo pernicious, a benign, cooling liquor: when the ſpirit is ſtrong, the change, it is true, goes on more ſlow and imperceptibly; yet as a partial alteration is only wanted to mellow it for uſe, a few years keeping would be ſufficient to anſwer the purpoſe here; and whether or no it could be poſſible to prevent any other from being ſold than that which had been kept a certain time, is well worth the conſideration of the legiſlature.

That the great noxious quality of freſh drawn ſpirits, is chiefly owing to the cauſe I have aſſigned, a little attention, and comparing of the effects that are uniformly produced by the principal of inflammability, wherever it is met with in a looſe and weakly combined ſtate, as it is in them, will eaſily convince us of: whereas, when fully aſſimilated either in ſpirits, or with any other body, it becomes entirely inert, and uſeful, more or leſs, either for food or phyſic, according to what it happens to be united with. Thus we find it in putrid animal ſubſtances, where it lately formed part of a healthy body, being now detached, or but weakly united with air, exhibiting a moſt offenſive, and pernicious poiſon: though this abſorbed again by a living plant is preſently changed into good and wholeſome nouriſhment; to the vegetable immediately, and to any animal who may afterwards chooſe to eat it. In like manner ſulphur, which is a compound of this principal alone, united to a pure acid, the moſt deſtructive to all animal and vegetable ſubſtances, yet it being here perfectly inert alſo, may be taken into the body with ſafety; when, if looſened either by heat or by an alkaline ſalt uniting with the acid, its noxious quality is preſently made perceivable to whoever comes within its reach.

Many other inſtances of a like nature might eaſily be added, and ſome too more appoſite perhaps than thoſe I have here

here mentioned; but every one's own experience, with what I have already ſaid, will ſufficiently evince the propriety and utility of putting an entire ſtop, if poſſible, to the ſale of what ought to be ſo juſtly prohibited; and this, in its conſequences, may even help to lead to other more effectual means of correcting, in a great meaſure, the cruel abuſe of ſpirits in general, that has been long ſo loudly and ſo juſtly complained of, among the ſoldiers, lower Europeans, and our ſervants in this country; where the very worſt and indeed poiſonous ſort of them is daily ſold at ſo very cheap a rate.

All I need further add with reſpect to diſtillation, and on the ſuperior advantages in the mode of conducting it here to that we have been in uſe to employ, for the raiſing of ſpirits, ſimple waters, and the like, is only to obſerve, I have no ſort of doubt but that the intelligent chymical operators at home, if ever they ſhould get a hint of it, will make no manner of ſcruple to uſe it alſo, and to improve upon it greatly by a few ingenious contrivances, which their knowledge and experience will ſo eaſily ſuggeſt. The principles on which it ſeems founded indeed, eſpecially with regard to their way of cooling, are ſo ſtriking and juſt, that in many other diſtillations beſides thoſe of ſpirits and waters, they may be employed, I apprehend, with very great profit and advantage. I ſhall now, however, confine myſelf to mention only the benefit that may reſult from a like proceſs in the raiſing of the finer aromatics, while the heat contrived, as in our way, beſides impeding the diſtillation, muſt from its long action on ſuch ſubtile bodies, probably injure them greatly in the eſſential quality on which their excellence depends; and upon this very account I am apt to imagine that the greater quantity obtained, and the ſuperior quality of the oil of roſes made in this country, to that made from roſes with us, is owing chiefly, if not entirely, to their better and more judicious manner of extracting it here. For, with us, the ſtill being made of metal, may in the firſt inſtance, impart too great and too ſudden a degree of heat; and next, the oil continuing ſo long in the vapour, and that much compreſſed, may, in ſo delicate a ſubject, not only entirely almoſt unite it with the water, ſo as to render the ſeparation impracticable, but may at the ſame time alter its eſſence ſo completely, as that it can no longer appear in the ſtate it otherwiſe might have been found in, had the operation been better conducted, or in the way they do here.

A very few trials however would much better certify this than all I can poſſibly ſay on the ſubject, or in fact than all the reaſoning in the world. Therefore, as to my own particular opinion of the flavour and quality of the roſes at home being equal if not ſuperior to that of thoſe in this country, I may be entirely ſilent; the rules and reaſoning in chymiſtry, though ſerving greatly to enlarge and improve our underſtanding, being what of themſelves can never be depended upon till confirmed by facts and experiments; where many things often turn out very different from what, from our beſt and moſt plauſible arguments, we had the greateſt reaſon to expect. Or, if it ſhould be found to be really true what I have often heard aſſerted, by thoſe however who had it only from others, but not of their own particular knowledge, that in diſtilling their oil of roſes at the places where they make it the beſt, they uſe alſo with their roſes ſandal-wood, and ſome other aromatics, no roſes whatſoever, it is plain, could ever of themſelves be made to afford a like oil: nor without ſuch an addition as they employ. A circumſtance, by the bye, that might poſſibly eaſily be certified by ſome one of the many ingenious correſpondents of the Society, who may happen to reſide where it is made; and a knowledge of the real truth of it would certainly be of uſe.

Contraſt of the Times; for the Ladies.

Sunday——Time preſent.

IN bed at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, not having retired to reſt until four in the morning.

Time paſt.—Gone to church with her family,

family, to return thanks to God for the bleſſings ſhe enjoys.

Time preſent.—Four o'clock in the afternoon—Her ladyſhip's coach making one in a ſtring of vehicles in Hyde Park, moving as black coaches do at a funeral.

Time paſt.—Retiring from the dining-table to the drawing-room, there to enjoy the pleaſures of rational converſation on ſubjects that ſhall amuſe as well as inſtruct.

Time preſent.—Eight o'clock in the evening. Sitting down to dinner in great form, and without any appetite.

Time paſt.—The tea equipage juſt removed, and the gentlemen having joined the ladies, the converſation general and pleaſing.

Time preſent.—Ten o'clock at night.—Killing the reputation of their neighbours—vilifying thoſe who are virtuous—abuſing thoſe that are handſome, giving no perſon a good character, during the refreſhment of a little half-cold tea brought from an adjoining room.

Time paſt.—Preparing for bed, there to enjoy that repoſe which an undiſturbed mind and natural health muſt always enſure.

Time preſent.—Eleven at night. Staking health, property, and even reputation at cards.

Time paſt.—The whole family retired to reſt.

Monday——*Time preſent.*

Twelve o'clock at noon—At breakfaſt, planning ſome new ſcheme to raiſe money for a faro route; in the evening at the Ducheſs of Punts—Dunned by tradeſmen, reproved by her huſband, ſick from late hours, and out of temper with her loſſes.

Time paſt.—Examining ſome new conſtructed ſpinning wheels, to be ſent to the tenants in Somerſetſhire; ſettling the week's expences, and paying tradeſmen's bills.

Time preſent.—From two to four—Paying faſhionable viſits by knocking at a door and leaving a ſquare bit of card with the porter.

Time paſt.—Regulating her houſhold affairs, and dreſſing for dinner.

Time preſent.—From four to ſix—Making up a new face to viſit her acquaintance at dinner, ſcolding her ſervants and finding fault with every thing.

Time paſt.—Reading, working, or writing after dinner, or preparing for the play, or ſome other rational amuſement.

Time preſent.—From ſix to ten—Eating, drinking, talking ſcandal, and eagerly looking for the whiſt or faro tables.

Time paſt.—Returning from the play, and making remarks on the merits and demerits of what was repreſented.

Time preſent.—From ten to ſix in the morning—Gambling.

Time paſt.—Sleeping.

Extract from the Comedy of every one has his Fault.

Scene. A Coffee, or Club-Room at a Tavern.

Enter Sir Robert Ramble—and Mr. Solus and Mr. Placid at the oppoſite ſide.

Solus.

SIR Robert Ramble, how do you do?

Sir Robert. My dear Mr. Solus, I am glad to ſee you. I have been dining by myſelf, and now come into this public room to meet with ſome good company.

Solus. Ay, ſir Robert, you are now reduced to the ſame neceſſity which I frequently am—I frequently am obliged to dine at taverns and coffee-houſes, for want of company at home.

Sir Robert. Nay, I proteſt I am never happier than in a houſe like this, where a man may meet his friend without the inconvenience of form, either as a hoſt or a viſitor.

Solus. Sir Robert, give me leave to introduce to you Mr. Placid: he has been many years abroad; but I believe he now means to remain in his own country for the reſt of his life. This, Mr. Placid, is ſir Robert Ramble.

Sir Robert, to Mr. Placid. Sir, I ſhall be happy in your acquaintance; and I aſſure you, if you will do me the honour to meet me now and then at this houſe, you will find every thing pleaſant. I verily believe, that ſince I loſt my wife, which is now about five months ago, I verily believe I have dined here three days out of the ſeven.

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Placid. Have you loſt your wife, ſir? And ſo lately?

Sir Robert, with great indifference. Yes, ſir; about five months ago—Is it not, Mr. Solus? You keep account of ſuch things better than I do.

Solus. Oh! aſk me no queſtions about your wife, ſir Robert; if ſhe had been mine, I would have had her to this moment.

Placid. What, wreſted her from the gripe of death?

Sir Robert. No, ſir; only from the gripe of the Scotch lawyers.

Solus. More ſhame for you. Shame! to wiſh to be divorced from a virtuous wife.

Placid. Was that the caſe? Divorced from a virtuous wife! I never heard of ſuch a circumſtance before. Pray, ſir Robert [*very anxiouſly*], will you indulge me, by letting me know in what manner you were able to bring about ſo great an event?

Sir Robert. It may appear ſtrange to you, ſir; but my wife and I did not live happy together.

Placid. Not at all ſtrange, ſir; I can conceive—I can conceive very well.

Solus. Yes; he can conceive that part to a nicety.

Sir Robert. And ſo I was determined on a divorce.

Placid. But then her character could not be unimpeached?

Sir Robert. Yes, it was, Sir, You muſt know, we were married in Scotland, and by the laws there, a wife can divorce her *huſband* for breach of fidelity and ſo, though my wife's character was unimpeached, mine was not, and ſhe divorced me.

Placid. And is this the law in Scotland?

Sir Robert. It is. Bleſſed, bleſſed country! that will bind young people together before the years of diſcretion—and, as ſoon as they have diſcretion to repent, will unbind them again!

Placid. I wiſh I had been married in Scotland.

Solus. But, ſir Robert, with all this boaſting, you muſt own that your divorce has greatly diminiſhed your fortune.

Sir Robert, taking Solus aſide. Mr. Solus, you have frequently hinted at my fortune being impaired; but I do not approve of ſuch notions being received abroad.

Solus. I beg your pardon; but every body knows that you have played very deep lately, and have been a great loſer, and every body knows——

Sir Robert. No, ſir, every body does not know it, for I contradict the report wherever I go. A man of faſhion does not like to be reckoned poor, no more than he likes to be reckoned unhappy. We none of us endeavour to *be* happy, ſir, but merely to be thought ſo; and for my part, I had rather be in a ſtate of miſery, and envied for my ſuppoſed happineſs than in a ſtate of happineſs, and pitied for my ſuppoſed miſery.

Solus. But conſider, theſe misfortunes which I have juſt hinted at, are not of any ſerious nature, only ſuch as a few years œconomy——

Sir Robert. But were my wife and her guardian to become acquainted with theſe little misfortunes, they would triumph in my embarraſſments.

Solus. Lady Ramble triumph! [*They join Mr. Placid.*] She who was ſo firmly attached to you, that I believe nothing but a compliance with your repeated requeſt to be ſeparated, cauſed her to take the ſtep ſhe did.

Sir Robert. Yes, I believe ſhe did it to oblige me, and I am very much obliged to her.

Solus. As good a woman, Mr. Placid——

Sir Robert. Very good—but veryugly.

Solus. She is beautiful.

Sir Robert to Solus. I tell you, ſir, ſhe is hideous. And then ſhe was grown ſo inſufferably peeviſh.

Solus. I never ſaw her out of temper.

Sir Robert. Mr. Solus, it is very uncivil of you to praiſe her before my face. Lady Ramble at the time I parted with her, had every poſſible fault both of mind and perſon, and ſo I made love to other women in her preſence; told her bluntly that I was tired of her; that "I was very ſorry to make her uneaſy, but that I could not love her any longer."—And was not that frank and open?

Solus. Oh! that I had but ſuch a wife as ſhe was!

Sir Robert. I muſt own I loved her myſelf when ſhe was young.

Solus. Do you call her old?

Sir Robert. In years I am certainly older than ſhe; but the difference of ſex makes her a great deal older than I am. For inſtance, Mr. Solus, you have often lamented not being married in your youth; but if you had, what would you have now done with an old wife, a woman of your own age?

Solus. Loved and cheriſhed her.

Sir Robert. What, in ſpite of her loſs of beauty?

Solus. When ſhe had loſt her beauty, moſt likely I ſhould have loſt my eye-ſight, and have been blind to the wane of her charms.

Placid, anxiouſly. But, ſir Robert, you were explaining to me—Mr. Solus, give me leave to ſpeak to ſir Robert—I feel myſelf particularly intereſted on this ſubject—And, ſir, you were explaining to me——

Sir Robert. Very true: Where did I leave off? Oh! at my ill uſage of my lady Ramble. Yes, I did uſe her very ill, and yet ſhe loved me. Many a time when ſhe has ſaid to me "Sir Robert I deteſt your principles, your manners, and even your perſon," often, at that very inſtant, I have ſeen a little ſparkle of a wiſh peep out of the corner of one eye, that has called to me, "Oh! ſir Robert, how I long to make it up with you!"

Solus to Mr. Placid. Do not you wiſh that your wife had ſuch a little ſparkle at the corner of one of her eyes?

Sir Robert, to Mr. Placid. Sir, do you wiſh to be divorced.

Placid. I have no ſuch proſpect. Mrs. Placid is faithful, and I was married in England.

Sir Robert. But if you have an unconquerable deſire to part, a ſeparate maintenance will anſwer nearly the ſame end—for if your lady and you will only lay down the plan of ſeparation, and agree——

Placid. But, unfortunately, we never do agree!

Sir Robert. Then ſpeak of parting as a thing you dread worſe than death; and make it your daily prayer to her that ſhe will never think of going from you—She will determine upon it directly.

Placid. I thank you; I'm very much obliged to you, I thank you a thouſand times.

Sir Robert. Yes, I have ſtudied the art of teaſing a wife; and there is nothing vexes her ſo much as laughing at her. Can you laugh, Mr. Placid?

Placid. I don't know whether I can; I have not laughed ſince I married.—But I thank you, ſir, for your inſtructions—I ſincerely thank you.

Solus. And now, ſir Robert, you have had the good nature to teach this gentleman how to get rid of his wife, will you have the kindneſs to teach me how to procure one?

Enter Mr. Irwin.

Sir Robert. Hah! Sure I know that gentleman's face?

Solus. My nephew! Let me eſcape his ſolicitations [*Aſide*]—Here, waiter!

Placid. Irwin! [*Starting*] Having ſent him a denial, I am aſhamed to ſee him. *Aſide.*] Here, Mr. Solus

[*Exit, following Mr. Solus.*

Irwin, aſide. More cool faces; My neceſſitous counte nanceclear even a club-room.

Sir Robert. My dear Captain Irwin, is it you? Yes, 'faith it is—After a nine years abſence I moſt ſincerely rejoice to ſee you.

Irwin. Sir Robert, you ſhake hands with a cordiality I have not experienced theſe many days, and I thank you.

Sir Robert. But what's the matter? You ſeem to droop—Where have you left your uſual ſpirits? Has abſence from your country changed your manners?

Irwin. No, ſir; but I find ſome of my countrymen changed. I fancy them leſs warm, leſs friendly than they were; and it is that which, perhaps, has this effect upon me.

Sir Robert. Am I changed?

Irwin. You appear an exception.

Sir Robert. And I aſſure, you, that inſtead of being grown more gloomy, I am even more gay than I was ſeven years ago; for then, I was upon the point of matrimony—but now, I am juſt relieved from its cares.

Irwin. I have heard as much. But I hope you have not taken ſo great an averſion to the marriage ſtate, as never to marry again.

Sir Robert. Perhaps not? But then it muſt be to ſome rich heireſs.

Irwin. You are right to pay reſpect to fortune. Money is a neceſſary article in the marriage contract.

Sir Robert. As to that—that would be no great object at preſent. No, thank Heaven, my eſtates are pretty large; I have no children; I have a rich uncle, excellent health, admirable ſpirits;—and thus happy, it would be very ſtrange if I did not meet my old friends with thoſe ſmiles, which never for a moment quit my countenance.

Irwin. In the diſpenſation of the gifts of Providence, how few are found bleſt like you! [*Sighing.*]

Sir Robert. And I aſſure you, my dear Mr. Irwin, it gives me the moſt ſerious reflections, and the moſt ſincere concern that they are not.

Irwin. I thank you, ſir, moſt heartily: I thank you, for mankind in general, and for myſelf in particular. For after this generous, unaffected declaration (with leſs ſcruple than I ſhould to any man in the world), I will own to you, that I am at this very time in the utmoſt want of an act of friendſhip.

Sir Robert, aſide. And ſo am I—Now muſt I confeſs myſelf a poor man; or paſs for an unfeeling one; and I will choſe the latter. [*Bowing with great ceremony and coldneſs*] Any thing that I can command, is at your ſervice.

Irwin confounded and heſitating. Why then, ſir Robert—I am almoſt aſhamed to ſay it—but circumſtances have been rather unfavourable,—My wife's father [*affecting to ſmile*] is not reconciled to us yet—My regiment is broke—My uncle will not part with a farthing—Lady Eleanor, my wife, [*wipes his eyes*] has been ſupported as yet, with ſome little degree of tenderneſs, elegance; and—in ſhort, I owe a ſmall ſum which I am afraid of being troubled for; I want a trifle alſo for our immediate uſe, and if you would lend me a hundred pounds—though, upon my honour, I am not in a ſituation to fix the exact time when I can pay it.

Sir Robert. My dear, ſir, never trouble yourſelf about the time of paying it, becauſe it happens not to be in my power to lend it you.

Irwin. Not in your power! I beg your pardon; but have not you this moment been ſaying you were rich?

Sir Robert. And is it not very common to be rich without money? Are not half the town rich? And yet half the town has no money. I ſpeak for this end of the town, the Weſt end. The ſquares, for inſtance, part of piccadilly, down St. James's ſtreet, and ſo home by Pall Mall. We have all, eſtates, bonds, drafts, and notes of hand without number: but as for money we have no ſuch thing belonging to us.

Irwin. I ſincerely beg your pardon. And be aſſured, ſir, nothing, ſhould have induced me to have taken the liberty I have done, but the neceſſities of my unhappy family, and having underſtood by your own words, that you were in affluence.

Sir Robert. I *am* in affluence, I am, I am; but not in ſo much, perhaps, as my haſty inconſiderate account may have given you reaſon to believe. I forgot to mention ſeveral heavy incumbrances, which you will perceive are great drawbacks on my fortune.—As my wife ſued for the divorce, I have her fortune to return; I have alſo two ſiſters to portion off—a circumſtance I totally forgot. But, my good friend, though I am not in circumſtances to do what you require, I will do ſomething that ſhall be better. I'll wait upon your father-in-law, (lord Norland) and entreat him to forgive his daughter: and I am ſure he will if I aſk him.

Irwin. Impoſſible.

Sir Robert. And ſo it is, now I recollect: for he is no other than the guardian of my late wife, and a requeſt from me, will be received worſe than from any other perſon—However, Mr. Irwin, depend upon it, that whenever I have an opportunity of ſerving you, I will. And whenever you ſhall do me the favour to call upon me, I ſhall be heartily glad to ſee you. If I am not at home, you can leave your card, which, you know, is all the ſame, and depend upon it, I ſhall be extremely

glad

glad to see you or that, at any time. [*Exit.*

Irwin. Is this my native country? Is this the hospitable land which we describe to strangers? No—We are savages to each other; nay worse—The savage makes his fellow savage welcome; divides with him his homely fare; gives him the best apartment his hut affords, and tries to hush those griefs that are confided in his bosom—While in this civilised city, among my own countrymen, even among my brother officers in the army, and many of my nearest relations, so very civilised they are, I could not take the liberty to enter under one roof, without a ceremonious invitation, and that they will not give me. I may leave my card at their door, but as for me or any one of mine, they would not give us a dinner; unless, indeed, it was in such a style, that we might behold with admiration their grandeur, and return, still more depressed, to our own poverty.—Can I bear this treatment longer? No, not even for you, my Eleanor. And this [*takes out a pistol*] shall now be the only friend to whom I will apply—And yet I want the courage to be a villain.

Enter Mr. Harmony, speaking as he enters.

[*Irwin conceals the pistol instantly.*]

Harmony. Let me see half a dozen newspapers—Every paper of the day.

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. That is about three dozen, sir.

Harmony. Get a couple of porters, and bring them all.

[*He sits down: they bring him papers, and he reads—Irwin starts, sits down, leans his head on one of the tables, and shews various signs of uneasiness; then comes forward.*]

Irwin. Am I a man, a soldier?—And a coward? Yes, I run away, I turn my back on life—I forsake the post, which my commander, Providence has allotted me, and fly before a band of rude misfortunes. Rally me, love, connubial and parental love, rally me back to the charge! No, those very affections sound the retreat. [*Sits down with the same emotions of distraction as before.*

Harmony. That gentleman does not seem happy. I wish I had an opportunity of speaking to him.

[*Aside.*

Irwin comes forward, and speaks again. But Oh! my wife, what will be your sufferings when I am brought home to your wretched habitation—And by my own hand.

Harmony. I am afraid, sir, I engross all the news here. [*Holding up the papers.*

Irwin, still apart. Poor soul, how her heart will be torn!

Harmony, after looking stedfastly on him. Captain Irwin, till this moment I had not the pleasure of recollecting you! It is Mr. Irwin, is it not?

Irwin, his mind deranged by his misfortunes. Yes, sir, but what have you to say to him more than to a stranger?

Harmony. Nothing more, sir, than to apologize to you, for having addressed you just now in so familiar manner, before I knew who you were; and to assure you, that although I have no other knowledge of you, that from report, and having been once, I believe, in your company at this very house, before you left England; yet, any services of mine, as far as my abilities can reach, you may freely command.

Irwin. Pray, sir, do you live at the West end of the town?

Harmony. I do.

Irwin. Then, sir, your services can be of no use to me.

Harmony. Here is the place where I live, here is my card.

[*Gives it to him.*

Irwin. And here is mine. And now I presume we have exchanged every act of friendship, which the strict forms of etiquette, in this town, will admit of.

Harmony. By no means, sir. I assure you my professions never go beyond my intentions; and if there is any thing that I can serve you in.

Irwin. Have you no sisters to portion off? no lady's fortune to return? Or, perhaps, you will speak to my wife's father, and entreat him to forgive his child.

Harmony. On that subject you may

command me; for I have the honour to be intimately acquainted with Lord Norland.

Irwin. But is there no reaſon you may recollect, " why you would be the moſt unfit perſon in the world to apply to him?"

Harmony. None. I have been honoured with marks of his friendſhip for many years paſt; and I do not know any one who could, with leſs hazard of his reſentment, venture to name his daughter to him.

Irwin. Well, ſir, if you ſhould ſee him two or three days hence, when I am ſet out on a journey I am going, if you will then ſay a kind word to him for my wife and children, I'll thank you.

Harmony. I will go to him inſtantly. [*Going.*

Irwin. No, do not ſee him yet; ſtay till I am gone. He will do nothing till I am gone.

Harmony. May I aſk where you are going?

Irwin. No very tedious journey; but it is a country to thoſe who go without a proper paſſport, always fatal.

Harmony. I'll ſee lord Norland to night: perhaps I may perſuade him to prevent your journey. I'll ſee him to night, or early in the morning, depend upon it.—I am a man of my word, ſir; though I muſt own I do live at the Weſt end of the town.

Irwin. 'Sdeath, am I become the ridicule of my fellow creatures? or am I not in my ſenſes? I know this is London—this houſe a tavern—I know I have a wife. Oh! 'twere better to be mad than to remember her! She has a father—he is rich and proud—that I will not forget. But I will paſs his houſe, and ſend a malediction as I paſs it —[*furiouſly.*] No; breathe out my laſt ſigh at his inhoſpitable door, and that ſigh ſhall breathe—forgiveneſs. [*Exit.*

Excellent Character of M. de Becdelievre, a late Biſhop of Niſmes, in France.

M. DE BECDELIEVRE, late biſhop of Niſmes, was equally diſtinguiſhed for wiſdom, benevolence, and piety. Not contented with relieving from his purſe the diſtreſſes of the indigent, he increaſed the produce of labour in his dioceſe, by transferring to the ſundays many of the numerous holidays which encourage only idleneſs and vice. In the diſtribution of alms, his benevolence was guided by diſcretion. He was a ſtranger to that deſtructive ſpecies of liberality which originates in blind ſenſibility, and has no other foundation but undiſtinguiſhing compaſſion. He conſulted at once his head and heart, neither turning away his eyes from beholding miſery, nor relieving it merely and at all hazards, that he might avoid the painful ſight; but, giving ſuch aſſiſtance in the ſeaſon of diſtreſs, as both reaſon and religion muſt approve; and leaving the poor to feel preciſely that degree of want, which, as long as they retain their freedom, will be always needful to ſtimulate their induſtry. Thus, he reſembled the prudent gardener, who waters the drooping plant, and continues to water it, but only while the heavens withhold their rain. Zealous for the peculiar doctrines of his religion, he made no diſtinctions in his benevolence, not only tolerating, but doing good to thoſe, who could neither receive the creed, nor conform to the mode of worſhip eſtabliſhed by their country. This ſingle prelate, by his wiſdom and beneficence, in the ſpace of five and forty years, much more than doubled the number of inhabitants of Niſmes; for, having found only twenty thouſand, he had the happineſs before his death of ſeeing fifty thouſand riſe up to call him bleſſed.

ANNALS OF MASONRY.

From the Creation to the preſent Time.

FIRST PERIOD.

From the Creation to the Flood.

(Continued from page 318.)

THE farther we recede from the preſent times, and the deeper we dig into the depth of antiquity, the ſtronger proof is requiſite for the truth of what is related of thoſe early periods: yet the higher

higher we mount in the hiſtory of time, the fewer materials are to be procured. The writers concerning the events of the Antediluvian period are but few, and their accounts very brief. Moſes, Sanchoniathon, Beroſus, and Manetho, are the only authors *generally* known; yet there exiſts *another writer*, who has ſet down, in a regular ſeries, the traditions that were tranſmitted from age to age to Noah, preſerved by him, and continued to this relator of them. ELEAZAR the ſon and ſucceſſor of Aaron was this other writer of Antediluvian events; and his writing hath ſubſiſted to this day, pure and unmixed. His book indeed is known to few, very few, and thoſe of the antient *Brotherly Covenant* only have hitherto ſeen it. But conſiderable *extracts* ſhall now be produced, to confirm the accounts here given from an authentic witneſs; the preſerver and tranſmitter of a tradition that hath all the requiſites for credibility, mentioned at the commencement of this work. Under this firſt period, ſuch part of *Eleazar's* work as relates to it, ſhall *now* be given: And ſuch other parts as reſpect the ſubſequent periods, and *can be publiſhed*, ſhall not be withheld.

The Book of the Traditions of the Houſe of Council.

BOOK THE FIRST.

Perek the Firſt.

1. THE eternal, ſelf-exiſtent Being created the heavens, and the earth, and the ſea.

2. But he did not do this all at once; no, he employed ſix diviſions of time.

3. Firſt, the Eternal made the matter of which he framed the world and all that there in was, and is, and will be.

4. He then divided the matter; and what was called earth was without ſhape and empty of any being.

5. The Eternal then ſeperated fire from darkneſs and it became light, and as there was darkneſs before there was light, ſo that darkneſs was evening.

6. And the light that followed that darkneſs, and ſtayed till the darkneſs returned was called day; and they both together made the firſt day.

7. And in the time that darkneſs came again, till it was no more light, did he divide the earth and the air, and the waters that were mixed with the earth, from the waters that floated in the air; and between the waters did he ſpread forth an expanſion, and this made the ſecond day.

8. And darkneſs came again, and the light alſo, and the waters on the earth, were divided from the earth: and the ſea went into fit cavities, and the dry land roſe above the ſea.

9. And the trees, and the herbs of the field; yea, and every green thing ſprang up, and covered the dry land, and ſeed was given to each of them, that they might be continued—and this evening and this morning was day the third.

10. And on the fourth day the Eternal made the ſun; and he alſo made the moon; and he let the ſtars alſo appear; which he alſo *had* made.

11. And on this day the ſun and the moon, and the ſigns alſo ſtarted forth, and began their courſe; and this made the firſt day of the firſt year of the world; even the firſt day of the month *Tiſri*.

12. And on the fifth day did the birds and the fowls of the air, and the fiſhes of the ſea have their firſt being; and to them power was given to continue their kinds.

13. The beaſts of the field, and the beaſts of the foreſt, yea, and every creeping thing that had life, they, even they were made on the ſixth day; and to them was power given to continue their kinds.

14. And the heavens and the earth being then created, and the green thing, and every thing that had life, then the Eternal made *Man*, and gave him life alſo.

15. *Woman* alſo did he make out of man, and gave her to him for a wife, that he might multiply and fill the earth.

16. And the man and the woman did the Eternal put into a garden of delight: And he gave commands unto them what they ſhould do and what they

ſhould

ſhould not do: And he left them free to chooſe what they would do.

17. Howbeit that they did what they ſhould not have done, and diſobeyed the command of their Lord who had made them.

18. Therefore they became mortal, and were driven out of the garden of delight, in ſorrow and in ſhame to till the land which was curſed for their ſake.

Perek the ſecond.

1. NOW the man, even *Adam*, had fallen from his uprightneſs, and was prone to evil; and he greatly needed a rule of conduct for him and his ſeed.

2. Therefore the angel *Raziel*, the angel of the Lord who was appointed to watch over him; even Adam's angel was ſent unto him.

3. And Raziel inſtructed Adam in all the duties of man unto man, even the *Covenant of Brothers*.

4. And commanded the man to teach this *Covenant* to ſuch of his ſeed as he ſhould find to be worthy to receive it, and fitting therefore.

5. But unto ſuch as ſhould prove ſtubborn, and diſobedient, and wicked, was Adam forbidden to impart the rules of the *Covenant of Brothers*.

6. And that this *Covenant* might not be known to the unworthy, the ſtubborn, the diſobedient and the wicked; thoſe of his ſeed who ſhould know it, were tied by an oath, that they ſhould deliver its rules to none ſuch, nor make Covenant with them.

7. Now the woman bore children unto Adam, even *Kain* her firſt born, and *Abel* her ſecond ſon, and many ſons, and many daughters.

8. But it came to paſs that Kain was perverſe and wicked, therefore nor him nor his children's children were received into the *Covenant:* and its *rules* and its *myſteries* were hidden from them, all the days of Adam.

9. But unto the good children of Abel, and the good children of Adam's other ſons, the pure uprightneſs of the *Brotherly Covenant* was ſhewn, and they cheriſhed it in their hearts.

Perek the third.

1. AND it came to paſs that when Adam was two hundred and twenty years old and nine, that Kain roſe up againſt his brother Abel and ſlew him.

2. Therefore was Kain driven out from before the face of the Lord, and from before the face of Adam his father, and of his brethren.

3. And he went over againſt Eden into the plains, which were plains of deſolation unto him, and dwelt there and begat ſons and daughters.

4. Nevertheleſs Adam ſorrowed for the death of his good ſon Abel; yea, he bewailed him many days.

5. But to comfort Adam, a ſon was given, a ſon of conſolation, even *Seth*, who was appointed to be the father of the people of God.

6. And Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years, and he died, and he had been the *Father of the Brotherly Covenant* all the days of his life.

7. Then Seth, his ſon, became *Father of the Brethren* when he was ſeven hundred years old; and he continued ſo for two hundred and twelve years, even untill he died.

8. And men were much multiplied; and the Kainites, even the children of Kain dwelt in the plains, and ſpread over the face of them.

9. And as they were wicked; when Adam died, then did Seth remove farther from them; even he and his people, yea all the *Sethites*.

10. And they went and dwelt in the mountains and the hill country of Aram Naharaim, and they preſerved the *Covenant*, and worſhiped the Lord.

11. And when Seth had lived nine hundred years and twelve, and had been *over* the *Covenant* for two hundred and twelve years, behold he died alſo, one thouſand one hundred and forty and three years after Adam was created.

12. But before Seth died, he ſaw that mankind had multiplied exceedingly; even the ſeed of Kain in the plains, and his own ſeed in the hills alſo.

13. And he called unto him *Enos* his firſt born, and *Cainan* the firſt born of *Enos*, and all thoſe who had come out of

of his loins, and who had been received into the Covenant.

14. And he made them swear *by the Blood of the righteous Abel*, that they would not go down the side of the mountains that went into the plains of the Kainites;

15. Nor have any communication with them, nor teach them the *mysteries of the Covenant*.

16. Neither should they teach the *Covenant* even unto such as were of his loins, or should come of their loins, untill they had numbered seventy years and two.

17. (For lo! that was counted a sacred number and full of mystery.)

18. Nor even unto such, unless he was worthy; that is unless he feared God, loved truth, and coveted not what was another's.

19. And he gave them a word, even the word———. And he gave them a sign, even the sign———. That the *Brethren of the Covenant* should know themselves from all who were not *Brethren of the Covenant*.

20. And Seth also made *marks*, and he cut them on a pillar of stone, and a pillar of clay that was burned with fire into brick; and he set the pillars up in *Aram Naharaim*, and lo! one abideth even unto this day.

21. And Seth taught the meaning of those marks to all the *Brethren of the Covenant of the oath of Blood*, and none but *they* could understand the meaning thereof.

22. And Enos was seven hundred years old and seven when Seth died, and he was *father* of the *faithful*, and of the *Covenant of Brothers* for one hundred ninety and eight years and then men began to be called by the name of the Lord, even the *sons of the Covenant of God*. And he died also, when he had seen nine hundred and five years.

23. Even one thousand and three hundred and forty and one years since Adam was made.

24. Then Cainan, the first born of Enos *ruled the Brethren* for one hundred and ninety and five years.

25. And Cainan was seven hundred and fifteen years old, when he began to be *chief* over the *Covenant*; and he was nine hundred and ten years old when he died.

26. And *Mahalale-el* the first born of Cainan, was seven hundred and forty years old when his father died, and when he became the *father of the Covenant*; even one thousand five hundred and thirty and six years from the making of Adam.

27. But lo, before this, *Enoch* the son of Jared, the son of Mahalale-el was taken by the Eternal.

28. For Enoch was a just man, and upright in all his ways, and he walked with God from his birth, even three hundred and sixty and five years.

29. And then he was taken up into heaven, and he saw not death.

30. That the faithful might know that flesh might be inheritors of everlasting life.

31. And this came to pass when the world had been made one thousand four hundred and eighty and eight years, and forty and eight years before Mahalale-el his grandfather died.

Perek the Fourth.

1. AND behold Mahalale-el died when he had been *over* the *Brotherly Covenant* one hundred and fifty and five years, and had lived eight hundred and ninety and five years.

2. Then *Jared*, the first born of Mahalale-el, was seven hundred and thirty years old: and he became the *great master of the Covenant*, and he *ruled* the same with wisdom.

3. Howbeit that whilst Jared was yet alive, there came to pass a most heavy evil.

4. For the children of Kain had multiplied exceedingly, and were become abundant in people;

5. And they possessed the plains and the vallies, and had spread themselves far and wide.

6. But the children of Seth abode in the mountains and the high lands.

7. Now it came to pass in the one hundred and tenth year of the *rule* of Jared; when he was eight hundred and forty years old,

8. That many of the children of Seth dwelt in the high lands and the mountains

tains that were neareſt unto the great valley.

9. And on a day when the children of Kain were making merry, with ſinging and with dances, their ſhouts and the ſound of their merriment aſcended up to the mountains, and were heard by the ſons of Seth.

10. And they marvelled exceedingly; for they had not heard the like in times paſt; and they wotted not what it meant.

11. And the young men communed together; and they ſaid, yea we will go down into the vallies, and behold why is this ſhouting.

12. Then Jared, and certain of the elders of the people came unto the young men, and ſaid unto them,

13. Sons of our father Seth, go ye not down into the vallies, for behold the children of Kain dwell there, and lo they are wicked.

14. And did not our father Seth cauſe your fathers to ſwear by the blood of the righteous Abel, whom Kain ſlew, that they would not go down unto them; nor have communication with them, leſt like them they ſhould be defiled;

15. And have not many of you ſworn the ſame, even all of you who have been received into the *Covenant of Brothers*.

16. And have we not abided by that oath, for near ſeven hundred years, and have encreaſed in good, and have been bleſſed.

17. But certain of the young men anſwered and ſaid, we have *not ſo ſworn*; neither are we of the *Covenant*, and we will go down and ſee.

18. And Jared and the elders prevailed not, but the young men went down, even to the number of one hundred and two.

19. Howbeit, not one of the *Brethren of the Covenant* went down, but abided by their oath, and maintained their covenant.

20. And Jared and the elders mourned for them and their perverſeneſs.

Perek the Fifth.

1. NOW when the young men came down into the valley, they looked and beheld the ſons of Kain, were ſinging and dancing, and were making merry; and they laughed aloud, and ſhouted greatly.

2. And when they ſaw the young men, they ſaid, lo! here are certain of the ſons of Seth, let us receive them well, and entice them to join with us, that it may be grief to the hearts of their kindred; and they did ſo.

3. Then the ſons of God, even the ſons of Seth, looked upon the daughters of the men of Kain, and ſaw they were fair and comely to behold.

4. And they took unto themſelves wives of them they choſe, and joined themſelves unto the Kainites, and dwelt amongſt them, and returned no more to the high lands.

5. And from time to time certain young men, who had not come to the age of ſeventy and two years, and had *not* been received into the *Covenant of Brothers*.

6. And many alſo who were older, but had not been found *worthy* of being received, joined the young men, and went down to the children of Kain, and they together multiplied exceedingly.

7. And their offspring joined in wickedneſs and became men of vice and of violence.

8. And Jared was *over* the brethren, and the upright of the progeny of Seth, two hundred and thirty and two years; and he died when he was nine hundred and ſixty and two years old, and when the world had been made one thouſand, and nine hundred, and twenty and three years.

9. Now when Jared died, *Methuſelah* his grandſon, *ruled over* the *Covenant* in his ſtead.

10. For Enoch his father, the firſt born of Jared, had been taken up into heaven whilſt Jared was yet alive.

11. And Methuſelah was ſix hundred and thirty and five years old, when he began to *rule*; and he *governed* three hundred and thirty and four years; being the oldeſt man who lived, being nine hundred and ſixty and nine years old when he died, ſix years before the flood came upon the earth.

12. Now when Methuſelah began to *rule*, the children of Seth and the children of Kain had been joined together in evil for the ſpace of one hundred and twen-

wenty and two years, and had begat sons and daughters.

13. And they waxed every day more wicked, and filled the land with wickedness and violence.

14. And the *Brothers of the Covenant* died off every day; and lo! there were none to fill their places.

15. For as Methuselah would join in the *Mysteries thereof* none but those who would solemnly engage to live uprightly.

16. The pleasures that the young men took in wickedness and rioting, and wantonness, withheld them from seeking righteousness; and they would not quit the evil of their ways for goodness that they called a restraint.

17. Albeit they would gladly have partaken of knowledge of the *Covenant*, could they have received it without fulfilling the duties thereof.

18. And they sought many ways to deceive the Brethren, that they might so gain it; and for that end they feigned to sundry of them that they were already in the *Covenant:* Howbeit Methuselah prevented them.

19. For when Methuselah saw their designs. He called together the *Brothers of the Covenant*, who had not defiled themselves, which to do was easy for him, for alas! they were but few.

20. And he imparted to them certain words, and marks and signs, that he had framed, whereby they might at all times know the *Brethren of the Covenant*, from those who were *not Brethern of the Covenant*, and not be deceived.

21. And those marks, and those words, and those signs, continue even until this day, yea and will continue to the end; for they were continually given to each man when as he was received into the covenant.

22. And each was enjoined still more to keep them secret from all men but the *Brethren of the Covenant*; and secret were they kept, and the brothers disclosed them not.

23. And this was the beginning of the manner that now is, of knowing the upright from those who are not of the upright.

Perek the Sixth.

1. NOW wickedness encreased daily, and Methuselah strove against it but prevailed not, and he sorrowed exceedingly.

2. But whilst he sorrowed, there came to him *Jubal*, and *Tubal*, two of the sons of Lamech, the son of Methusael, the son of Mehujael, the son of Irad, the son of Enoch, the son of Kain.

3. And they said unto him, Father, we have heard that thou art an upright man, and that thou art the son of Enoch, who walked with God, and was taken up, therefore we have sought thy face.

4. And we confess unto thee that our brethren, the sons of our fathers, are wicked, and follow the ways of violence, and walk in the paths of iniquity.

5. But behold we are not so, for we have sought after wisdom and knowledge, and we have abhorred the ways of the children of our fathers, for which we have been again and again laughed to scorn.

6. And we are the sons of one man, howbeit we are the children of two mothers.

7. And we have pondered in our minds, and the elder of us, even Jubal, hath framed music and harmony, and hath invented instruments of music, instruments of pleasing sound, even instruments of breath, and instruments with strings, upon which we can praise the Lord, loudly toned.

8. And I, the younger, even I, Tubal, have pondered, and have invented how to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass and in iron, even in all metals, even from within the earth wherein it is hidden, [illegible] kinds of tools to till the earth, and for the use of man.

9. Now behold, even as many of thy sons, the sons of thy forefather Seth, came down into the plains to dwell, and have learned to work iniquity; even so have we, of the children of our forefather Kain, come up to thee, O Methuselah, to dwell with thee and learn righteousness.

10. Therefore we pray thee repel us not, but receive us, and we will be as thy sons.

11. Then ſaid Methuſelah unto them, Bleſſed be the Lord, O ye children of Kain, who hath put into your hearts to ſeek righteouſneſs.

12. For think not that it cometh from your pondering, or from your ownſelves, for all goodneſs cometh from the Lord.

13. And in the midſt of my grief for the wanderings of man, I have joy in you, that ye are come up unto me.

14. I will receive you, and cheriſh you, and inſtruct you; and I will water what the Lord hath planted in you, and ye ſhall be as mine own ſons.

15. For thou, O Jubal, ſhall be had in remembrance, and the inſtrument that ſhall hereafter be uſed in holy rejoicings, and for war, (for alas! wars will be,) and for the renewal of poſſeſſions, and for returning to freedom, ſhall bear thy name; and men yet to come ſhall rejoice therein.

16. And thou, O Tubal, ſhall be held in honour henceforward; and the *Brethren of the Covenant*, in days to come, ſhall make honourable mention of thee, in a particular manner.

17. For as much as ye alone of all the ſons of Kain have ſought righteouſneſs,

18. Therefore, although none, no not one of your race, have been found worthy to be received into the *Brotherly Covenant*, or to be adjured by the blood of Abel.

19. Nevertheleſs I will receive thee, O Jubal, and thee, O Tubal, therein, for ye are upright.

20. And Jubal and Tubal were received, and continued in the ſame with uprightneſs all the days of their lives.

Perek the Seventh.

1. NOW Lamech the firſt born of Methuſelah died whilſt his father was yet alive.

2. And Noah the ſon of Lamech was five hundred and ſixty and five years old.

3. And he had been received into the Covenant when he was ſeventy and two years old, and had continued in uprightneſs.

4. And Noah was a juſt man, and perfect in his generations and walked with God.

5. And the Lord ſpake unto Noah, that the end of all fleſh was come, for the wickedneſs of man was great in the earth, and that he would deſtroy them with the earth by a flood of waters.

6. Yet that he would forbear for an hundred and twenty years that they might turn unto him.

7. And in the two thouſand, one hundred and forty and third year from the creation; the Lord ſpake unto Noah; when Noah was four hundred and eighty years old. And Methuſelah his grandfather, the Ruler of the covenant, was eight hundred and fifty and five years old.

8. And Noah told unto Lamech and Methuſelah, what the Lord had ſpoken unto him, and that there were to be *one hundred and twenty years of forbearance*.

9. Then Methuſelah, ſaid unto Lamech his ſon, and unto Noah his grandſon.

10. Now we will go down, and we will dwell amongſt the ſons of men, that we may ſtrive with them, to turn them from the evil of their ways, that this great deſtruction may not come upon them.

11. And they went down and ſtrove with the people all the days of Lamech, and all the days of Methuſelah, and the days of Noah, even until the coming of the flood, but they ſtrove in vain.

12. For all mankind were fleſhly, and mocked at them.

13. And Methuſelah was a man of grief, for his firſt born Lamech died in his ſight; and he ſaw the univerſal falling off of man and likewiſe that of the *brotherly covenant* there remained on the earth but four, ſaving himſelf—Noah his grandſon, and Japhet, and Shem, and Ham, the ſons of Noah.

14. Nevertheleſs he had comfort, in the promiſe that the Lord had made, that his grandſon, and his grandſon's children, ſhould be preſerved, and the world ſhould be again reſtored.

15. Therefore he gave up his ſpirit in hope.

Perek the eighth.

1. NOW the one hundred and twenty years of forbearance were at an end, and

man amended not, though they had been forewarned of the evil, and had seen the building of the Ark that was to preserve Noah and his family, as he had been commanded.

2. And Noah and his sons and their wives went into the ark.

3. And Noah was six hundred years old, and Japhet was one hundred years old, and Shem was Ninety and eight years old, and Ham was ninety and six years old, when the flood came on the earth and destroyed it, with all that had life that was in it, save only what were in the ark.

This is what Eleazer hath written concerning the transactions before the flood; and to compleat that period, we now give a Chronological Table that sheweth the series of time at one view, together with some explanatory notes on sundry passages in the book of Eleazar; and then proceed to give the Masonic Annals of the SECOND period viz. from the deluge to the birth of Abraham.

(To be continued.)

Memoirs of William Earl of Mansfield.

(Continued from Page 328.)

WHATEVER propensities Lord Mansfield might have towards polite literature, he did not permit them to divert his attention from his profession. He soon distinguished himself in an extraordinary manner, as may be seen by those who are conversant with, or chuse to refer to the Books of Reports. In the year 1736 the murder of Captain Porteus by a mob in Edinburgh, after he had been reprieved, occasioned a censure to fall on that town, and a bill of pains and penalties was brought into parliament against the lord Provost and the city, which, after various modifications and a firm and unabated opposition in every stage of its progress, passed into a law. In both houses Mr. Murray was employed as an advocate, and so much to the satisfaction of his clients, that afterwards, in * Sept. 1743, he was presented with the freedom of Edinburgh in a gold box, professedly, as it was declared, for his signal services by his speeches to both houses of parliament in the conduct of that business. Before this period, we believe, Mr. Murray could be considered only in his noviciate at the bar.

On the 20th of Nov. 1738, he married lady Elizabeth Finch, daughter of the earl of Winchelsea, and in the month of November 1742, was appointed Solicitor General in the place of sir John Strange, who resigned*. He likewise was chosen to represent the town of Boroughbridge in Parliament, for which place he was also returned in 1747 and 1754.

In the month of March 1746-7 he

N O T E.

* Boyse's Historical Review of the Transactions of Europe, 1747, Vol. I. p. 403. Tindal, the Continuator of Rapin, however, entertained a different opinion in this matter. He says, "Counsel, to very little purpose, was heard both for and against it at the bar of the House; where the arguments urged on both sides by the gentlemen of the long-robe, were weak beyond all contempt." Continuation of Rapin, Vol. XX. p. 339. 8vo. edit. This account, considering the persons engaged in this business, is not very credible.

* On this occasion a Doggrel Poem was published by one Morgan, a person then at the Bar, entitled, "The Causidicade," in which all the principal lawyers were supposed to urge their respective claims to the post. At the conclusion it is said,

Then Murray, prepar'd with a fine panegyric
In praise of himself, would have spoke it like Garrick;
But the President stopping him said,
"As in truth
"Your worth and your praise is in "every one's mouth,
"'Tis needless to urge what's notoriously known,
"The office, by merit, is your's, all must own;
"The voice of the public approves of the thing,
"Concurring with that of the Court "and the King."

was appointed one of the managers for the impeachment of lord Lovat by the houſe of commons, and it fell to his lot to obſerve on the evidence previous to the lords giving their judgments. This taſk he executed with ſo much candour, moderation, and gentleman-like propriety (ſo different, we are ſorry to add, from what has ſince been obſerved in the ſame place), that lord Talbot, at the concluſion of his ſpeech, paid him the following compliment: "The abilities of the learned manager who juſt now ſpoke, never appeared with greater ſplendour than at this very hour, when his candour and humanity has been joined to thoſe great abilities which have already made him ſo conſpicuous, that I hope one day to ſee him add luſtre to the dignity of the firſt civil employment in this nation." Lord Lovat himſelf alſo bore teſtimony to the abilities of his adverſary: "I thought myſelf," ſays his lordſhip, "very much loaded by one Murray*, who your lordſhips know was the bittereſt evidence there was againſt me. I have ſince ſuffered by another Mr. Murray, who, I muſt ſay with pleaſure, is an honour to his country, and whoſe eloquence and learning is much beyond what is to be expreſt by an ignorant man like me. I heard him with pleaſure, though it was againſt me. I have the honour to be his relation, though perhaps he neither knows it nor values it. I wiſh that his being born in the North may not hinder him from the preferment that his merit and learning deſerves." After the torrents of invective we have lately heard, to the reproach of the national character, poured forth from the ſame place, it may not be improper, on the preſent occaſion, to inſert the concluſion of Mr. Murray's ſpeech. "I have ſaid thus much to ſhew, that the noble lord's alledging he wants aſſiſtance, or has not his witneſſes, may be of more ſervice to him than any aſſiſtance or witneſſes he could have; and to ſhew that the commons have not taken upon themſelves this proſecution to lay the noble lord at the bar under any diſadvantages in his defence. From the witneſſes who have been examined, the caſe muſt appear to your lordſhips ſuch as no advantages could have enabled him to get the better of. There are many circumſtances which induced them to ſingle out this proſecution; many circumſtances of a public, many of a peculiar nature. I am almoſt tempted to mention ſome of them;—but, in part, they have occurred to your lordſhips in the courſe of the examination; and I refrain, leſt I ſhould drop any thing that might tend to inflame. Every thing of that ſort has by every body been carefully avoided upon this occaſion. That *Ciceronian eloquence*, as he calls it, from principles of juſtice and humanity, has not been uſed againſt him. Every gentleman who has ſpoke in this trial, has made it a rule to himſelf to urge nothing againſt the priſoner but plain facts and poſitive evidence, without aggravation. They have addreſſed themſelves to your judgment and not to your paſſions. I dare ſay your lordſhips have obſerved, that though the evidence given conſiſts of a variety of facts, ſome more directly affecting the noble lord, others leſs, and ſome, perhaps, not affecting him at all, neither in the ſumming up the evidence nor in what I have now troubled your lordſhips with, has any thing been mentioned as direct evidence againſt him, which is not ſo. Circumſtances which only tend to corroborate, have been mentioned in that light; and evidence which no way affects him has not been repeated or obſerved upon at all.

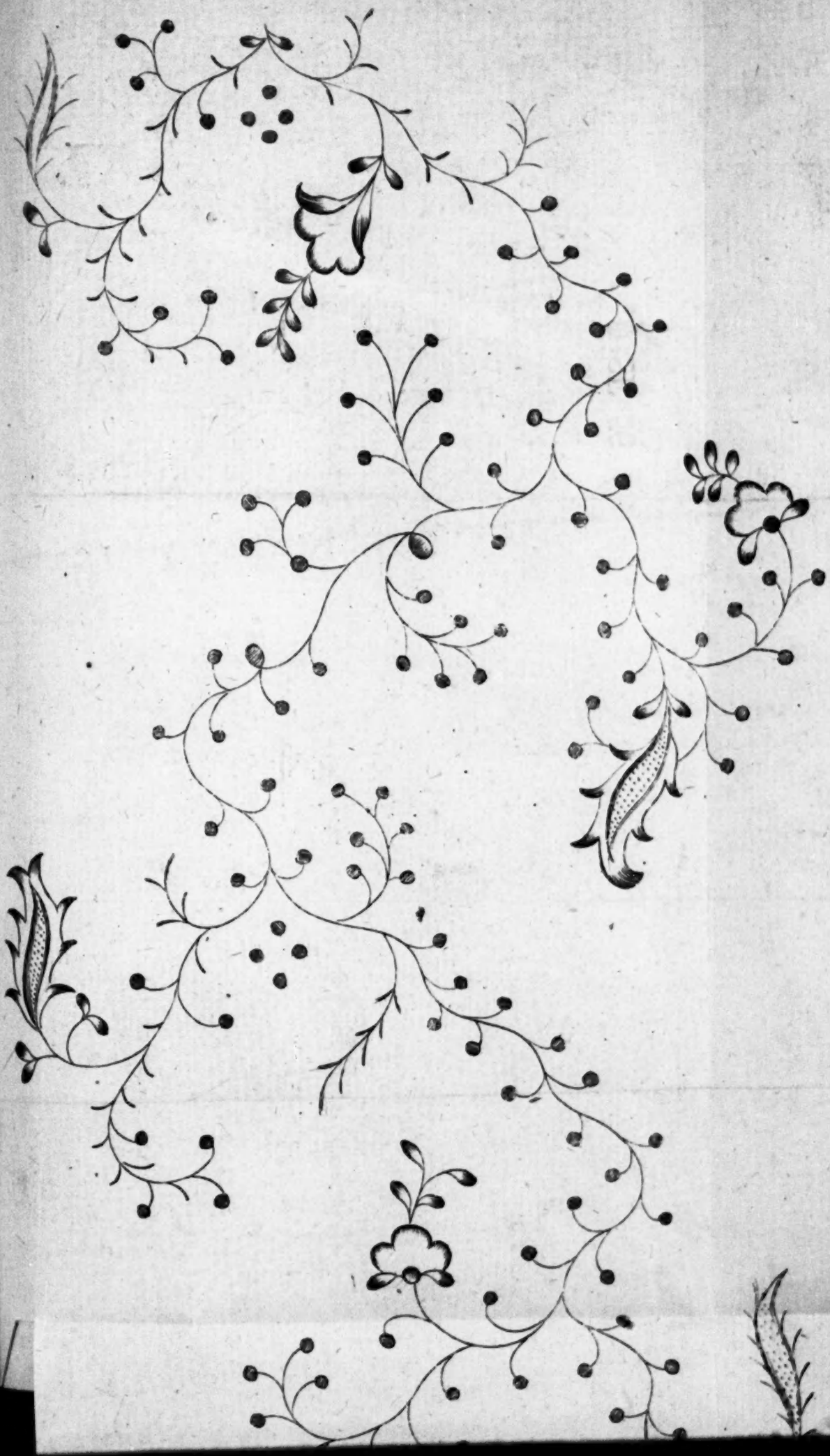
"My lords, the whole is now before your lordſhips: it is your province to make the concluſion which ought to be drawn from the premiſes."

During the time Mr. Murray continued in office, he ſupported with great ability the adminiſtration with which he was connected; and, as may be concluded, rendered himſelf obnoxious to thoſe who were in oppoſition. The principles of his family, in which we may preſume him to have been educated, have been already noticed; and therefore it will create no ſurprize that, in the confidence of friendly intercourſe, or in the moment of exhilaration, he ſhould have uttered ſentiments which youth and experience only could palli-

ate.

NOTE.

* One of the evidences againſt him.



A New Pattern for a GOWN &c.—

ate. In the year 1753, accident brought forward a charge againſt him, which we ſhall relate in the words of lord Melcombe's Diary:

"Meſſ. Foſſett (Fawcett), Murray, and Stone, were much acquainted, if not ſchool-fellows in early life. Their fortune led them different ways; Fawcett's was to be a country lawyer and Recorder of Newcaſtle. Johnſon, now biſhop of Glouceſter, was one of their aſſociates. On the day the King's birth day was kept they dined at the Dean of Durham's, at Durham; this Fawcett, lord Ravenſworth, major Daviſon, and one or two more; who retired after dinner into another room. The converſation turning upon the late biſhop of Glouceſter's preferments, it was aſked who was to have his prebend of Durham; the Dean ſaid, that the laſt news from London was, that Dr. Johnſon was to have it: Fawcett ſaid, he was glad that Johnſon got off ſo well, for he remembered him a Jacobite ſeveral years ago, and that he uſed to be with a relation of his who was very diſaffected, one Vernon*, a mercer, where the Pretender's health was frequently drunk. This paſſing among a familiar acquaintance, was thought no more of at the time: it ſpread, however, ſo much in the North, (how I never heard accounted for), and reached town in ſuch a manner, that Mr. Pelham thought it neceſſary to deſire Mr. Vane, who was a friend to Fawcett, and who employed him in his buſineſs to write to Fawcett to know if he had ſaid this of Johnſon, and if he had, if it was true.

"This letter was written on the 9th of January: it came to Newcaſtle the Friday following. Fawcett was much ſurpriſed, but the poſt going out a few hours after its arrival, he immediately acknowledged the letter by a long, but not very explicit anſwer. This Friday happened to be the club day of the neighbouring gentlemen at Newcaſtle. As ſoon as lord Ravenſworth, who was a patron and employer of Fawcett, came into the town, Fawcett acquainted him with the extraordinary letter he had received; he told him that he had already anſwered it, and being aſked to ſhew the copy, ſaid he kept none; but deſired lord Ravenſworth to recollect if he held ſuch a converſation at the deanry of Durham the day appointed for the birth-day. Ravenſworth recollected nothing at all of it: they went to the club together, and Ravenſworth went the next morning to ſee his mother in the neighbourhood, with whom he ſtaid till Monday; but this thing of ſuch conſequence lying upon his thoughts, he returned by Newcaſtle. He and Fawcett had another converſation, and in endeavouring to refreſh each other's memory about this dreadful delinquency of Johnſon, Fawcett ſaid he could not recollect poſitively at ſuch a diſtance of time, whether Johnſon drank thoſe healths, or had been preſent at the drinking of them, but that Murray and Stone had done both ſeveral times. Ravenſworth was exceſſively alarmed at this with relation to Stone, on account of his office about the Prince; and thus the affair of Johnſon was quite forgotten, and the epiſode became the principal part. There were many more conferences between Ravenſworth and Fawcett upon this ſubject, in which the latter always perſiſted that Stone and Murray were preſent at the drinking, and did drink thoſe healths. It may be obſerved here, that when he was examined upon oath, he ſwore to the years 1731 or 1732, at lateſt. Fawcett comes up as uſual about his law buſineſs, and is examined by Meſſrs. Pelham and Vane, who had never heard of Murray* or Stone being named; he is aſked,

NOTE.

* This Vernon is ſaid to have deviſed an eſtate to Mr. Murray, which is ſtill in the poſſeſſion of the family.

NOTE.

* This tranſaction, however, appears to have been no ſecret ſome years before, being alluded to in the following lines of a poem called "The Proceſſionade," publiſhed in 1746.

This new-fangled Scot who was brought up at home,
In the very ſame ſchool as his brother at Rome,
Kneel'd conſcious, as though his old comrades might urge

He

ed, and anſwers only with relation to Johnſon, never mentioning either of the others; but the love of his country, his king, and poſterity burned ſo ſtrongly in Ravenſworth's boſom, that he could have no reſt till he had diſcovered this enormity. Accordingly, when he came to town, he acquainted the miniſtry and almoſt all his great friends with it, and inſiſted upon the removal of Stone. The miniſtry would have ſlighted it as it deſerved, but as he perſiſted and had told ſo many of it, they could not help laying it before the king, who, though he himſelf ſlighted it, was adviſed to examine it, which examination produced this moſt injudicious proceeding in parliament *".

This is lord Melcombe's account: and the ſame author informs us, that Mr. Murray, when he heard of the committee being appointed to examine this idle affair, ſent a meſſage to the king, humbly to acquaint him, that if he ſhould be called before ſuch a tribunal on ſo ſcandalous and injurious an account, he would reſign his office and would refuſe to anſwer. It came, however, before the Houſe of Lords, 22d January 1753, on the motion of the duke of Bedford. The debate was long and heavy, ſays Lord Melcombe; the duke of Bedford's performance moderate enough; he divided the Houſe; but it was not told, for there went below the bar with him the earl Harcourt, lord Townſhend, the biſhop of Worceſter, and lord Talbot only. The biſhop of Norwich and lord Harcourt both ſpoke, not to much purpoſe; but neither of them in the leaſt ſupported the duke's queſtion. Upon the whole, lord Melcombe concludes, "It was the worſt judged, the worſt executed, and the worſt ſupported point that I ever ſaw of ſo much expectation."

On the advancement of ſir Dudley Rider to the chief juſticeſhip of the king's bench in 1754, Mr. Murray ſucceeded him as attorney-general; and on his death, Nov. 1756, again became his ſucceſſor as chief juſtice.

N O T E.

He had formerly drank to the King before George.

* Lord Melcombe's Diary, p. 229.

On leaving Lincoln's Inn, the late Mr. Yorke, who was a member of the ſociety, paid him a compliment of regret, in a ſpeech; to which lord Manſfield returned the following anſwer, which was taken down inſhort-hand by the late counſellor Munckley:

"I am too ſenſible, ſir, of my undeſerving the praiſes which you have ſo elegantly beſtowed upon me, to ſuffer commendations ſo delicate as yours, to inſinuate themſelves into my mind; but I have pleaſure in that kind partiality which is the occaſion of them; to deſerve ſuch praiſes is a worthy object of ambition; and from ſuch a tongue flattery itſelf is pleaſing.

"If I have had in any meaſure ſucceſs in my profeſſion, it is owing to that great man who has preſided in our higheſt courts of judicature the whole time I attended the bar: it was impoſſible to attend him, to ſit under him every day, without catching ſome beams from his light, (in this place he enumerated lord Hardwicke's particular excellencies—and then went on).

"The diſciples of Socrates, whom I will take the liberty to call the great *lawyer* of antiquity, ſince the firſt principles of all law are derived from his philoſophy, owe their reputation to your having been the reporters of the ſayings of their maſter: if we can arrogate nothing to ourſelves, we may boaſt the *ſchool* we were brought up in; the ſcholar may glory in his maſter, and we may challenge paſt ages to ſhew us his equal.

"My lord Bacon had the ſame extent of thought, and the ſame ſtrength of language and expreſſion: but his life had a ſtain.

"My lord Clarendon had the ſame abilities and the ſame zeal for the conſtitution of his country; but the civil war prevented his laying *deep* the foundations of law; and the avocations of politics interrupted the buſineſs of the chancellor.

"My lord Somers came the neareſt to his character; but his time was ſhort, and envy and faction ſullied the luſtre of his glory.

"It is the peculiar felicity of the great

man I am ſpeaking of, to have preſided very near twenty years, and to have ſhone with a ſplendour that has roſe ſuperior to faction, and that has ſubdued envy.

"I did not intend to have ſaid, I ſhould not have ſaid ſo much upon this occaſion, but that in this ſituation with all that hear me, what I ſay muſt carry the weight of teſtimony, rather than appear the voice of panegyric.

"For you, ſir, you have given great pledges to your country, and, large, as the expectations of the public are concerning you, I dare ſay you will anſwer them.

"For the ſociety, I ſhall always think myſelf honoured by every mark of their eſteem, affection, and friendſhip, and ſhall deſire the continuance of it no longer than while I remain zealous for the conſtitution of this country, and a friend to the intereſts of virtue."

Lord Mansfield was ſworn chief juſtice of the King's Bench on the 8th November 1756, and took his ſeat on the bench on the 11th of the ſame month. He was called ſerjeant, and ſworn chief juſtice before the lord chancellor Hardwicke, at his houſe in great Ormond-ſtreet, in the preſence of the three judges, and moſt of the officers of the court of king's-bench. The motto on his rings was "Servate domum."

Immediately afterwards the great ſeal was put to a patent, which had before paſſed all the proper offices, creating him baron of Mansfield, to him, and the heirs male of his body.

(To be continued.)

Intereſting Obſervations on the Employment and Duty of a Midſhipman.

A MIDSHIPMAN is a ſort of a naval officer appointed by the captain of a ſhip of war, to ſecond the orders of the ſuperior officers, and aſſiſt in the neceſſary buſineſs of the veſſel, either aboard or aſhore.

The number of midſhipmen, like that of ſeveral other officers, is always in proportion to the ſize of the ſhip to which they belong. Thus, a firſt-rate man of war has 24, and the inferior rates a ſuitable number in proportion. No perſon can be appointed lieutenant without having previouſly ſerved two years in the royal navy in this capacity, or in that of mate, beſide having been at leaſt four years in actual ſervice at ſea, either in merchant-ſhips or in the royal navy.

Midſhipman is accordingly the ſtation in which a young volunteer is trained in the ſeveral exerciſes neceſſary to attain a ſufficient knowledge of the machinery, movements, and military operations of a ſhip, to qualify him for a ſea officer.

On his firſt entrance in a ſhip of war, every midſhipman has ſeveral diſadvantageous circumſtances to encounter. Theſe are partly occaſioned by the nature of the ſea-ſervice; and partly by the miſtaken prejudices of people in general reſpecting naval diſcipline, and the genius of ſailors and their officers. No character, in their opinion, is more excellent than that of the common ſailor, whom they generally ſuppoſe to be treated with great ſeverity by his officers, drawing a compariſon between them not very advantageous to the latter. The midſhipman uſually comes aboard tinctured with theſe prejudices, eſpecially if his education has been among the higher rank of people; and if the officers happen to anſwer his opinion, he conceives an early diſguſt to the ſervice, from a very partial and incompetent view of its operations. Blinded by theſe prepoſſeſſions, he is thrown off his guard, and very ſoon ſurpriſed to find, among thoſe honeſt ſailors, a crew of abandoned miſcreants, ripe for any miſchief or villainy. Perhaps, after a little obſervation, many of them will appear to him equally deſtitute of gratitude, ſhame, or juſtice, and only deterred from the commiſſion of any crimes by the terror of ſevere puniſhment. He will diſcover, that the pernicious example of a few of the vileſt in a ſhip of war are too often apt to poiſon the principles of the greateſt number, eſpecially if the reins of diſcipline are too much relaxed, ſo as to foſter that idleneſs and diſſipation which engender ſloth, diſeaſes, and an utter profligacy of manners. If the midſhipman on many occaſions is obliged to mix with

theſe

theſe, particularly in the exerciſes of extending or reducing the ſails in the tops, he ought reſolutely to guard againſt this contagion, with which the morals of his inferiors may be infected. He ſhould, however, avail himſelf of their knowledge, and acquire their expertneſs in managing and fixing the ſails and rigging, and never ſuffer himſelf to be excelled by an inferior. He will probably find a virtue in almoſt every private ſailor, which is entirely unknown to many of his officers: that virtue is emulation, which is not indeed mentioned among their qualities by the gentlemen of *terra firma*, by whom their characters are often copiouſly deſcribed with very little judgment. There is hardly a common tar who is not envious of ſuperior ſkill in his fellows, and jealous on all occaſions to be outdone in what he conſiders as a branch of his duty: nor is he more afraid of the dreadful conſequences of whiſtling in a ſtorm, than of being ſtigmatiſed with the opprobrious epithet of *lubber*. Fortified againſt this ſcandal, by a thorough knowledge of his buſineſs, the ſailor will ſometimes ſneer in private at the execution of orders which to him appear awkward, improper, or unlike a ſeaman. Nay, he will perhaps be malicious enough to ſuppreſs his own judgment, and, by a punctual obedience to command, execute whatever is to be performed in a manner which he knows to be improper, in order to expoſe the perſon commanding to diſgrace and ridicule. Little ſkilled in the method of the ſchools, he conſiders the officer who cons his leſſon by rote as very ill qualified for his ſtation, becauſe particular ſituations might render it neceſſary for the ſaid officer to aſſiſt at putting his own orders in practice. An ignorance in this practical knowledge will therefore neceſſarily be thought an unpardonable deficiency by thoſe who are to follow his directions. Hence the midſhipman who aſſociates with theſe ſailors in the tops, till he has acquired a competent ſkill in the ſervice of extending or reducing the ſails, &c. will be often entertained with a number of ſcurrilous jeſts, at the expence of his ſuperiors. Hence alſo he will learn, that a timely application only to thoſe exerciſes can prevent him from appearing in the ſame deſpicable point of view, which muſt certainly be a cruel mortification to a man of the ſmalleſt ſenſibility.

If the midſhipman is not employed in theſe ſervices, which are undoubtedly neceſſary to give him a clearer idea of the different parts of his occupation, a variety of other objects preſent themſelves to his attention. Without preſuming to dictate the ſtudies which are moſt eſſential to his improvement, we could wiſh to recommend ſuch as are moſt ſuitable to the bent of his inclination. Aſtronomy, geometry, and mechanics, which are in the firſt rank of ſcience, are the materials which form the ſkilful pilot and the ſuperior mariner. The theory of navigation is entirely derived from the two former, and all the machinery and movements of a ſhip are founded upon the latter. The action of the wind upon the ſails, and the reſiſtance of the water at the ſtem, naturally dictate an inquiry into the property of ſolids and fluids; and the ſtate of the ſhip, floating on the water, ſeems to direct his application to the ſtudy of hydroſtatics, and the effects of gravity. A proficiency in theſe branches of ſcience will equally enlarge his views, with regard to the operations of naval war, as directed by the efforts of powder and the knowledge of projectiles. The moſt effectual method to excite his application to thoſe ſtudies, is, perhaps, by looking round the navy, to obſerve the characters of individuals. By this inquiry he will probably diſcover, that the officer who is eminently ſkilled in the ſciences, will command univerſal reſpect and approbation; and that whoever is ſatisfied with the deſpicable ambition of ſhining the hero of an aſſembly, will be the object of univerſal contempt. The attention of the former will be engaged in thoſe ſtudies which are highly uſeful to himſelf in particular, and to the ſervice in general. The employment of the latter is to acquire thoſe ſuperficial accompliſhments that unbend the mind from every uſeful ſcience, emaſculate the judgment, and render the hero infinitely more dexterous at falling into his ſtation in the dance than in the line of battle.

Unleſs

Unleſs the midſhipman has an unconquerable averſion to the acquiſition of thoſe qualifications which are ſo eſſential to his improvement, he will very rarely want opportunities of making a progreſs therein. Every ſtep he advances in thoſe meritorious employments will facilitate his acceſſion to the next in order. If the dunces, who are his officers or meſſmates, are rattling the dice, roaring bad verſes, hiſſing on the flute, or ſcraping diſcord from the fiddle, his attention to more noble ſtudies will ſweeten the hours of relaxation. He ſhould recollect, that no example from fools ought to influence his conduct, or ſeduce him from that laudable ambition which his honour and advantage are equally concerned to purſue.

Deſcription of the Republic of Lucca.

THIS country, though ſmall, is a free and independent republic, ſituated on the coaſt of the Mediterranean; having the territory of Geneva on the weſt, the Modeneſe on the north, and Tuſcany on the eaſt. It is extremely fertile and populous: "It is very pleaſant (ſays Mr. Addiſon) to ſee how the ſmall territories of this little republic are cultivated to the beſt advantage; ſo that one cannot find the leaſt ſpot of ground that is not made to contribute its utmoſt to the owner. In all the inhabitants there appears an air of chearfulneſs and plenty, not often to be met in thoſe of the countries which lie about them."

To this effect are the obſervations of Mrs. Piozzi. That this fairy commonwealth ſhould ſo long have maintained its independency, ſhe ſays, is ſtrange; but Howell attributes her freedom to the active and induſtrious ſpirit of the inhabitants, who, he ſays, reſemble a hive of bees, for order and for diligence. I never did ſee a place ſo populous for the ſize of it: one is actually thronged running up and down the ſtreets of Lucca, though it is not a large place for a capital city. It is larger, however, than Saliſbury, and prettier than Northampton, the beauties of both which places it unites, with all the charms peculiar to itſelf. The territory claimed by this republic, and of which no power dares attempt to diſpoſſeſs them, is, I ſuppoſe, about the ſize of Rutlandſhire; ſurrounded, and apparently fenced in on every ſide, by the Apennines, as by a wall; that wall a hot one, on the ſouthern ſide, and wholly planted over with vines; while the ſoft ſhadows, which fall upon the declivity of the mountains, make it inexpreſſibly pretty; and form, by the particular diſpoſition of their light and ſhadow, a variety which no other proſpect, ſo confined, can poſſibly enjoy. Some writer calls it a ring upon the finger of the emperor. Either the word *liberty* has bewitched me, or I ſee an air of plenty without inſolence, and buſineſs without noiſe, that greatly delight me. Here is much cheerfulneſs too, and gay good humour; but this is the ſeaſon of devotion at Lucca, and in theſe countries the ideas of devotion and diverſion are ſo blended, that all religious worſhip ſeems connected with, and to me now regularly implies, a feſtive ſhew.

The number of inhabitants in this republic is eſtimated at one hundred and twenty thouſand. They are extremely jealous of the Tuſcans by whom they are almoſt ſurrounded.

In time of peace, the forces amount to about ſix hundred men, though upwards of thirty thouſand of its inhabitants are capable of bearing arms.

This republic has a Galfaloniere, which ſignifies a ſtandard-bearer; this was formerly the title of the ſovereigns of Florence: he is like the doge at Venice and Genoa, but is only ſtyled *excellenza*. The government is veſted in two councils, of which one is called the council of ſtate, and the other the great council; the executive power being in the former, conſiſting of nine members beſides the doge; they continue only two months in office, and, during that time, have apartments in the palace of the republic, and are maintained at the public expence. Two hundred and thirty nobles, and ten burghers, or ſenators, compoſe the great council. The title of the ſtate is La

Sereniſſima Republica de Lucca. The annual revenue amounts to about eighty-five thouſand pounds ſterling.

The whole territories of Lucca, ſays the Abbé Dupaty, contain eight ſquare leagues, in which a hundred and twenty thouſand inhabitants endeavour, by not eating during one half the year, to live out the remainder. This tree, planted in a fertile, but not extenſive, ſoil, has the misfortune too, to have *two hundred* devouring branches, or two hundred noble families. The word *libertas* is inſcribed in golden letters on the gates of the city, and in all the corners of the ſtreets; till by continually reading the *word*, the people have at length imagined they poſſeſs the *thing*. The privilege of oppreſſing on the one hand, and the neceſſity of ſuffering oppreſſion on the other, is what is called here, as in all ariſtocracies, or hundred-headed tyrannies, *liberty*. If the happineſs or miſery of a people is to be regulated by population, by that ſtandard the people of Lucca are happy; for the number of inhabitants here is ſuch, that the country cannot maintain them. I am of opinion, that either below or above a certain degree of population, the wretchedneſs of a nation commences.

How different this account from the obſervations of Addiſon, Mrs. Piozzi, and other travellers! We are inclined to ſuppoſe that the abbé has conceived certain prejudices againſt this miniature of a republic. Perhaps he may have received improper treatment from individuals there, and thence became diſguſted with the place, and its inhabitants. To ſhew our impartiality, however, we have faithfully given his declared ſentiments. The following remark of his ſeems tinctured with rancour:—Yeſterday the ſenate of Lucca remained aſſembled from five in the afternoon till four in the morning. What was the matter in diſcuſſion?—To grant a penſion to an old ſerjeant.

Lucca, a city, is the capital of the republic of the ſame name, anciently a Roman colony. It is delightfully ſituated in a plain, terminating in eminences, and beautifully diverſified with vineyards, villages, and ſummer-houſes. The town is about three Italian miles in circumference, and well fortified. The number of its inhabitants is about forty thouſand. The walls afford very pleaſant walks, being planted with rows of trees. The houſes are well built, and the ſtreets are broad and well paved. Lucca is ornamented with ſtately churches, and is remarkable for its cathedral, dedicated to St. Martin. The palace of the republic, where the Gaſfaloniere reſides with his counſellors, is handſome, and the arſenal is capable of furniſhing twenty-five thouſand men with arms. Travellers are obliged to leave their arms at the gate of the city, no perſon being permitted even to wear a ſword. It is the ſee of a biſhop, immediately ſubject to the pope, who officiates in the robe of an archbiſhop. Here are conſiderable manufactures in ſilk, gold, and ſilver ſtuffs, and the oil made in Lucca is ſaid to be ſuperior to any that is produced in Italy. The young women here are not ſo cloſely confined as they are in many other Roman catholic ſtates, but are frequently ſeen in the ſtreets and churches.

We Engliſh, ſays Mrs. Piozzi, dreſs our clergymen in black, and go ourſelves to the theatres in colours; here matters are reverſed: the church at noon looked like a flower garden, ſo gaily adorned were the prieſts, confraries, &c, while the opera-houſe at night had more the air of a funeral, every body being dreſſed in black: a circumſtance I had forgotten the meaning of, till reminded that ſuch was once the emulation of finery, among the perſons of faſhion in this city, that it was found convenient to reſtrain the ſpirit of expence, by obliging them to wear conſtant mourning. A muſlin handkerchief, folded in a moſt becoming manner, is the head dreſs of the peaſant laſſes among the Luccheſe; they put it on like a turban, and button their gowns cloſe, with long ſleeves à la Savoyarde; but it is often made of a ſtiff brocaded ſilk, and green lapels, with cuffs of the ſame colour; nor do they wear any hats at all, to defend them from a ſun which matures the fig, and ripens the vine: but which, by the ſame exceſs of power, exalts the venom of the viper,

per, and gives the ſcorpion means to keep me in perpetual torture, for fear of his poiſon.

How contradictory are the two following articles! But, for the reaſons already aſſigned, we are much inclined to believe the lady.

The Luccheſe peaſants kill each other on the ſlighteſt quarrel; daggers are drawn for an abuſive word. Diſputes are not tedious with ſuch arguments. The vicinity of the mountains, the little diſtance of the neighbouring ſtates, and the want of a proper adminiſtration of juſtice, maintain among the people the ſpirit of duelling and aſſaſſination.

Now hear the other ſide:

In the territory of Lucca, no man has been murdered during the life or memory of any of its peaceful inhabitants; where one robbery alone has been committed for ſixteen years; and the thief hanged by a Florentine executioner, borrowed for the purpoſe, no Luccheſe being able or willing to undertake ſo horrible an office.

Beſides this city, there are almoſt one hundred and fifty ſmall towns and villages in this diminutive republic.

Titles and Honours.

Mortuus eſt Pater, ejus, et quaſi non eſt Mortuus: ſimilim enim relinquit ſibi poſt ſe.

TITLES and honours are virtue's recompence and incentive. Nothing is more juſt nor uſeful than their inſtitution. A prince ought to reward virtue, but, If I may ſo expreſs myſelf, it ought to be according to the taſte of virtue ſo rewarded, which cannot be ſo well done as in conferring honourable diſtinctions.

After the recompence ariſing from the inward ſatisfaction of reflecting that we have acted virtuouſly, after the glory and the reputation that great virtues heap on their poſſeſſor, nothing is more worthily flattering than thoſe marks of honour which are eſtabliſhed in all nations to juſtify and confirm public eſteem.

Public virtue cannot be too much encouraged by ſuch tokens of the prince's favour as reflect a luſtre back to him from whom they ſeem to have been derived.—Titles and honours therefore properly diſpenſed, are ſanctioned by the approbation of the world; but it is not ſo clearly decided that they ſhould be hereditary. On the contrary, it has been warmly contended that as they are conferred for perſonal merit, ſo they ſhould die with him by whoſe merit they were well earned; for inherited honours too often ſerve only to inſpire a vain and ridiculous pride, and when this happens titles are no longer honours.

It muſt be confeſſed that this is often the caſe, but it muſt be allowed alſo that the contrary is often the caſe too. The rank to which children are born by virtue of their fathers honour, often animates them with a noble emulation to walk in the paths thoſe fathers ſo greatly trod. It excites them to keep the purity of their ſituation unſullied: to render themſelves worthy of thoſe high diſtinctions to which they were born, and to add a luſtre by their own proper virtues to thoſe which they inherit.

Men of rank, who regard the world's opinion, are obliged to be more cautiouſly guarded in their conduct than others. Honours are accorded to men becauſe they are virtuous, and extended to children that they may become ſo. In accepting this paternal ſucceſſion, they have covenanted with virtue to obſerve her laws more critically than the reſt of their fellow citizens. They have contracted a debt with their prince and their country; and if they do not fulfil this engagement, and acquit themſelves of this debt, they virtually renounce the heritage of their fathers.

The prince cloathes with a glorious diſtinction all thoſe who ſignalize themſelves by ſome brilliant action. He hopes to perpetuate merit by perpetuating glory; and in accepting this diſtinction, the father confidently undertakes for the unborn virtues of his children. What infamy then for children to belie the well grounded hopes of their father and their ſovereign, and to be inſenſible to the examples of the one and the benefits of the other.

That which completes the glory or infamy of a nobleman, is to compare his actions with thoſe of his anceſtors; for, ſo far from excuſing children in favour of their anceſtors, we expect from them a literal performance of that virtue

which their fathers poſſeſſed, for the glory of their anceſtors is a luminary through which virtues appear more lively but vices more hideous.

Since then high birth impoſes an obligation to poſſeſs great merit, it ought rather to inſpire diffidence and modeſty, than haughtineſs and pride. Thus to many has nature been very cruel; for not contented with refuſing them every kind of merit, ſhe has taken care they ſhould be well born. One of theſe was properly reproved:—"You are continually boaſting," ſaid a friend, "of your rank, inſtead of which, were you to conceal it, men, would deſpiſe you leſs." Thus manners degrade what titles vainly attempt to ſupport.

To ſpeak deciſively, titles may be adventitious, but honour muſt be perſonal; and while an obſcure birth does not always preclude the reward of virtue, an illuſtrious birth may be ſo diſhonoured as to be an obſtacle to the operations of virtue itſelf.

On Drinking.

THE merry ſin of drunkenneſs has met with ſo many apologiſts and panegyriſts, that every thing which can now be brought forward on the ſubject, muſt have been long anticipated. That poets ſhould have ranged themſelves under the banner of Bacchus, cannot be wondered at. Their jovial and eaſy manners ſuit well with thoſe of *his* worſhippers. Anacreon, who was one of the heartieſt friends to the cauſe, after deſcribing the elevation of ſpirit which his wine had bleſſed him with, proceeds to make a very ſimple excuſe for loſing his ſenſes by too much liquor—

"Say, is't not better far, dead drunk to fall,
Than to expire, and not revive at all?

Horace, who did every thing with grace, makes a moſt elegant eulogium on wine, in the twenty-firſt ode of his third book, and in his epiſtles, in order completely to unite poetry with drinking, after having denied all poſſibility of fame to water-drinking bards, he intimates that the muſes themſelves had no objection to the flowing bowl.

Many philoſophers have taken the part of tipplers. Seneca even carries his complacency ſo far as to adviſe men of high-ſtrained minds to get drunk now and then. He adds, ſoon afterwards, "Do you call Cato's exceſs in wine a vice?—Much ſooner may you be able to prove drunkenneſs a virtue, than Cato to be vicious."

The grave Lucretius muſt have been pretty well acquainted with good liquor, to have ſo perfectly deſcribed its effects*.

The humorous French philoſopher, Montaigne, adduces a thouſand arguments in favour of wine, though he profeſſes himſelf not to be attached to it. The Germans always loved the pleaſures of Bacchus. It was one of them, either the celebrated Daniel Heinſius, or Petrus Paganus, poetical profeſſor at Marpourg in Heſſe, who was the author of a well-known comic diſtich, which may he thus attempted in Engliſh—

How you totter, good feet have a care of my bones!
If you fail me, I paſs all the night on theſe ſtones.

The elegant poliſhed females, bred in the court of Louis XIV. were leſs ſcrupulous in point of temperance than we ſhould readily believe, had we not ſo indiſputable an evidence as the ducheſs of Orleans, (Charlotte Elizabeth) in a letter, dated May 21, 1716. "The ducheſs of Bourbon, (daughter of madame de Monteſpan) can drink a vaſt deal without having her ſenſes diſordered. Her daughters wiſh to follow her example, but they have not heads ſtrong enough to bear ſo much liquor." The editor of thoſe letters remarks, that about this period, the practice of hard-drinking prevailed much among women of the beſt education and higheſt rank.

Madame Deſnoyer, in her Lettres Gallantes, recites many humourous ſtories of the above-mentioned ducheſs of Bourbon. Her frolics ſeem to have been tolerated by Louis XIV. for the

N O T E.

* Lucret. L. 3.

ſake

ſake of the wit and good humour which accompanied them.

An article chiefly dedicated to Bachanalian ſubjects, cannot be more properly cloſed than by thoſe laws of convivality which Lipſius has handed down to the preſent age:

"Fill out, my lads, pure, brilliant, gen'rous wine,
Like thoſe of old, the flowing bowl, we'll drain;
Ten cups be each man's due, the Muſes Nine
Of theſe demand—Apollo then will deign
To hail the Tenth—Then let each ſighing ſwain
His miſtreſs own—All noiſe be driven away,
All clamour and contention hence to Thrace,
While mirth and poetry ſupply their place,
And chearful ſonnets crown the pleaſures of the day."

Gallery of Portraits.

(Continued.)

M. Talleyrand Pericord, Biſhop of Autun, under the Character of Amœnus.

AMOENUS has thoſe attractive externals, which give an embelliſhment to virtue. The firſt inſtrument of his ſucceſs has been an excellent underſtanding. Criticiſing men with indulgence, and judging of events with ſobriety, he has found the golden mean, which conſtitutes the character of a genuine ſage. There is a certain degree of perfection, that exiſts only in the imagination; and there is a ſort of ſublimity in deſiring to realiſe it. But theſe brilliant efforts produce only a temporary approbation; no benefit follows upon their exertion, and the very men, who applauded, learn to deſpiſe them. A ſound underſtanding deſpiſes every thing gaudy and glittering; acquainted with the limits of human capacity, it does not indulge to the viſionary hope, of extending them beyond the bounds, that experience has preſcribed and nature has dictated.

Amoenus does not conſider a ſolid reputation as the work of a day. Such an ephemeron, growing at once to a prodigious ſize, from the moment it has attained its untimely maturity, decays, and falls away, and involves in its fall the fortune and tranquillity of its poſſeſſor. Amoenus will ſucceed in all his deſigns, becauſe he will watch the moments that fortune infallibly offers, and not endeavour to impoſe violence upon her. Every ſtep of his advancement will be accompanied with the diſplay of a new talent; and proceeding from ſucceſs to ſucceſs, he will unite in his favour that body of ſuffrages, which point a man out, as the perſon, that muſt neceſſarily be called to fill the great ſituations that may become vacant.

Envy, which rarely admits the exiſtence of an untarniſhed excellence, has replied to theſe eulogies, that Amoenus wants that energy of character, which burſts through the reſtraint of obſtacles, and without which a man cannot render eſſential public ſervice. I aſk, in the firſt place, whether we do not deceive ourſelves by the words *character and individuality*, and whether this energy that excites our admiration, in reality does much for the happineſs of the world? Suppoſing that, in certain critical moments, it has triumphed over intrepidity and reſolution; is that always deſirable? But I ſtop myſelf. Some readers will perhaps imagine, that I confound conſtancy, ſtability and the tenaciouſneſs of virtue, with violence, enthuſiaſm and rage. Amoenus gives way to circumſtances and prudential conſiderations; and thinks himſelf at liberty to offer ſome ſacrifices to peace, without violating the principles that are the baſis of his morality and his conduct.

He has the advantage of an engaging character, a prepoſſeſſing figure, and amiable manners. So many recommendations are calculated to ſhock and to mortify. What can be more intolerable, than a man, who takes it in his head to unite them with the uſeful chance of an honourable

honourable birth, and the eſſential qualities of an elevated ſoul? of conſequence we conſole ourſelves by hunting after defects. We find a weakneſs or a peculiarity, and upon an emergency can metamorphoſe this into ſomething of greater importance.

What are we to expect from Amoenus in the ſtates-general? Nothing, or as good as nothing, if he conform to the imaginary intereſts of his order; ſomething great and illuſtrious, if he act from himſelf, if he penetrate his ſoul with this great truth, that in the national aſſembly every member is a citizen. He, who drew up certain articles of inſtructions, has the vigour neceſſary to give a deciſive weight to his opinion and advice.

It has been charged upon Amoenus as a defect, that he has maintained his adherence to a miniſter in diſgrace.* He never ſhut his eyes upon failings, which on the contrary he more than once took the opportunity to correct; and he did juſtice to talents, the loſs of which he ſo much the more deeply regretted, as he was more perfectly acquainted with their energy and extent. It is the incident of every day, that we diſcover the defects of our friends; we lament them; we counteract them; and when events precipitate their poſſeſſors from the throne of favour, we conſole them, we defend them, and we endeavour to create for them an occaſion of re-aſſerting that reputation, which for a moment had been tarniſhed.

Amoenus underſtands mankind too well to be the dupe of commendation. If he ſmile upon the illuſions of friendſhip, he repulſes with diſguſt the miſrepreſentations of flattery. But this is not the only road that impoſture has diſcovered for itſelf; and, if Amoenus effected the detection a little too late, he will, however, never forget the leſſon of uſeful experience.

Sketches of Biography, continued.

La Motte.

THIS elegant French writer loſt his ſight in the latter part of his life; and as he was going into the play-houſe at Paris, was rudely joſtled by ſome perſon; La Motte ſaid very calmly, "I ſhall pity you very much for your ill-treatment of me, as ſoon as you know that I am blind." La Motte's ode againſt equality begins thus:

Equality, ſo oft addreſt,
Canſt thou o'er wretched mortals reign?
Alas! thou ne'er could'ſt ſtand the teſt,
Chimæra, boaſted but in vain.

If then to thee no altars riſe,
Mortals have to their ſorrow found;
Order and peace thy ſway denies,
Almighty only to confound.

True offſpring of a helpleſs race,
Are we all equal, goddeſs dread?
Our reign with tranſport we efface,
And place e'en tyrants in its ſtead.

La Motte, who was one of the ſweeteſt tempered men living, wrote ſome ſtanzas againſt ill-timed clemency, which we ſhall preſent to our readers in tranſlation: they ſeem to be well ſuited to the preſent diſpoſition of our government, which ſeems even inclined to pardon houſe-breakers, thoſe violaters of nocturnal peace and ſecurity; thoſe criminals, which even that mild and ſenſible monarch, William the Third, in his letters to his excellent conſort, during his abſence from her in Ireland, enjoined her never to pardon.

When heav'n-deſcended clemency's miſplac'd,
The people ſuffers, and the king's diſgrac'd;
'Tis pity ſtops compaſſion's falling tear,
'Tis pity's ſelf that bids us to be ſevere:
And puniſhment, we often muſt confeſs,
Though more chaſtiſing, ſtill chaſtiſeleſs.

Maſſillon.

A friend of this celebrated preacher was one day telling him what great applauſes his ſermons had met with at the court of Verſailles. "Alas! my friend," replied the good father, "the devil has told me this long ago." Louis XIV. though he uſed to ſay of his ſermons, that when he heard them he uſed to go away

NOTE.

* M. de Calonne, ex-controller general of the finances.

away from his chapel displeased with himself, though from the sermons of most other preachers he went away pleased with them, gave him no preferment. The regent, however, less pious, but more liberal, gave him the bishopric of Clermont, requesting him to preach once before his royal pupil, Louis XV. then eleven years of age. This produced the famous *petit Camere*, or three celebrated sermons on the duties of the great, in which in the most simple, though in the most eloquent and persuasive style, he insinuates into the mind of his young sovereign an attention to the duties of his high station, which indolence and a love of pleasure made him afterwards forget. In his bishopric of Clermont he was idolized as the pastor and father of his flock. "There goes our father," was the general cry, when he walked about the city. His benevolence and liberality to the poor of his diocese, his remonstrances to the court against some edicts that he thought would bear hard upon his flock, are still remembered with grateful remembrance by the people of Auvergne. He died in his diocese, which he never quitted, but when he was obliged to come to Paris upon business concerning it, in the year 1734. The greater part of his revenue he gave away in alms, and died, as an elegant writer says, a *Catholic* bishop should do, *sans argent & sans dettes*. An English gentleman used to tell the following anecdote respecting the regard and love in which this excellent prelate's memory was held by his friends.—Twenty years after his death, he was at Clermont, and was anxious to see the bishop's country-house near that city. He addressed himself to a clergyman, who had been one of Massillon's vicars-general, but who, since the death of his patron, never had the heart to visit it. He however, consented to accompany the traveller, and in spite of the uneasiness that he foresaw it would occasion him. They went together to the domain. "There," said the clergyman, with tears in his eyes, "is that grove of trees, where this excellent prelate used to walk with us; there is the arbour where he used to read; there is the little garden in which he used to work." They came at last to the palace, and when they entered one of the rooms, "Ah! there," said the clergyman, "there is the room where the good bishop breathed his last." In uttering these words, the clergyman fainted away in the traveller's arms.

Abbé de St. Piere.

There never existed a human being of more simplicity and modesty than this celebrated projector, whose projects, however wild, were called "Les Rêves d'un homme de bien," by a very hackneyed politician.—D'Alembert says of him very elegantly, "Qu'l etoit entierement inaccessable aux plaisirs, & aux chagrins de la vanité, la plus chere affection de tous les hommes." All his projects tended to the good of mankind; and when once in conversing with a celebrated lady upon one of his projects, she told him what pleasure the instruction she had received from him he replied, "Je suis un mauvais instrument, dont vous auvez bien joué." His love of truth was, if possible, greater than that of the late excellent Dr. Johnson. He would not alter the least circumstance of any story to make it more amusing. He used to say, that there was no obligation to amuse any one, but that there was a very strong one not to deceive any one. His project for a perpetual peace between the sovereigns of Europe has been the sport and jest of every puny politician since his time, though it perhaps at first was suggested by that modern hero Henry the Fourth of France. A Dutch inn-keeper burlesqued it, by taking for his sign a burying-ground, under which was written "A la paix perpetuelle." The abbé had the honour of coining two new words in his language, "bienfaisance" and "gloriole." The one indeed was well applied to himself, as a man of very active benevolence; the other could find no place in a character of such sensibility and diffidence as the abbé's was. He had a project for a reform of the laws of his country; another, for rendering sermons useful; he had, indeed, so many, that they fill thirty volumes. His style is extremely heavy, his arrangement of his subject without order, and endless tautology: some one was complaining

one

one day to him of this laſt defect—"Pray, tell me, ſaid the abbé, "in what part of my works do you find this defect?—The perſon repeated ſeveral paſſages from them, when, to his ſurprize, the abbé's anſwer was, "You remember them, then, perfectly well, do not you? I repeated them in my works over and over again, that you might remember them." Some lady was once talkng of ſome trifling matter before him with great elegance of language—"Alas!" replied he, "what a pity it is that ſhe does not write what I think."

Crebellon.

The Jeſuits, who had the education of the youth of France entirely in their hands, and the loſs of whom on that account has been very ſeverely felt in that country, had the honour of having amongſt their pupils this diſtinguiſhed tragic writer, Fontenelle, Voltaire, and Greſoit. Theſe learned fathers, who had an eye to their inſtitution in every thing, found out as ſoon as they could the talents and diſpoſition of their pupils with an intention of making them ſerviceable to their order. A regiſter was kept in every college of Jeſuits, not only of the names of the young men committed to their care, but of their characters, and their improvements in learning. This was from time to time tranſmitted to their ſuperiors; the regiſter was kept in Latin, and oppoſite to the name of Crebellon was written, "*Puer ingenioſus ſed magnus nebulo.*"—"A very ingenious lad, but a very unlucky or miſchievous one." Fontenelle was thus deſcribed, "Adoleſcens omnibus numeris abſolutus & inter diſcipulos princeps."—"A moſt completely accompliſhed young man, and the flower of our youth." Our miſerable pedagogues ſeem contented if they can flog a little Latin and Greek into their diſciples, without paying the leaſt regard to their morals or character, and do not pretend to make the leaſt diſcrimination in obſerving the genius and turn of their pupils.

Bernard Mandeville, M. D.

The acute writer of the fable of the bees, was born at Dort, in Holland, but coming over young to England, he was ſo pleaſed with the country, that he ſettled in it, and ſtudied the language with ſuch diligence, that he became an excellent writer in it. He lived in an obſcure lodging in London, and had very little practice as a phyſician. Some Dutch merchants, whom he is ſaid to have flattered pretty groſly, gave him a ſmall penſion. He was paid by the diſtillers for writing ſome pamphlets in favour of drinking ſpiritous liquors. He ſaid of Mr. Addiſon, on ſeeing him one day at lord Macclesfield's, "He is a parſon in a tie wig." Mandeville wrote an exceedingly good pamphlet on the indelicacy and impropriety of the public executions of criminals, in which his uſual ſtrength of painting does not forſake him. He wrote alſo, Free Thoughts on Religion, Thoughts on Honour, &c. and the Virgin Unmaſqued, a very fooliſh book. One of his beſt works, but which is very little known at preſent, is his Dialogues upon the Hypocondriac Diſeaſe, which are managed with great knowledge of the ſubject, and with a thorough inſight into human nature. The doctor, indeed, was like Caſſius in Shakeſpeare, "A nice obſerver, and he looked quite through the deeds of men; ſeldom he ſmiles."

M. de Senac, phyſician to the regent, was one day teized to death by a hypocondriacal patient, after he had exhauſted all the reſources of his art upon him at length he diſmiſſed him with this curious piece of advice—"Your mind wants agitation, my good friend. Your body is in perfect health. I would advise you to rob the firſt perſon you meet, and ride poſt out of the kingdom to eſcape the *rack*, if you think it worth while." The celebrated Dr. Cullen, in his First Outlines, ſeems to attribute the cauſe of it to want of excitement. The Countess of Winchelſea wrote a beautiful ode upon the ſpleen. Mr. Green, of the custom houſe, London, wrote a very elegant little poem upon the ſame ſubject. It has, perhaps, never been more truly deſcribed than by Dr. Armſtrong, in imitation of Spenſer, which was inſerted, at Mr. Thompſon's deſire, in the poem of the caſtle of Indolence.

And here a moping myſtery did ſit,
Mother of ſpleen, in robes of various dye;
She call'd herſelf the hypocondriac pit,
And frantic ſeem'd to ſome, to others ſeem'd a wit.

A lady was ſhe, whimſical and proud,
Yet oft through fear her pride would crouchen low;
She felt, or fancy'd, in her flatt'ring mood,
All the deſires that the ſpitals know,
And ſought all phyſic that the ſhops beſtow.

And ſtill new leeches and new drugs would try;
'Twas hard to hit her humour high or low,
For ſometimes ſhe would laugh, and ſometimes cry,
Sometimes would waxen wroth, and all ſhe knew not why.

Anecdotes of Illuſtrious and Extraordinary Perſons, not generally known.

BENSERADE.

THIS elegant writer's Addreſs to his Bed reminds one of the elegant ſimplicity of a Greek epigram:

Theatre des ris & des pleurs,
Lit, ou je nais, & ou je meurs,
Tu nous fait voir comment voiſins
Sont nos plaiſirs & nos chagrins.

Motley ſtage of hopes and fears,
Seat of pleaſure, ſeat of tears,
Alas! too plainly doſt thou ſhow
How near allied are joy and woe.

SENECAI.

Dr. Johnſon, in his celebrated character of Algeir, in the Rambler, had in his uſual ſtrong and forcible manner, delineated the fooliſh and wretched ſituation of a man who, as Charron expreſſes it, has not "untrain de vice certain," a certain and appropriated deſignation of his time and talents.—Senecai, the celebrated French epigrammatiſt, has treated the ſame ſubject in a more lively and not leſs expreſſive manner, in a copy of verſes which are written with ſuch a delicacy of deſcription and fineſſe of expreſſion, as render any attempt to tranſlate them hopeleſs. He entitles them

L'IRRESOLU.

Pendant que Luc delibere
Sur ce qu'il doit devenir
Et s'il eſt bon de ſe faire,
Homme d'egliſe ou d'affaire,
Avocat ou mouſquetaire,
Plus vite qu'un ſouvenir,
Le temps a l'aile legere
Part, pour ne plus revenir,
Ses beaux jours vont s'embrunir,
Et la vieilleſſe commence.
Auparavant qu'il commence
Il ſeriot temps de finir,
Flottant dans l'incertitude,
Luc reſte inſenſiblement,
Inutile egalement
Pour la guerre, pour l'etude,
Le monde & le ſolitude.
Quant a moi, je prevois bien
Que cherchant trop a ſe connoitre,
Ce qu'il peut ce qu'il veut etre,
Enfin Luc ne ſera rien.

On the ſubject of the choice of a profeſſion Dr. Johnſon with his uſual ſtrength of remark ſays, "I have ever thought thoſe happy that have been fixed from the firſt dawn of thought to ſome ſtate of life, by the choice of one whoſe authority may preclude caprice, and whoſe influence may prejudice them in favour of his opinion. The general precept of conſulting the genius is of little uſe, unleſs we can tell how that genius is to be known. If it is only to be diſcovered by experiment, life will be loſt before the reſolution can be fixed. If any other indications are to be found, they may, perhaps, be eaſily diſcerned. At leaſt, if to miſcarry in an attempt be a proof of having miſtaken the direction of the genius, men appear not leſs frequently miſtaken with regard to themſelves than to others, and therefore no one has much reaſon to complain, that his life was planned out by his friends, or to be confident that he ſhould have had either more honour or more happi-

neſs, by being abandoned to the choice of his own fancy." A celebrated teacher of youth complains exceſſively of the enquiries of parents to him, to know for what their ſons are fit, or for what they have a genius? His reply is, "Your ſons are fit for moſt of the common ſituations in life, in which diligence and integrity will enable them to do well; —and as for a particular genius for any thing, I have never, in the courſe of my long habits of educating youth, known ſix boys who appeared to me to have it." The extreme folly that many perſons have to bring up their children for profeſſions that require ſcholarſhip, in ſpite of the genius of their children, and in ſpite of their power to aſſiſt them during the long and previous inſtitution for them, appears extremely ridiculous. Old Montaigne, dans ſon vieux Gaulois, and with his acuteneſs of remark, thus diſmiſſes this point:—"Si le diſciple ſe rencontre de ſi diverſe condition qu'il aime mieux ouir une fable que la narration d'un beau voyage ou d'un ſage propos, quand il l'entendra; qui au ſon du tabourin qui arma la jeune ardeur de ſes compagnons, ſe deſtourne à un autre qui l'appelle au jeu de batteleurs; qui par ſouhait ne trouve plus plaiſant & plus doux revenir poudreux & victorieux d'un combat que de la paume ou du bal avec le prix de cet exerciſe; je n' y trouve aucun remede ſi non qu'on le mette patiſſier dans quelque bonne ville (fuſt il fils d'un Duc) ſuivant le precepte du Platon, Qu'il faut colloquer les enfans, non ſelon les facultez de leur pere, mais ſelon les facultez de leur ame."

The ſenſible old Gaſcon is a great friend to public education, and that a young man ſhould begin early to ſee ſomething of that world in which he is deſtined to live and to act. "Toute eſtrangeté & particularité dans nos mœurs & condition eſt evitable, comme enemie de la ſocieté." Indeed it has been generally remarked, that young perſons coddled in a private education, and brought up like plants in a hot-houſe, have never that racineſs and firmneſs of character which diſtinguiſh thoſe who have been brought up in a public manner. To the former, on their entrance into the great ſcene of action, every thing is new; they have their leſſon abſolutely to learn for conducting themſelves in it; they are more likely to become dupes to the deſigns and artifices of others, who are better acquainted with it; they are completely helpleſs, and not unfrequently by their follies and peculiarities wretched to themſelves and troubleſome to others. Nor have they, indeed, as has been ſometimes pretended, a greater chance of being leſs vicious, as well as leſs wiſe, than thoſe educated in a different manner. The eſſence of virtue conſiſting in action, in a private ſeminary fewer colliſions of intereſts, fewer ſacrifices of oneſelf to others can occur. There are, at the ſame time, fewer obſervers of one's conduct, and, as Dr. Johnſon uſed to ſay, in general the conduct of thoſe perſons is the worſt who have nobody to remark it; and, added he, private vices are much more dangerous than ſocial ones; a greater facility of gratifying them is afforded, and there is leſs check upon them; for want of amuſement and obſervation they have time to poſſeſs the whole mind. In a public education the diſcipline of tuition is better and more ſtrict, and the emulation, that great incitement to diligence, much greater, and one mind acts with the force of many minds; what one boy has learned he tells to his comrade, with all the ardour that accompanies new and freſh inſtruction, and communicates his own portion of intellect to him, and that in a way very different from the dull, dry, precepts of a pedagogue. The temper and diſpoſition, no leſs than the talents of a young man, are more exerciſed in a public ſchool than in a private ſeminary; the one has formed his character, and the other has his ſtill to form. The one is like an ideal machine, the other is like a machine that has been tried, and its powers well aſcertained by friction and impediment. When the young man from a private ſeminary comes into the world, he appears in it like a young bird that has been tumbled from its neſt into the air, without having made any previous eſſay of his wings. "It may ſometimes happen," ſaid a diſtinguiſhed maſter of a college in Oxford, "that a young

young man with private tuition may know more than another brought up at a public ſchool, but the latter has always one advantage over him, he knows much better what to do with his knowledge."

To an excellent inſtructor of youth, may we not well apply theſe few lines from Lucretius, which he addreſſes to the moral philoſophers of his time:

At niſi purgatum eſt pectus, que prœlia nobis
Atque pericula tunc ingratis inſinuandum?
Quantæ conſcindunt hominem cuppedinis acres
Sollicitum curæ? Quantique perinde timores?
Quidve ſuperbia, ſpurcities, petulantia, quantas
Efficiunt cladeis? Quid luxus, deſidieſque?
Hæc igitur qui cuncta ſubegerit exanimoque
Expulerit dictis, non armis; nonne decebit,
Hunc hominem numero divûm dignirier eſſe?

But, ah! what horrid ſtriſe and fear moleſt
The uninſtructed mind and unpure breaſt;
Fell luſt ſtill goads it with perpetual ſting,
Anxiety, for ever on the wing,
Each idle wiſh, each wild untam'd deſire,
The untutor'd boſom (as they liſt) inſpire.
Her unreſiſted poiſon ſloth ſupplies,
And luxury, that nothing ſatisfies;
Conceit, at other's failings over nice,
Diſdaining what it moſt requires, advice;
Pride, that to others juſt pretenſions blind,
Prefers its glorious ſelf to all mankind;
Theſe, theſe, fell paſſions of deſpotic ſway,
Minds unimproved and ſubjugate obey.
Thoſe then who teach us fully to controul,
By words, not arms, theſe tyrants of the ſoul,
Who the ferocious ſavage breaſt refine,
And its loſt throne to reaſon's power aſſign;
Such, ſuch as theſe, will gods themſelves replace,
The friends and patrons of the human race.

It ſeems ſtrange that our Engliſh ſchool-maſters do not make more uſe of the Book of Proverbs, as a ſubject for themes and verſes to their ſcholars, than they uſually do. Much uſe is made of this excellent book of morality in foreign ſeminaries. It contains inſtructions for every poſſible ſituation in life, delivered in a very pleaſing and impreſſive manner. Montaigne's Treatiſe upon Education is addreſſed to a diſtinguiſhed lady of his times, the Counteſs of Foix, and may be peruſed with great inſtruction by the philoſopher, the moraliſt, the parent, and the ſchool-maſter. J. J. Rouſſeau moſt certainly, in his "Emile," took a great deal from it. Montaigne, on account of ſome ſtrong expreſſions that he has, has been accuſed of want of religion, and of ſcepticiſm in his Eſſays. His device was, "Que ſais-je?" What do I know? Some perſons of leſs knowledge than this learned and ingenuous Frenchman, have in their hearts at leaſt, perhaps, felt the reverſe, "Que ne ſcais-je pas?" What do I not know? The laſt act, however, of Montaigne's life was his conformity to the rites of the Catholic Church. He died as he roſe up in his bed to adore the conſecrated wafer that was brought to him by the prieſt of his pariſh. Friendſhip made a great feature in Montaigne's character. Whoever can read with dry eyes, and without rapture, the letter that he wrote to his father, giving an account of the ſickneſs and death of his friend, the celebrated Etienne de la Boetie, whom he always called "mon frere," is much to be pitied, or much to be envied. Dr. Johnſon had never read Montaigne; he ſaid ſo one day to a friend of his, adding, "There muſt be ſomething in it, Sir; a book that has outlived its century cannot be a bad book."

Etienne de la Boetie was of the opinion of Dr. Johnſon, that in general the older men grow, the worſe they become. He died at 33 years of age, and on his taking leave of Montaigne, he told him, that he had moſt probably lived with more innocence and leſs artifice (avec plus de ſimplicité & moins de malice), than if he had been permitted to live till he had become poſſeſſed with the deſire to enrich himſelf with the cares of managing his fortune." Yet Horace ſays, a man may become better as he becomes older,

Lenior & melior fis accedente ſenectâ:

or, in the words of another Poet,

Grow wiſer and better as life wears away.

M. de la Boetie's manner of taking leave of his wife is very affecting—"Ma ſemblance—my likeneſs,"—ſaid he, "or rather, perhaps, my counterpart, having been joined to you in the holy tie of marriage, which is one of the moſt reſpectable and inviolable that the Creator has ordained here below for the ſupport of human ſociety, I have loved, cheriſhed, and eſteemed you, from the very bottom of my ſoul, and I am ſure that you have returned to me a reciprocal affection, for which I cannot ſufficiently thank you. I hope that you will be ſatisfied with the fortune that I have left you, though, alas! I know but too well how inferior it is to what you merit."

M. de la Boetie tranſlated Xenophon's beautiful little treatiſe upon Economics, from the Greek. It will, I truſt, ſoon appear in an Engliſh dreſs, by a celebrated ſcholar of our times. Boetie was a very good poet for his age, the reign of Henry the Third of France, and wrote a very celebrated treatiſe, intitled, "Sur la Servitude Voluntaire." He wrote likewiſe ſome Latin verſes. His different compoſitions were publiſhed with dedications to the great men of his time, by his friend Montaigne.

The Story of Tabby.

I OFTENTIMES wiſhed to be informed why this country, in particular, ſhould abound with old maids? A facetious friend of my family many years ſince remarked, and, I believe, with ſome degree of truth, that this misfortune was chiefly owing to the temper and diſpoſition which *that* claſs of females contract when young. This is verified in the following tale:

Tabby, (the youngeſt daughter of opulent parents) ever ſince ſhe entered into her teens, gave every proof that could convince her acquaintance of her amorous diſpoſition; and as her years encreaſed, ſhe became ſo whimſical, that her love, (if I may term it ſo) was as unlimited as it was general; ſhe devoted herſelf to any young man, upon the ſlighteſt acquaintance, and from an acquaintance to a perfect intimacy; this was ſufficient to enſure her affections, her love was immediate and ſincere as long as *he* thought fit to amuſe himſelf at her expence. But, when Tabby found herſelf forſaken, ſhe *poor creature*, became enamoured of the next object, and ſo on from one Adonis to another, until ſhe arrived at an age which the purſuits of giddy flirtation and ridiculous conduct always enſure. Thus led ſo often into imaginary ſcenes of love, her pretended *batchelors* induced her to hope for ſucceſs, merely to gratify her capriciouſneſs;—her character being well known, and her diſpoſition correſponding with it, ſhe was callous to reproof, heedleſs of advice, and perſevering in fruitleſs purſuits, which could not fail to render her diſguſtful to any man of common underſtanding,—ever admiring amiability, and deſpiſing depravity. Tabby had a fortune of four or five hundred pounds in her own power, ſtill no perſon made a ſerious propoſal of marriage to her; many *fortune-hunters*, however, impreſſed her with ideas of the kind, yet, when her behaviour gave a ſpecimen of her former conduct, ſhe was left forlorn and forſaken even in the zenith of hopes.—Such diſappointments ſoured her temper; ſhe became chagrined; her impertinence was intolerable; her croſs grained peeviſhneſs could not be endured; and the defeat of her hopes was moſt tormenting.

Stale maids in general are teſty, Tabby was really ſo; and if ever misfortune and diſappointment were depict-

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ed in a face, she was the most finished portraiture that the eye of curiosity ever beheld. Tabby was vain to excess—she furnished her closet with variety of novels, and devoted the principal part of her time to the perusal of them with so much avidity, that her brain was turned into a mass of romance. She had been often seen to weep for hours in consequence of the emotions she felt, and refused appearing at dinner whenever she had an interesting pathetic chapter under consideration. Subject not only to these misfortunes, (which always attend novel readers,) she was so great an enthusiast in card and tea-cup-tossing, that her faith and confidence relied more on the dross of tea in a cup, and on the situation and turning up of a card on a table, than on the apostolic creed. *Fortune-tellers* from all parts of the country attended her, and she walked miles to know the result of their determinations. Some of these impostors she consulted privately, several of them pretended to be deaf and dumb, furnished with a piece of chalk; and it is well known that many of her neighbours, to humour her credulity, and for lucrative motives, assumed that character, and obtained large rewards. If Tabby dreamed of a funeral, she was overjoyed in the morning; if a circle appeared in a candle, or if she happened even accidentally to burn any part of her clothes, a marriage was the result of these occurrences.—Whence can proceed this unreasonable desire of the folly and impiety of endeavouring to search into future events? does it spring from a secret distrust of Providence, as if we were more capable of managing matters for ourselves, than that Omniscient and Omnipotent Being, in whose hands is the disposal of all things past, present, and future? Whatever be its cause, its effects are but too plain and obvious; for it naturally tends to unsettle and disturb the mind, and to draw us off from the improvement of present advantages, and the enjoyment of present pleasures, by the fear of future evil that never may happen, and the hope of distant good that never may arrive. Is it to be supposed that the wise Governor of the universe ever gave knowledge of his disposition or decrees to the sinful mortals of this wicked world?

Tabby's dress was always gaudy, her toilet decorated with cosmetics, paints, powders, unguents, and every other pernicious article that was capable, in her opinion, of metamorphosing a face of antiquity to the features of youthful bloom. She modelled her face according to the company she was to appear in, and studied the accomplishment of three artificial complexions, viz. the pale deadly colour, when out of humour, (which was commonly the case); the *pale pink*, when the crisis of her petulance was subsiding; and the *florid*, when imaginary hopes of conquest prevailed. To enumerate the many false helps and smuggled wares of imposition, to rectify age, which Tabby made use of for her complexion, is impossible. It is certain that no woman can appear handsome or amiable with forced or ornamented features: the true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the real charms of virtuous and commendable qualities.—Pride and vanity destroys all symmetry and grace; and affectation is a more terrible enemy to faces than the small-pox.—No woman is capable of being amiable or pleasing, who is not incapable of being false. How noble is the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue while it attracts admiration!—How faint and spiritless are the affected charms of a painted prude, when compared with nature and the real loveliness of innocence, good-humour, and a steady adherence to the language of truth! These are virtues which give additional softness to the sex, and render beauty still more beautiful.

The giddy, the ridiculous Tabby incessantly pursued a phantom and grasped a shadow: she had no permanent ideas, her notions were confused and uncertain, her caprices contradictory, and of course ungratified. She wasted the spring and summer of her life in silly conceits, which made the stale autumn of her existence an unhappy and tormenting scene of discontented antiquity.—Tabby, ever since her childhood (as before remarked) was noted for the great freedom she made with

men:

men: advice to her was useless, she imagined her own understanding surpassed the intellectual powers of mankind.—Without considering that her repeated amours would in course of time have led her into unforeseen disagreeable events, she unfortunately commenced an acquaintance with a lieutenant, who had been quartered in the next town to her residence; he was introduced to Tabby, and improved in it: in a short time he was an intimate.—Being an *old soldier*, he took the earliest opportunity of informing himself of the consequence and hospitality of the surrounding neighbours, and concluded that her family was the most eligible for establishing a perfect intercourse with, not only from the character he obtained of Tabby's courting vein, but in order to save the principal part of his pay at the expence of the hospitality of Tabby's family:—this he actually effected, thro' his far-fetched cleverness and pretended *love* for Tabby; and, in order to render his schemes more persuasive, he contracted an acquaintance with Tabby's female *confidant*.—This *confidant* was of a sly, intriguing cast, she led Tabby into strange notions, which latterly proved her destruction. *She* acted *her* part very artfully, and furnished Tabby's brain with fancies and notions that never occurred to the *man* in question; protestations and insinuations were dealt out with unlimited assurances, yet without the smallest foundation in truth, to the credulous Tabby, viz. "Your lover is now, I am sure, thinking of you"—"You both will be happy yet"—"He loves you to distraction"—"And when last I seen him, he, poor fellow, said, no lady on earth would make him happy but you"—"He kissed your picture (which you know you gave him) a thousand times, and wears it in his bosom"—"Indeed, indeed, I would take my oath you and him will soon be married."—This, with a variety of other stuff.

This female seducer was Tabby's ruin; she was of the poorer sort of *half gentlewomen*, noted for conducting private marriages and intrigues, and a useful pandar on such occasions. Tabby advanced money to her *friend* repeatedly, yet *she* had the misfortune of having always a *poor mouth*, especially whenever she invented some expressions of *love*, (though never made use of by the supposed lover;) at which time she was certain that the more she said of the imaginary *batchelor*, the more bountifully she would be rewarded by Tabby. To this female *confidant* he gave some fallacious hints, which were improved on and exaggerated; and by some bribes, to give a colour of *affection* to his infamy, he procured this *she confidant* to act just agreeable to his direction, yet his art and caution was so great, that, notwithstanding Tabby's expectation and certainty of being shortly his wife, from the insinuation of her pandar, he never entertained a thought of matrimony; however, the persevering fond Tabby remained confirmed in her opinion of his sincerity. Matters were thus carried on for many months, and private meetings effected repeatedly through the contrivance of Tabby's *friend*. The *mighty son of Mars*, though not blind to Tabby's depravity or artificial face, made his quarters good, and persevered in his pretended attachment, until he was removed the following year. Tabby now perceived her error, she was left to spend the remainder of her life in misery. She was delivered of a daughter shortly after, which, when the *old cock* heard of, the only consolation he gave was, that "*surely he could not do less, and that he never promised to marry her.*"—This should be a sufficient caution to the female sex how they should depend on the insinuations of military men in general; they are set of *beings* that cannot be depended on, however plausible: the generality of them are indeed so addicted to flattery and seduction, that instances of that nature would fill volumes.

It is true that Tabby was foolish, (though she was old enough to be married fifteen years before,) or she would not have afforded private meetings at her *confidant*'s house or elsewhere; but she had the *hero's honour* as a pledge of *fidelity!* Female confidants are the destruction of thousands; their art is so great—their invention and contrivances are beyond conception—and gain is their pursuit; no matter if the unfortunate woman

man in queſtion ſuffers in character or perſon, provided the *ſhe-pandar* benefits by the intrigue. Human nature is frail, the female ſex are the unhappy ſufferers, eſpecially when they are encouraged to humour whimſical purſuits in the career of youth, without prevention or controul. It is neceſſary, however, to remark, that notwithſtanding the ill-fated Tabby's levity, ſhe was far from the diſpoſition of a harlot; yet the flattering and coaxing inſinuations of her late *lover*, beat down her honour, and ſunk her body to the grave ſhortly after: ſhe died a great penitent, and the innocent offſpring of her intrigue was placed in the care of her ſiſter.—— Her murderer (as he may be juſtly termed,) in leſs than two years after commenced an intrigue with a young lady in the neighbourhood of his cantonment: ſhe was in character and diſpoſition the reverſe of that of the unfortunate Tabby: he profeſſed himſelf *her lover*, and promiſed, by ſome diſtant and equivocating hints, to marry her, juſt after the ſame manner that he did to Tabby. This young lady immediately communicated the entire affair to her brother, who was an eminent phyſician; the ſon of Galen demanded an explanation from the *mighty ſon of Mars*, who, when queſtioned on the nature of his private propoſal to the young lady, declared that he was only *joking*. A challenge was the conſequence, he could not avoid giving a meeting,—the ground was meaſured, and the combatants diſcharged a piſtol each, the *ſon of Mars* was wounded ſorely in the thigh—the ſecond ſhot was more fatal, both piſtols were diſcharged, and the *murderer* of Tabby was ſhot through the temple; he expired before his body fell to the ground, by no means regretted or lamented by his acquaintance.

A. Y.

British Theatre.

March 11, 1793.

THE *Prize*, or, 2. 5. 3. 8. a Farce by Mr. Hoare, was acted the firſt time at the Hay-market, for the benefit of Signora Storace. The leading incident of this piece is, a country apothecary receiving information that his ticket in the lottery had been drawn a prize of 10,000l. On this he relinquiſhes his buſineſs to his journeyman, and becomes ſuitor to a young lady. In order to obtain her, he runs into the extravagance of faſhionable foppery, in point of dreſs, and at length is undeceived. This pleaſant triſle, by aid of the excellent acting of Banniſter, jun. Suett, and Storace, promiſes to become a ſtanding entertainment at the Theatre.

On the ſame evening, a Pantomime Ballet called, *The Governor*; *or*, *Creolian Inſurrection*, the compoſition of Mr. Byrne, was performed the firſt time at Covent Garden. The parts as follow:

MEN.

Henriquez,	Mr. Byrne;
Governor,	Mr. Follett;
Nunez,	M. Farley;
Child,	Maſter Menage.

WOMEN.

Donna Juliana,	Mad. Roſſi;
Orra,	Miſs Smith.

Donna Juliana, the daughter of the Governor, having clandeſtinely married Henriquez, by whom ſhe has had a ſon, is ſolicited by Nunez to become his wife. He is refuſed, and the Governor having diſcovered his daughter's diſobedience meditates revenge. She flies from him, and, after experiencing many dangers, meets her huſband, who had returned from Europe, and aſſiſts in quelling an inſurrection fomented by Nunez. The Governor is reconciled to his daughter, and the piece concludes with dancing.

18. *The Rival Siſters*, a Tragedy, by Mr. Murphy, was acted the firſt time at the Hay-market, for the benefit of Mrs. Siddons. The characters as follows:

MEN

Periander,	Mr. Wroughton;
Theſeus,	Mr. Palmer;
Perithous,	Mr. Kemble;
Arcon,	Mr. Packer.

WOMEN.

Ariadne,	Mrs. Siddons;
Phædra,	Mrs. Powell.

The fable of this play is as follows:—Theſeus being obliged to fly from Crete, Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, who paſſionately loves him, and to whom ſhe

is betrothed, attends him in his flight. They are accompanied by Phædra, her ſiſter, who ſecretly loves Theſeus, and by whom ſhe is beloved in return. They take refuge in the iſland of Naxos, the kingdom of Periander. This monarch becomes enamoured of Ariadne, and offers her his throne; but ſhe, devoted to her beloved Theſeus, rejects his overtures. Theſeus and Phædra encourage their guilty flame. Perithous, the friend of Theſeus, arrives from Crete to demand his return. He ſees the fatal paſſion of his friend, attempts to reaſon and to ſhame him out of it, but in vain. Ariadne, alarmed at ſome proofs of coldneſs in Theſeus, begins reluctantly to doubt his love, till at length he and Phædra privately embark on board the veſſel of Perithous, and quit Naxos together. Ariadne, driven to madneſs at the intelligence, ſtabs herſelf.

This play was publiſhed ſome years ago in the author's works, though now firſt acted. It is conſtructed on the Grecian model, the unities being ſtrictly obſerved, and the chorus only omitted. Dr. Johnſon has condemned plays on mythological ſubjects, and this is not exempt from the ſame kind of cenſure.

PROLOGUE.

Written by J. P. Kemble.—Spoken by Mr. Wroughton.

WHENE'ER the poet, in retiring vein,
Proclaims his purpoſe ne'er to write again,
The threaten'd town interprets the kind way,
And takes an intereſt in his next laſt play.

Not that our bard has play'd you faſt and looſe,
Or pleads this general candour for excuſe;
He dares not trifle with the public ſenſe,
But thinks ſuch folly downright impudence;

Brought, not advancing, ſince he then appears,
To riſk the well-won fame of forty years,
He truſts diſtinct indulgence you'll afford—
Not he, but Ariadne, breaks his word.

From ancient ſtores we take our plot to-night,
Form'd on the mournful tale of Theſeus' flight:
The time, that golden Æra, ſome relate,
When equal Minos rul'd the Cretan ſtate.

Hail, holy Sage! who taught'ſt licentious man
To find his freedom where the laws began;
Whoſe fame in arms, redoubted from afar,
From thine own ſhores deter's invaſive war—
Whilſt thy mild genius o'er a proſperous iſle
Gave every good and every grace to ſmile;
'Till thine to all thy ſubjects were as dear,
As George's virtues to his Britons here.

To all our author bids me humbly bend,
But deprecate no foe, and court no friend:
With grateful pride he thinks of honours paſt,
And hopes you'll bid thoſe valued honours laſt.
Freely to you he now commends his cauſe—
Should he deſerve—you'll not withhold applauſe.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Siddons.

LADIES—though ſcarce alive—quite out of breath,
I come—to talk a little after death:
When tir'd of woe, and daggers, and all that,
Nothing revives us like a little chat.

Now—ſo the laws of Epilogue ordain,
All ſhould be turn'd to jeſt, and flippant ſtrain;

And

And I, with points moſt miſerably witty,
Should play the mimic, and lampoon the city.
Far other motives bid me now appear;
Far other ſentiments are ſtruggling here:
I come to view this circle, fair and bright,
And thank you for each tear you have ſhed to-night;
The tear, that gives the ſoft endearing grace;
Virtues coſmetic for the loveliеſt face;
That ſhows the features in their genuine hue,
Like roſes bluſhing through the morning dew.
Ye men,—ye boaſted lords of the creation,
Who give your Ariadne's ſuch vexation;
May I approach you, pray? and may I dare
Aſk why you droop? and why that languid air?
'Tis ſympathy in guilt; and Theſeus' caſe
With riſing bluſhes crimſon's ev'ry face;
Cenſure on fraud like his, you own, muſt fall:
Too well you know—he repreſents you all.
And yet you've ſome excuſe! theſe modiſh days
Lend a few tints to varniſh all your ways.
When a GRAND SWEEPSTAKES to New-market calls,
And FIVE to FOUR each groom, each jockey bawls;
What beauty then can lure you from the courſe,
And hope—you'll love her BETTER than your HORSE?
When to the Club the gaming rage invites,
And faſcinating FARO claims your nights;
The tender paſſion then intrudes no more,
And FORTUNE is the VENUS you adore.
But is ſhe conſtant?—Loſs on loſs enſues,
And bonds, and mortgages, attorneys, Jews:
Love then may well his ſofter rites forego,
Spread his light wings, and fly the ſcene of woe.
But now the times a nobler plea may yield;
A War invites you;—arm, and take the field.
The SONS OF FRANCE would fain ſubvert your laws;
Go forth the champions of your country's cauſe.
Behold the bright example of the day,
Go—where our ROYAL FREDERICK leads the way;
So Albion's liberties ſecure ſhall ſtand,
And KING, and LORDS, and COMMONS guard the land.

23. An Interlude, called *The Relief of Williamſtadt*, was performed at Covent Garden, after *The Road to Ruin*, for the benefit of Mr. Lewis, who, on this occaſion, ſpoke the following addreſs:

WHAT, are they gone?—I ſee by that broad grin,
You think the knowing-ones are taken in;
Yet let me ſhew you, ere you vent your ſcoff,
How other knowing ones are taken off—
For many a wag who laughs at my diſaſter,
Sore on ſome points himſelf, may want a plaiſter.
Suppoſe a Buck, full prim'd with briſk champagne,
Meets a ſtarch Quaker in a narrow lane;
"What, Ephraim Broadbrim?—Zounds "turn out your toes;
"The ſpirit moves me, friend, to tweak "your noſe.
"That's your ſort, Ephy! Damn me, "will you fight?
"What makes the fellow ſtand ſo curs'd "upright?"
The Quaker knocks him down with this retort—
"I ſtand that thou may'ſt tumble"—"That's thy ſort."
Young Jemmy Whirligig drives four in hand,
All down the Hay-market, and up the Strand

Scours o'er the pavement ſtrait to Charlotte's lodging,
Safe, as he thinks, from artful Bailiff's dodging:
Arriv'd—reins tight—nags check'd—one groom before,
The other ſwift as thought, aſſails her door—
Jemmy exclaims, "Come, Charlotte, "are you ready?"
Out jumps the hero, and in ſkips the lady—
A ſkulking knave, unſeen by each beholder,
Juſt as he mounts, taps Jemmy on the ſhoulder;
The luckleſs Fair-One ſees her wiſhes croſt,
Groom, horſes, phaeton, Jemmy, all are loſt!
He in ſad durance, o'er his gill of port,
Sobs through the iron caſement—"Here's "your ſort!"
Nor leſs eccentric, though in different way,
Seem the fair Spinſters of our preſent day;
The ſweet proportion, and the ſlender waiſt,
Adorn no more the belle of modern taſte,
The flowing zone, which us'd all hearts to win,
Now girts the boſom, and ſalutes the chin;
Miſs ſtruts with pad before, and gait uncommon,
The thriving emblem of a married woman.
A ſly old dame, long uſed to ſcenes of ſport,
Cocks her one eye, and ſnuffles, "That's "your ſort."
But why ſo far for obſervation roam?
Have we not ſubjects worthy nearer home?
That generous circle who now grace theſe rows,
That bright diſplay of lively Belles and and Beaux,
Have ſure *one* failing, which as ſure not new is—
Their kind partiality for rattling *Lewis*.
Nor ſhall his friends above—though far remov'd
As ſcarcely to be ſeen, be leſs reprov'd;
They have the ſelf-ſame failing full as ſtrong,
They clap as hearty, and they laugh as long—
Hither each night in warm red cloaks they flock it,
With pippins piping-hot in every pocket;
And as they munch and crunch, and wipe and court,
As warmly welcome him with—"Here's "your ſort!"
Be't his by every active zeal to ſtrive,
And keep *this failing* of his friends alive;
That each glad ſeaſon you may here reſort,
And patronize his effort—"That's your ſort!"

APRIL 3. *Falſe Colours*, a Comedy, by Mr. Morris, was acted the firſt time at the Hay-market. The characters as follow:

MEN.

Sir Paul Panic,	-	Mr. King.
Lord Viſage,	-	Mr. Suett.
Sir Harry Cecil,		Mr. Wroughton.
Montagu,	-	Mr. Barrymore.
Groteſque,	-	Mr. Banniſter, jun.
Subtle,	-	Mr. R. Palmer.
Tony.	-	Mr. Wewitzer.
Coachman,	-	Mr. Alfred.

WOMEN.

Lady Panic,	-	Miſs Pope.
Harriet,	-	Mrs. Goodall.
Conſtance,	-	Miſs Farren.

Sir Harry Cecil, a young baronet, who ſucceeded to the title and fortune on the death of an elder brother, is enamoured of Conſtance, ward to Sir Paul Panic; but, wiſhing to be loved independent of rank and fortune, changes characters with Montague, who proves to be a ſpecious villain, and under engagements to Harriet, but ſecretly in love with Conſtance. The buſineſs of the ſcene ariſes from the embarraſſments of Sir Harry in his aſſumed character, but the villainy of Montagu being diſcovered, Sir Harry and Conſtance are at length united. Sir Paul is a ſort of ſelf-tormentor, perpetually apprehenſive of diſeaſe, and buſied in providing means of prevention; his lady

lady fond of theatricals, and literary fame her darling paſſion; Lord Viſage, a Phyſiognomiſt, but was deceived in his obſervations on the Features; and Groteſque, a buſy meddling Pamphleteer and Caricaturiſt, ſent for by Lady Panic to ſuperintend her theatricals, form in their different characters the buſtle of the ſcene.

Falſe Colours, though not to be ſpoken of as a *chef d'œvre*, is not without merit. The plot is managed with ſome ſkill; the characters if not new, are well ſuſtained; and the dialogue is neatly though not pointedly written. Upon the whole, it is certainly an improvement upon the author's former dramatic attempt.

4. *The Armourer*, a Comic Opera by Mr. Cumberland, was performed the firſt time at Covent Garden. The characters as follow:

MEN.

Sir Theo. de Courcy,	Mr. Harley.
Carol (Earl Fitzallan),	Mr. Incledon.
Harry Furnace (the Armourer),	Mr. Johnſtone.
Father Dominic,	Mr. Munden.
Simon Sapling,	Mr. Blanchard.
Bluſter,	Mr. Cubitt.
Town Cryer of Rumford,	Mr. Fawcett.
Diggory (the taylor),	Mr. Quick.

WOMEN.

Margery,	Mrs. Harlowe.
Kate,	Mrs. Martyr.
Roſamond,	Mrs. Clendining.

In the ſtormy reign of Richard II. Sir Theodore de Courcy is driven into exile. He is compelled to leave his infant daughter Roſamond in the care of his tenant, who had been Armourer to the Black Prince. On her arrival at maturity, when the buſineſs of the ſcene commences, ſhe attracts the notice of the earl of Suffolk, who has ſeen her when hunting. Bluſter, an agent employed by the earl, attempts forcibly to carry her off, but is reſiſted, and wounded, as is ſuppoſed mortally, by Furnace, who ſtrikes him on the head with a hammer.

The Armourer is carried to priſon, and Roſamond is taken care of by Earl Fitzallan, who, under the diſguiſe of Carol, has won her affections. The latter, taking her to a convent, meets her father returning from exile, whoſe reſentment he averts by an honourable explanation. Bluſter recovering from his wound, the Armourer is releaſed from priſon, and Fitzallan, having obtained De Courcy's pardon from the throne, is united to his daughter, and the general happineſs is made perfect.

Such is the outline of a fable where, if Mr. Cumberland has not created a ſtrong intereſt, it ſhould in fairneſs be conſidered that he trod on difficult ground. The friend of Wat. Tyler, at the preſent moment, was too rough for the trim hand of a Licenſer.—Deprived thus of his original materials, the author has filled the chaſm with ſome dialogue after the *manner*, we wiſh we could add in the *ſpirit*, of Shakeſpeare. There are alſo ſome ſketches of antique character; but theſe are ſo openly borrowed, that the author can ſcarcely be arraigned of plagiary. Sapling is the individual Slender of our immortal Bard, and Dominic is the Monk of Dryden, but with better propenſities. The Taylor is more the property of Mr. Cumberland; and though ſome of his jokes are *threadbare*, he has alſo ſome *ſhreds* of *ſheer* pleaſantry.

The muſic is furniſhed, as we underſtand, by Captain Warner, an *amateur*. He has trod in the ſteps of Handel, as the author has followed Shakeſpeare, and nearly with the ſame ſucceſs. The melodies are too much in the cathedral ſtyle; ſome of the harmonies have a ſhare of ſtrong expreſſion.

The performers deſerved great praiſe, and the piece was received with applauſe. It was repeated however, only three nights.

18. A new Comedy called *How to Grow Rich*, was performed for the firſt time at Covent Garden. It is from the pen of Mr. Reynolds, author of *The Dramatiſt*, *Notoriety*, *&c. &c.*

The Dramatis Perſonæ were as follow:

MEN.

Pavé,	Mr. Lewis.
Small-Trade,	Mr. Quick.
Walford,	Mr. Pope.
Sir T. Roundhead,	Mr. Munden.
Sir Charles Dazzle,	Mr. Farren.

Simpkin,	Mr. Blanchard.
Latitat,	Mr. Fawcett.
Nab,	Mr. Cubitt.

WOMEN.

Rosa,	Mrs. Davis.
Miss Dazzle,	Miss Chapman.
Lady Henrietta,	Mrs. Pope.

Lady Henrietta, the daughter of lord Dorville, is left under the guardianship of sir Thomas Roundhead, a country justice. In this situation she falls into the fashionable vices of the day, and particularly that of an excessive fondness for the pleasures of the gaming table. Sir C. Dazzle, and his sister Miss Dazzle, though living in the most expensive stile, have in reality no other property than a Pharo Bank, which sir Charles, the better to carry on his designs against lady Henrietta, removes to a watering-place, where her uncle sir Thomas resides. The Bank not being over-rich, Miss Dazzle endeavours to persuade Small-Trade, a simple country-banker, of the advantage that would accrue to him were he to become a partner in the Pharo-Bank. Allured by the hope of growing rich more speedily than by his small trade, he consents to the proposal, and appears at the Bank of sir Charles Dazzle, dressed in a rich embroidered coat.—Walford, who had gone to the house of sir Charles with a view of seeking lady Henrietta, and remonstrating with her on the impropriety of her conduct, meets his uncle Small-Trade, who asks for the articles of partnership between himself and sir Charles Dazzle. Walford endeavours to dissuade him from the execution of them, but without effect. In the mean time Pavé, a dangler after great men, and who had been brought down by sir Charles for the purpose of aiding his scheme, struck with the dress of Small-Trade, mistakes him for a man of consequence, and under this impression addresses him with a view of procuring his interest to get appointed to a comfortable situation in life. In the course of this conversation, Pavé mentions sir Charles's intention of *plucking* a little banker, by admitting him a partner. Alarmed at this, Small-Trade destroys the intended articles, and makes his escape from the house with much precipitation. Lady Henrietta, however, falls into the trap laid for her by sir Charles, and having lost to him fifteen hundred pounds, which she is unable to pay, is soon convinced by his behaviour of the extreme folly and imprudence of placing herself in the power of sir Charles, but from whom she is rescued by Pavé. Lady Henrietta too soon experiences Dazzle's resentment, as he immediately arrests her for the debt. Without a friend, and on the point of being driven by Nab, a fashionable bailiff, in his curricle to a spunging-house, she is relieved from this embarrassing situation by Young Walford, who had also reconciled her to her uncle and guardian, sir Thomas Roundhead. The old gentleman having quarrelled with his god-daughter Rosa, whom he had adopted, and to whom he had intended to leave his fortune, determines to marry his niece to the Member of Parliament for the borough in which he resided, which was then vacant, and for which sir Charles Dazzle was the only candidate: a contract is drawn up for the purpose, but Pavé appearing with Rosa, the daughter of Medium, the minister of the parish, whom he had mistaken for the daughter of *the minister*, gives out that he is the son of *the minister*. Lady H. perceiving the mistake, seizes the favourable opportunity of persuading sir Thomas to be reconciled to his god-daughter, and to alter the contract from sir Charles and herself to Pavé and Rosa; to this he consents, but on finding out the error, has Rosa confined. Means, however, for her escape are planned by Pavé, who in the execution of them meets with Latitat, who had concealed himself in the room for the purpose of over-hearing the conversation of sir Thomas and Small-Trade with respect to the election. Small-Trade, an enemy to sir Charles Dazzle for his former conduct, and having considerable interest in the borough, readily consents, at the instance of Latitat, the returning officer, to support Pavé, whom he passes off as the son of Alderman Double. The plan succeeds, and Pavé is elected; on which all parties are reconciled, and Walford and lady Henrietta are made happy by a promise

promiſe from old Small-Trade of half his fortune.

Of the ſtory of this piece it may be ſaid to conſiſt more of buſtle and buſineſs than of probability, as almoſt throughout every ſcene, it is more or leſs violated. Bating this drawback, we have not witneſſed a pleaſanter Comedy for ſome ſeaſons.

The Prologue contains an elegant compliment to the Duke of York and the Britiſh army upon the Continent; but the Epilogue is the charm of the whole. In the ridicule allotted to *female prominences*, one of the *pads*, that make them, was produced from under Lewis's coat, amidſt a tumult of merriment on all ſides, which ſtopped the deſcription for ſome minutes.

NORWICH.

A new Comedy, in three acts, entitled *The Coventry Act*, has been lately repreſented at this Theatre, and received with the moſt diſtinguiſhed applauſe.

MEN.

Lord Bentley,	Mr. Waddy.
Sir James Arundel,	Mr. Townſend.
Raymond,	Mr. J. Bennett.
Proteus,	Mr. Death.
George Arundel,	Mr. Frederick.

WOMEN.

Lady Caroline (with Songs)	Mrs. Taylor.
Lady Lucy,	Mrs. Townſend.
Mrs. Readyheart,	Mrs. Æcey.
Lady Sarah Arundel,	Miſs Brunton.

This Comedy has undergone many and judicious alterations, and, aided by the exertions of the performers, promiſes to be a favourite piece on the circuit of the Norwich company. To ſingle out any one performer for exceeding, where all exerted their utmoſt for the ſucceſs of the piece, would be an injuſtice to the reſt: but as Miſs Brunton ſtepped forward at the requeſt of the author, in a line of acting which ſhe had never before attempted, we cannot help obſerving, that this promiſing young actreſs, has ſhewn that her abilities were hitherto been exerted to repreſent a caſt of characters, which the taſte of the times, and not her own choice, muſt have induced her to undertake: it has the elegant manners of faſhionable life, not the vulgar Hoyden, that Miſs Brunton excells in perſonating. A new and loyal Prologue was ſpoken on the occaſion by Mr. Powell.

A Trip through Part of the County Wicklow, in July, 1791.

(Continued from page 311 of our laſt.)

LEAVING Wicklow, I jogged on through the villages of Black-Bull, Newcaſtle, and Kilcool, already mentioned, to a little town called Newtown-mount-Kennedy, where the right hon. General Cunningham, (member in the preſent Parliament for the borough of Monaghan,) has a delightful ſeat. This eſtate was formerly in the poſſeſſion of a family of the Kennedy's, and was purchaſed by the General ſome time about the year 1770, ſince which period it has undergone moſt conſiderable changes and improvements. The houſe was erected about nine years ago, and is finiſhed in a high ſtyle of modern architecture. The front has a weſt aſpect; it is ſimple and extremely light, enriched with an elegant portico of the Ionic order. It is ſituated on an eminence; to the rere it commands a fine view of the ſea, at the diſtance of about four miles, and the country which the eye runs over in the interim is extremely beautiful. The front view overlooks the demeſne, and is bounded at ſome diſtance by mountains, which form a bold termination of the proſpect; and the improvements that by degrees creep up the ſides of thoſe mountains, will ſoon render the whole a perfect garden. Dunran, on the General's eſtate, is a moſt beautiful and romantic glen.

My next viſit was to the beautiful village of Delgany, where Peter Latouche, eſq. has lately erected an elegant church, 103 feet long, by 34 broad, with a handſome tower 90 feet high, and pinnacles on the four buttreſſes, with a fine toned bell and clock. Over the door, on a tablet, is written,

Of thine own I give unto thee,
O my God!

Over this is the family arms, with the dial plate of the clock, and a handſome window,

window, which gives a ſublime appearance to the tower. The entrance into the church is by folding doors, which when thrown open forms a fine coup d' œil, at the end of which ſtands a monument, erected to the memory of the late David Latouche, eſq.; this has a moſt ſtriking appearance, the more ſo, as the light is ſo contrived as to give the proper ſhade to the whole, without being perceived from whence it comes. The monument is a fine piece of ſculpture in ſtatuary marble; 24 feet high and 14 broad. On the cornice of the pedeſtal are repreſented the three Mr. Latouche's (eſteemed good likeneſſes) ſupporting a ſarcophagus, on which is a very handſome urn, protected by the cornice of a pediment; on one leg of the pediment is the late Mrs. Peter Latouche, in the character of Benevolence, holding a cornucopiæ, which extends down the oppoſite leg of the pediment. On the angular point of the pediment is placed a pedeſtal, on which the figure of the late Mr. Latouche is repreſented in a niche, on the plinth of which is written,

Sacred to the memory of
DAVID LATOUCHE.

On the urn is wrote,

Born December, M,DCC,IV.
Died, M,DCC,LXXXV.

And on each ſide of the urn is the following inſcription:

He added unfeigned integrity of principle
to a mild and benevolent nature,
and the moſt engaging gentleneſs of
manners.
But the purity of his mind
was moſt ſtrongly evinced
in his conſtant and unaffected piety.
His life,
though long and proſperous,
eſcaped, alas! too tranſitory.
Riches in his hand became a general
bleſſing:
His profuſion was a diſintereſted liberality
to the deſerving.
His luxury,
the relief and protection
of the poor and defenceleſs.

The communion table ſtands in a niche to the right of the monument; you enter it through a ſcreen of Gothic columns, ſupporting three arches. The window in the centre is large and handſome, being filled with ſtained glaſs of moſt curious workmanſhip, with figures and ſentences taken from the New Teſtament. At the right end is an extenſive gallery, ſupported by Gothic columns; in the centre is Mr. Latouche's ſeat, with a canopy over it, and at each ſide are ſeats for the ſinging boys and girls. The church and monument, I was informed, coſt 5,000l. which add no little credit to the munificence of Mr. Latouche, and not to him alone, as this is the fourth church built by the family.

About half a mile from Delgany, I entered the Glyn of the Downs, the firſt appearance of which, at once both aſtoniſhes and captivates the eye. The mountains at each ſide the Glyn are almoſt perpendicular, of an immenſe altitude; the craggy rocks, the towering precipices, the verdant ſhrubberies, the joyous feathered choriſters, the murmurs of the meandering ſtream, &c. form a no leſs pleaſing contemplation to the eye, than a ſoothing harmony to the ear.—On paſſing through this romantic Glyn, the traveller is not leſs aſtoniſhed, than perhaps agreeably pleaſed, on beholding an octagon room, on the elevation of a northerly eminence, which juſtly merits the appellation of a "Cloud capt Tower." This ſtructure was erected by the late David Latouche, eſq.; the conſtruction of which is beyond any idea; it commands an unlimited proſpect of the ſea, from the Black Rock to Wicklow Murragh, &c. What can be more charming than the ſituation,—here beholding Neptune's fleet and all his buſy train,—there the innumerable attendants of Ceres and Pomona. Some pleaſing improvements are made on the level of the declivity by Peter Latouche, eſq. who has an elegant ſeat near this called Belview. This is perhaps one of the moſt pleaſing rides in the kingdom, for within a mile and a half of Tinnahinch you come to a fine view on the right; a ſmall valley opening to the ſea, bounded by mountains, whoſe dark ſhade forms a pleaſing contraſt to the extreme beauty and live-

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verdure of the lower ſcene, conſiſting of gently ſwelling lawns, riſing from each other, with groupes of trees between, and the whole is pleaſantly diverſified with gentlemen's ſeats. Fully gratified with theſe curioſities, and the innumerable groteſque appearances this romantic place every where preſents, I with ſome reluctance paſſed on to Tinnahinch; the radiant terminations of the eye every where ſurrounded by ſpiral mountains, and verdant vallies between;—here the farmer's proud ſtructure;—there the peaſant's humble cottage, and various other delightful preſentments diverſely conſtituted, form a pleaſing repreſentation to the jaded traveller.

My next viſit was to the Dargle, diſtant from Tinnahinch about half a mile. It is a narrow glyn, or vale, formed by the ſides of two oppoſite mountains, thickly wooded with oak, and at the bottom it is narrowed by the channel of a river, which rather tumbles from rock to rock than runs. You firſt enter it by a gentle aſcent, and are afterwards conducted by a ſerpentine walk, about a quarter of a mile to the Lover's Leap, an immenſe rock, which projects about four feet from the baſis, on viewing which projection in the vale, its ſhattered appearance, every where interſperſed with large chaſms, and the ſeeming depending ſituation of the precipice, menacing immediate deſtruction on all below, muſt undoubtedly inſpire the beholder with the greateſt horror. There's a ſuperſtitious tradition related by the ignorant vulgar, of a lady who had conceived an inordinate paſſion for an obſcure lover; her attractions (which were many) not having the ſmalleſt influence on the inflexible Strephon, ſhe employed at laſt to procure by artifice, what ſhe had in vain endeavoured to effect by gracious inſinuations. With this intention, he was conducted to this ſtupendous precipice, then told of her determined reſolution of leaping down in caſe of non-compliance; his firm perſeverance at length irritated her to take this leap, the reſult of which muſt be too obvious for every reader to enquire an account of. We are next conducted to the Burnt Rock, another immenſe precipice, which commands a bold proſpect of lord Powerſcourt's beautiful ſeat. There's an unlimited proſpect every where the eye terminates to expatiate on; it firſt inſpires you with a certain ſolemnity, but this gloomineſs is ſuddenly diſſipated by the chearful melody of the feathered creation, on all ſides correſponding, with the ſhrill murmurs of the meandering rivulet, well ſtocked with the finny brood, and affords the angler no leſs pleaſing than profitable retreats. At a little diſtance you come to the Moſs-Houſe, which is erected on another ſtupendous cliff of a rock, built in form of a ſemicircle, with an arched covering projecting over it like a canopy, artificially ſtuck with moſs; there are ſeats placed around, as reſts for the jaded (though delighted) traveller, and from which he may with pleaſure deſcry the ſportive birds, wantonly hopping from branch to branch. In an oblique direction, under this Moſs-Houſe, is a cave of a conical form, called Lord Kerry's Cave, the baſis of which is about nine feet in circumference, and ends in a ſpiral form, with a ſmall aperture at the top. Adjoining this cave are ſeveral convenient ſtew-holes, alſo a little kitchen. The contingency of nature in forming theſe, is not leſs worthy of aſtoniſhment than admiration, in the regularity of their ſtructure, in which nature was almoſt unaſſiſted by art. There is ſuch a luxuriancy in the verdure of the groves, the adjacent country, and whereever the eye glances, there's ſuch innumerable and pleaſing expanſions for it to rove on, that it is ultimately loſt in the unlimited contemplations.

Now returning to Tinnahinch to ſee the Waterfall, my ſorrows were ſomewhat vented in the following ſoliloquy:

Depart I muſt from thy attractive charms,
And ſoothing concerts of thy brook's alarms;
Where ſportive play, in undulating maze,
The finny brood, and variegated race;
Where balmy eſſences inceſſant wing,
And treaſured odours inexhauſted ſpring.

Leaving the Dargle, I rode on to the Waterfall, paſſing through ſeveral romantic vales, to lord Powerſcourt's deer park, the ſituation of which is enchantingly delightful at your entrance, and the

the more you advance, the more the proſpect attracts your obſervation. The diſtance between the park-gate and the waterfall, is nearly a mile, in the middle of this lawn, the eye though limited (being circularly intercepted on all ſides, by the termination of immenſe eminences, whoſe verdant ſhrubberies interſperſed with innumerable herds of deer, browzing on their luxuriant ſtems agreeably ſurprize and pleaſe the paſſenger) is rapturouſly animated at the preſentment of the proſpect. The form of the encloſure may be conceived, (though doubtleſs defectively) by the fictitious repreſentation of a large amphitheatre to the mind; the vale through which you paſs, repreſents the baſis of the theatre; the elevated terraces on all ſides which encloſe it, repreſent the aſcending ſeats for the beholders, continually crowded with a numerous audience; the ſhrill and harmonious modulations of nature's muſicians, render an inexpreſſible melody to the ear, each emulating the other in the excellence of his performance, and all conſpiring in an unwearied inclination of ſoothing the delighted traveller. Thus conducted, you arrive at the preſentment of the ſcene, which firſt appears rude and terrific beyond conception; but, on a nearer approach, you ſurvey with aſtoniſhment and admiration its manifold beauties; your ſurprize is firſt excited by the agility of the actors, which far ſurpaſs the poet's traditionary deſcription of Ovid's heroes, or even Proteus himſelf in aſſuming different ſhapes,—here forming concave arches of the moſt mechanical rotundity; there repreſenting circular convexes; in this place repreſenting cylindrical tubes of the moſt cryſtalline tranſparency; in another place appearing like ſo many reflecting mirrors; then they all tumble from the top of a towering rock with the utmoſt rapidity, dreſſed in one uniform, and ſo trip in gentle ſtrides along the verdant mead. I hope my readers will pardon the extenſion of this allegory. It is beyond any idea to conceive the altitude of this immenſe precipice, and conſequently the vigorous deſcent of the cataract, which is ſupplied by a current whoſe ſource is from Lough Breagh, about four miles to the ſouth-weſt; it then collects itſelf at the baſis, and forms a beautiful ſtream to Tinnahinch, through the park; where it joins another ſtream, which union dignifies both with the name of a river, and after a courſe of a few miles through the Dargle, &c. at laſt diſembogues itſelf into the ſea at the town of Bray.

The ear and eye now ſatisfied with theſe romantic and groteſque appearances, I departed like a ſatisfied gueſt, which laſt reflection, after leaving theſe curioſities, was a ſufficient incentive to excite an appetite, which I agreeably regaled with part of a cold ſhoulder of mutton, &c. At Tinnahinch the right hon. Henry Grattan has an elegant ſeat, which was formerly an inn, and purchaſed by Mr. Grattan ſome years ago.

From this I paſſed on to Enniſkerry, a ſmall village, near which, on the direct road to Dublin, is a remarkable chaſm, called the Scalp. On firſt beholding the Scalp, the appearance is gloomy beyond imagination; it looks like one continued rock, forming a kind of curving aſcent to an immenſe height. On a nearer approach you find the abſurdity of the firſt ſuppoſition; alſo find it to be a vaſt complication of ſeemingly fractured rocks, how or by what manner blown up or diſjointed, whether by ſubterraneous volcanoes, or other ſupernatural cauſes, is merely conjectural—the poſſibility (though ſcarce probability,) of theſe vaſt ſingle rocks, of various dimenſions and magnitudes, being ever united, I muſt beg leave to decline diſcuſſing. From the Scalp I paſſed on through Kilternan, Kilgobbin, Dundrum, Milltown, &c. where the eye is agreeably entertained with a diverſity of objects, and being much fatigued with unaccuſtomed travelling, I was rejoiced on beholding the caſtle on Montpelier, the pleaſing ſituation of ſeveral agreeable ſeats; and the regular ſtructures of the magnificent metropolis. I arrived in Dublin very ſafe on the 8th of July, having three days abſent, where I am quite fatigued, and would think myſelf happy ſhould the peruſal of this little tripple the candid reader.

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1793.

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Contempt of One's Profeſſion ridiculous.

THE following anecdote, on the authority of Voltaire, is related in the life of Congreve. When Voltaire was in England, he paid a viſit to the famous Mr. Congreve, though he was utterly unacquainted with him, and with that happy violation of ceremony which is the characteriſtic of elevated genius, introduced himſelf upon the mere account of their reſpective literary reputations. The Engliſhman, however, was diſconcerted, and inſtead of looking upon the frankneſs of Voltaire's behaviour, as the greateſt compliment that could be paid him, he ſaid, he ſhould be glad to be viſited by M. Voltaire as a private gentleman, but could not think of cultivating a friendſhip with any body, barely on the account of being an author. The Frenchman, diſguſted at this untimely inſtance of affectation, turned upon his heel, and replied, with ſeverity, that had not Mr. Congreve been ſomewhat more than a private gentleman, he never would have ſuffered the trouble of that interview.

This inſtance of Congreve's vanity approaches almoſt to idiotiſm, for how could he, as a rational creature, ſuppoſe even for a moment that Voltaire would have taken pains to viſit a private gentleman whoſe name was Congreve! Or upon what principles can we account for his being aſhamed of a fame, which it was the whole buſineſs of his life, and the warmeſt wiſh of his heart to acquire!

The inſtances, however, of men who are aſhamed of their profeſſions, even when they are far more honourable than that of a dramatic writer, are not ſeldom to be met with. And as men are prone to paſs from one extreme into another, this is perhaps their progreſs from the pedantry of dreſs, manners, and converſation, which many years ago diſtinguiſhed the different profeſſions and trades from each other. Very little of that pedantry remains now in real life. On the ſtage, we ſee ſomething that reminds us of it, where the reſpective characters of a drama act upon their own baſis, or, according to the muſical phraſe, where no character is out of character.

The ſolemn gait, the demure look, and the grave converſation, no longer point out the clergyman; nor do the pompous look, the gold-headed cane ſupporting the noſe, and the large wig, any longer indicate the approach of the phyſician. It is better, indeed, that theſe are aboliſhed. There is no neceſſity for any formalities that would reſtrict men to aſſociate with, and look like, none but thoſe of their own profeſſion. Society has become more equally mixed, and a colliſion of oppoſite ſentiments, derived from oppoſite views and purſuits, produces a *great whole* highly favourable to general inſtruction. If men of ſimilar ſentiments and profeſſions were always to aſſociate together, they would only increaſe each other's prejudices, and arreſt the natural and neceſſary progreſs of improvement and reformation. They would alſo increaſe the envy and jealouſy which too often ſubſiſt between men of contrary profeſſions, each thinking himſelf ſuperior to the other; but which would diſappear, in a great meaſure, if they came together as brethren purſuing the ſame end, though by different means.

It is not neceſſary, however, when men come together for the purpoſes of ſocial enjoyment, that they ſhould agree upon a certain *nonentity* of character, which might conſolidate the whole into one chaotic maſs. It is not neceſſary that they ſhould be aſhamed of their reſpective callings, when they appear in public company. If a profeſſion be lawful, there can exiſt no reaſon why they ſhould be aſhamed of it; and, if it be unlawful, they are not proper members of ſociety, and every attempt to conceal the infamy of their profeſſion will only ſerve to expoſe it the more. But the truth is, men are ſeldom anxious to conceal their profeſſion or trade, unleſs they are going about ſome action of which they have juſt cauſe to be aſhamed. In ſuch caſes, men act as at maſquerades, where a paſteboard face is an excuſe for any rudeneſs or incivility. In our univerſities, it is a wiſe proviſion, that the ſcholars muſt never appear without the full academical dreſs; and if they are diſcovered behaving improperly, or in improper company, without their gowns and

caps, they are punished more severely than if they had them on; for it is presumed, that if a man really values his character, he will, by always appearing in it, demonstrate that he wishes to avoid every thing that may injure it; whereas, if he throws off the outward symbols, it may be taken for granted, that he has an *intention* to do something that is wrong, something for which his very dress would reproach him.

Pride is undoubtedly one principal cause of men being ashamed of their trade or profession: for, by some unaccountable perversion of opinion, and violation of common sense, it is conceived, that the greatest of all human characters is a *gentleman*: that is, a person who has no employment to mind, and who 'lives upon his fortune;' or rather, too often, upon the fortune of other people. How admirably and humorously has Fielding depicted the harmless vanity and professional tenaciousness of Parson Adams! The parson 'thought a schoolmaster the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest of all schoolmasters; neither of which points he would have given up to Alexander the Great, at the head of his army.'

But to return: in order to attain the appearance of the *gentleman*, it is absolutely necessary that all which bespeaks the divine, the lawyer, the physician, or the mechanic, should vanish, and a kind of neutral character be assumed, by which we can just learn that the *gentleman*, instead of having a determinate character, has in reality no character at all. It is owing to this absurd pride, as inconsistent with true pride as it is with good sense, that in most places of public amusement, a stranger is apt to mistake the lowest mechanic for a fine gentleman, and to make a submissive bow to the *gentleman*, who, perhaps, in the morning, has dress his hair, or measured him for a pair of shoes. I remember once to have conversed, with great familiarity, with a gentleman whom, from his appearance and *comicality*, I took to be a retainer in one of the inns of court, but who proved to be the bishop of ***; and, the same evening, I was much disturbed with the rude and vulgar noise of a 'prentice boy, whom I was about to have chastised, when a friend whispered, that 'Lord *** was drunk, and would be very ready to apologize when sober.'

At balls and assemblies, the confusion of characters is proverbial; and, altho' all ranks are gathered together, yet no greater insult can be offered, than to suggest that such a gentleman is a grocer, even if we should add *eminent*; or that another is a taylor, though, in the same breath, we were to pronounce him *opulent*. The disclosure of such important secrets is not more offensive to the parties themselves than to their friends. I remember once to have very much offended a lady who *saw company*, by telling a story greatly to the honour of a woollen-draper. Like Marplot in the play, I soon found that I had made a blunder, but did not know what it was. I could at once perceive that my story was not relished, although it was honourable to human nature in general, as well as to the head and heart of the party in question. I learned afterward, however, that a person of that occupation happened at the time to be present. I now understood the full measure of my crime. My best revenge, had I obtained an opportunity, and I was wicked enough to wish it, would have been to request permission to make an apology to this gentleman in the presence of the same company, and to assure him that I never would mention a story reputable to his trade again. The lady supposed that I knew him, and meant to affront her, by insinuating that she kept company with tradesmen.

Of the learned professions, I am sorry to observe, that of what men ought to be most proud, they are, in some instances, most ashamed. Some young divines, probably pressed into the service, by the foolish ambition of their parents, think it their duty to avoid any conversation or manner which may indicate their profession. Beau Simp... is a remarkable instance of this. Be... the younger son of a family of some note, it was thought necessary to qu... him for the church; that is, to send h... to college for such a period of time, ... might prevent his being refused ord... when his father's interest had obtain... living for him. This was accomp...

in due time and form, and he is now the moſt public example of a gentleman clergyman that can be exhibited. Some have declared that they were acquainted with him for ſeveral months, without ever entertaining the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion of his having been educated for the church; and ſtrangers almoſt always direct to John Simper, eſq. until they learn, by ſome accident, that he is, by virtue of his office, Reverend.

In order to effect this diſguiſe the more completely, his conduct, which is free from all diſguiſe, has a moſt gentleman-like mixture of vice and profligacy, and his language is duly qualified by a proportion of oaths and execrations. As to either the duties or principles of his profeſſion, he is perfectly ſecure from the mortification of a diſcovery on that head, no perſon having ever heard him utter a ſyllable that did not indicate a perfect ignorance, and, at the ſame time a proper contempt for them. Should he ever obtain farther promotion in the church, he will no doubt take ſuch meaſures, as may prevent the public from being informed that he ever had any. It is his with and deſire to live and die a gentleman; and, in the latter character, he is well known at all the faſhionable gambling houſes and polite aſſemblies. Is it needful to depict a character in perfect contraſt with this? There are hundreds: but it is not neceſſary, in order to heighten the picture of a monſter that we ſhould deſcribe a man, So ſacred, ſo honourable, ſo dignified, above all other profeſſions, is that of a divine, that ſuch a character as I have now given, can never be viewed with adequate horror and contempt.

There is but one reaſon why any man ſhould be aſhamed of his profeſſion, and that it muſt be confeſſed is a very ſtrong one; namely, when he is conſcious that his profeſſion has reaſon to be aſhamed of him. I am, indeed, hopeful, that this cauſe operates more frequently than we are diſpoſed to allow. I hope that when a tradeſman is conſuming his eſtate in idle expences, and imitating the gentleman, he is deſirous to conceal his trade, merely becauſe he would not ſhew a bad example, and becauſe he is conſcious that ſuch irregularities are not to be reconciled with either the routine or integrity of buſineſs. May we not, likewiſe, charitably ſuppoſe, that when a divine plays the gallant, or the ſeducer, he throws aſide every appearance of his profeſſion, leſt he ſhould bring a reproach upon it. And when we find the wives of mechanics emulating the prodigality, and copying the manners of perſons of faſhion, may we not hope that they tremble for the reputation of their huſbands, and are deſirous to ſave his, and the credit of trade in general —If ſo, much of what I have advanced in the former part of this letter, I am willing to retract and offer an apology for my haſty miſconception of the caſe. Even Beau Simper, whoſe character I have endeavoured to ſketch, may be only a well diſpoſed gentleman, who wiſhes to ſcreen his profeſſion, while, at the ſame time, he has too much honour and candour, and too great a contempt of hypocriſy, to ſcreen himſelf. Certain it is, that, as in the opinion of ſome perſons, 'to be a rogue and to own it,' is a principle that has ſome claims on our reſpect, I hope it is not leſs honourable to avow, and to act up to, the profeſſion to which we belong.

Falſe ſhame has made innumerable rogues. To avoid it, as far as regards our profeſſional employments, a tolerably good rule will be, to ſelect ſuch a profeſſion or trade as is in itſelf honourable and manly, and to purſue it with ardour, activity, and integrity. We ſhall then be reſpected by the world in two characters; and it will be found that a man may be very much of a clergyman, a lawyer, a phyſician, or a tradeſman, and, at the ſame time, very much of the gentleman. The firſt concern is, that our profeſſion naturally ſhall bring no diſgrace upon us; and the ſecond, that we willfully reflect no ſcandal upon it. Some callings, in themſelves bad, have, from a miſtaken notion of honour and ſpirit, been ſuppoſed to give a dignity to thoſe who followed them. But I confeſs, with all due deference to men of honour, that an honeſt cobler is with me a more eſtimable character than a courageous highwayman; and that I pay that veneration and reſpect to the pooreſt curate, who

performs his duty with activity and ſincerity, which I muſt refuſe to the moſt honourable or right honourable gambler that ever exiſted.

Memoirs of the Life of the Reverend John Dyer, LL. B.

JOHN DYER, although not one of the higheſt in literary fame, yet, of conſiderable eminence as a poet, was born in the year 1700, and was the ſecond ſon of Mr. Robert Dyer, of Aberglaſney, in Caermarthenſhire, a ſolicitor of great capacity and reputation.

Of the education of our poet it is only known, that he finiſhed his ſchool ſtudies at Weſtminſter, under the tuition of Dr. Friend. Hence he was called home, to be inſtructed in his father's profeſſion. But his father died ſoon after; and having been ever fond of amuſing himſelf with drawing, and entertaining, moreover, a great diſlike to the ſtudies of the law, he determined to embrace a profeſſion more congenial to his taſte. With this view, he became the pupil of Mr. Richardſon of Lincoln's-inn-fields; an artiſt of conſiderable reputation then, although now better known by his books than by his pictures.

Having ſtudied, ſome time, under his maſter, he 'became (as he himſelf obſerves, in his letter to the Rev. J. Duncombe) an itinerant painter in his native country, South Wales, and in Herefordſhire, Worceſterſhire, &c.*' At the ſame time, he cultivated a poetical talent; and, in the year 1727, printed his Grongar Hill in Lewis' Miſcellany. Being probably diſſatisfied with his own proficiency, he made the tour of Italy. In that favourite ſeat of the muſes, beſide the uſual ſtudy of the remains of ancient magnificence, and the works of the great maſters, he frequently ſpent whole days in the country in the vicinity of Rome and Florence; ſketching with facility and ſpirit the moſt picturesque and beautiful views. The images which theſe exhibited, he naturally transferred into his poetical compoſitions. The principal beauties of his Ruins of Rome are perhaps of this kind; and the various rural landſcapes in his Fleece have been particularly admired.

He returned to England in 1740, and then publiſhed the Ruins of Rome. It does not appear that he made much uſe of his acquiſitions, whatever they were, as a painter. He ſoon found that he could not reliſh a town life. He had naturally a fondneſs for books, for ſolitude, and reflection; and as he now experienced ſome degree of ill health he could not ſubmit to the aſſiduity which his preſent profeſſion required. As the turn of his mind too was rather ſerious, and his behaviour and conduct had been irreproachable, he was adviſed by his friends to enter into holy orders; and it may be preſumed, that, although his education had not been regular, he found no difficulty in obtaining them. He was ordained by the biſhop of Lincoln, and had the degree of bachelor of laws conferred upon him.

About the ſame time, he married a lady of Coleſhill, in Warwickſhire. Her name was Enſor. 'Her grandmother,' he obſerves, in the letter already quoted, 'was a Shakſpeare, deſcended from a brother of every body's Shakſpeare.' His eccleſiaſtical proviſion was, for a long time, but ſlender. In the year 1741, his firſt patron, Mr. Harper, gave him the living of Catthorpe, in Leiceſterſhire, of about eighty pounds a year. This he quitted in 1751, for Belchford, a ſmall living of ſeventy-five pounds a year, which was given him by the lord chancellor, through the intereſt of David Wray, eſq. one of the deputy tellers of the exchequer, a friend to virtue and the muſes. A year after, through the ſame intereſt, ſir John Heathcote, of Normanton, in Rutlandſhire, preſented him with the living of Coningſby, near Horncaſtle, in Lincolnſhire; and, in 1756, that worthy baronet, without any ſolicitation procured for him, from the lord chancellor, the living of Kirkby, in the neighbourhood of Coningſby. The latter was worth one hundred and forty pounds a year, and the annual value of Kirkby was one hundred and ten pounds. But he was at firſt a loſer by the exchange of Belchford for Coningſby,

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* Letters by ſeveral eminent Perſons deceaſed, 2 vols.

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by, on account of the repairs of the parſonage houſe, and the expences of the ſeal, diſpenſations, journeys, &c.

In 1757, he publiſhed The Fleece, his greateſt poetical work. In this he did not forget ſome grateful effuſions to his generous patrons:

Now, of the ſever'd lock, begin the ſong,
With various numbers, through the ſimple theme
To win attention: this, ye ſhepherd ſwains,
This is a labour. Yet, O *Wray*, if thou
Ceaſe not with ſkilful hand to point her way,
The lark-wing'd muſe, above the graſſy vale,
And hills, and woods, ſhall, ſinging, ſoar aloſt;
And, he, whom Learning, Wiſdom, Candour, grace,
Who glows with all the virtues of his ſire,
*Royſton** approve, and patronize the ſtrain. Book II.

And thou, the friend of every virtuous deed
And aim, though feeble, ſhalt theſe rural lays
Approve, O *Heathcote*, whoſe benevolence
Viſits our vallies; where the paſture ſpreads,
And where the bramble; and would juſtly act
True charity, by teaching idle Want
And Vice the inclination to do good,
Good to themſelves, and in themſelves to all,
Through grateful toil. Book III.

But he did not long ſurvive this publication, nor the increaſe of his preferments. He had long ſtruggled with a conſumptive diſorder, which terminated in his diſſolution, in the year 1758. He left four children; the youngeſt of which, a boy, was eight years of age at the time of his father's death.

Speaking of our author's poetical talents, Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that he was not a poet of bulk or dignity ſufficient to require an elaborate criticiſm. 'Grongar Hill,' he continues, 'is the happieſt of his productions. It is not, indeed, very accurately written; but the ſcenes which it diſplays are ſo pleaſing, the images which they raiſe ſo welcome to the mind, and the reflections of the writer ſo conſonant to the general ſenſe or experience of mankind, that when it is once read, it will be read again.

'The idea of the Ruins of Rome ſtrikes more, but pleaſes leſs; and the title raiſes greater expectation than the performance gratifies. Some paſſages, however, are conceived with the mind of a poet; as when, in the neighbourhood of dilapidating edifices, he ſays,

At dead of night
The pilgrim oft, 'mid his oriſons, hears,
Aghaſt, the voice of time-diſparting towers.

'Of The Fleece, which never became popular, and is now univerſally neglected, I can ſay little that is likely to recall it to attention. The woolcomber and the poet appear to me ſuch diſcordant natures, that an attempt to bring them together is to couple the ſerpent with the fowl. When Dyer, whoſe mind was not unpoetical, has done his utmoſt by intereſting his reader in our native commodity, by interſperſing rural imagery, and incidental digreſſions, by clothing ſmall images in great words, and by all the writer's arts of deluſion, the meanneſs naturally adhering, and the irreverence habitually annexed, to trade and manufacture, ſink him under inſuperable oppreſſion; and the diſguſt which blank verſe, encumbering and encumbered, ſuperadds to an unpleaſing ſubject, ſoon repels the reader, however willing to be pleaſed.

'Let me, however, honeſtly report whatever may counterbalance this weight of cenſure. I have been told that Akenſide, who, upon a poetical queſtion, has a right to be heard, ſaid, 'That he

NOTE.

* The late earl of Hardwicke, then viſcount Royſton, ſon of the lord chancellor.

he would regulate his opinion of the reigning taſte by the fate of Dyer's Fleece; for, if that were ill received, he ſhould not think it any longer reaſonable to expect fame from excellence.'

With deference to our great critic, it is not eaſy to conceive that there is any 'meanneſs *naturally* adhering to trade and manufacture,' to that variety of employment, and thoſe exertions of ingenuity, by which

—— Diſtreſs, and wretchedneſs, and want
The wide felicities of labour learn.
FLEECE, Book I.

The employments of a hedger or a ditcher, a ploughman or a threſher, are humble only with reſpect to rank and affluence; and no employment can be *naturally* mean or degrading, but in proportion as it is unworthy of a man of probity. The employments of rural labour, even the moſt minute, have ever been a favourite ſubject with the poets.

Such themes as theſe the rural Maro ſung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taſte, by Greece refin'd. SPRING 55.

The poet of the Seaſons himſelf has not forgotten the *fleece* in his charming rural deſcriptions. He has deſcended (if a deſcent it be) to the ſhearing, and even the waſhing of ſheep. He acknowledged the *ſimplicity* of the ſcene, but thought not of any *meanneſs* naturally adhering to it.

A *ſimple* ſcene! yet hence Britannia ſees
Her ſolid grandeur riſe: hence ſhe commands
Th' exalted ſtores of every brighter clime,
The treaſures of the ſun without his rage:
Hence, ſervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves ſublime, and awes the world. SUMMER 423.

It ſeems equally abſurd to ſay, that there is an 'irreverence habitually annexed to trade and manufacture'—that is, to the exertions of induſtry, which fill with competence and peace the humble roofs of the artiſt and mechanic; which exalt and adorn the more elegant ſcenes of ſociety, and render life itſelf delightful.

The powerful ſun
Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,
And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,
Which *Trade* to us conveys. Not tints alone,
Trade to the good phyſician gives his balms;
Gives cheering cordials to th' afflicted heart;
Gives, to the wealthy, delicacies high;
Gives, to the curious, works of nature rare;
And when the prieſt diſplays, in juſt diſcourſe,
Him, the All-wiſe Creator, and declares
His preſence, power, and goodneſs unconfin'd,
'Tis *Trade*, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument. To cenſure *Trade*,
Or hold her buſy people in contempt,
Let none preſume.
FLEECE, Book II.

After Mr. Dyer's death, his poetical pieces were publiſhed, in 1761, in one volume 8vo. The three principal are Grongar Hill, The Ruins of Rome, and The Fleece. In all theſe, a poetical imagination perfectly original; a natural ſimplicity, connected with the true ſublime, and often productive of it; and the warmeſt ſentiments of benevolence and virtue, have been univerſally obſerved and admired.

On Wagers.

To the Editor of the Hibernian Magazine.

SIR,

THE *rationale* of wagering, unleſs conſidered merely as a ſpecies of gambling, has ſo far exceeded my comprehenſion,

prehenſion, that I know not any thing to attribute wagering to, unleſs vanity and avarice. The latter, it muſt be confeſſed, is motive enough, too often, to perſuade men to riſk a ſmall ſum of money, in hopes of gaining a greater, or even to hazard their lives in ſome uncommon experiment, the fortunate reſult of which appears extremely improbable.

Converſing on this ſubject, a few nights ago, with a friend, I expreſſed a wiſh that I could procure a collection of curious wagers, that they might furniſh me with an opportunity for conſidering the extraordinary and extravagant taſte in men to encourage ſuch trials of ſkill. My friend told me, he had a ſmall collection at my ſervice, of ſuch as took place in his younger days, 'and which,' added he, 'are moſtly recent in my memory; for I took no ſmall ſhare in the *expenſive* anxiety that occurs before the performance of ſome famous bet.'—The liſt he gave me I have tranſcribed in part; and as he permitted me to make a free uſe of his manuſcripts, I have ſubjoined ſome reflections which he made, when age and ſerious buſineſs demonſtrated the folly of riſking money on chance-ſchemes or on events which is not in our power to controul either one way or other.

In this liſt will be found ſome exertions of uncommon ſkill and induſtry, which are laudable, and merit every encouragemeut; but the major part of the inſtances are of quite another kind, and though ſo wonderful as to excite our admiration and aſtoniſhment, and even, perhaps, to exceed our belief, yet we may ſay of them, *Cui bono?* To what purpoſe are ſuch uncommon feats, which can never be applied to the public good, and which ſeem to be, like a pack of cards, merely the inſtruments of tranſferring money from the pocket of the ſimple into that of the cunning? But I wave my own reflections, and ſubmit my friend's curious liſt.

* * * *.

June 26, 1759. Jeniſon Shaftoe, eſq. ſtarted againſt time, to ride fifty miles in two hours; in the courſe of which he uſed ten horſes, and did it in two ſeconds under eleven minutes of the time preſcribed by the articles, to the aſtoniſhment of all preſent.

February 21, 1761. A gentleman, who had undertaken to ride one horſe one hundred miles in thirteen hours, for two hundred guineas, ſtarted from White-chapel church, rode twice to Market-end and back again (which is 100 miles) in twelve hours.

March 3, ſame year. Four Welch women walked from the foot of Weſtminſter bridge to the Boot and Crown over Deptford bridge, and back again, in an hour and three quarters, for a wager of twenty pounds. They were allowed two hours and a half. The wager was between a gardener and a farmer; the gardener laying that they would perform it.

April 16. Two horſes ſtarted at Whitechapel church, to proceed 100 miles; that is, to the fifty mile-ſtone near Colcheſter, and back again, in twelve hours. On their return, one of them died at Boreham (the 32 mile-ſtone) having performed 68 miles of the journey: the other *crawled* through Chelmsford, with a lad on his back, and died at Widford (the 27 mile-ſtone) wanting 23 miles to win the bet. Execrations, on the whole road, attended the brutal owners of the two fine animals that were thus cruelly ſacrificed.

April 18. A very extraordinary wager was laid by two gentlemen, at a coffee-houſe near Temple-bar, one of whom was to jump into ſeven feet of water with his clothes on, and to entirely undreſs himſelf in the water; which if he failed to accompliſh, he was to loſe —Not decided.

May 31. An aſs went 100 miles in twenty-one hours at Newmarket. The bet was 100l. to 10l. he did not perform it in twenty-four hours, and the owner won 40l. to 20l.

June 1. Was decided a remarkable wager of 1,000 guineas, between Mr. Shaftoe and Mr. Meynel, that a man rode twenty-nine hundred miles twenty-nine days ſucceſſively, upon twenty-nine horſes; each horſe to ride a hundred miles, which was performed without much difficulty, by Mr. Woodcock.

June 18. A porter in St. James's-market, eat four pounds of beef ſtakes with

with a butcher's dog, ſooneſt and beſt, for a wager, and won it by ſeveral mouthfuls.

June 22. One Paine, a blackſmith, belonging to the Dock-yard, Chatham, walked from Brompton to London-bridge, and back again (which is upwards of ſixty-two miles) for a wager of three guineas. He was allowed ſixteen hours to perform it in, and came in about ſix minutes before the time expired, though he ſtopt two hours on the road for refreſhment.

July 14. Two reprobate watermen, that were waiting at Billingſgate for the coming up of a fiſh boat, laid a wager of their boats, which of them could ſwear the moſt wicked and prophane oaths; but upon one of them giving out, the other beginning to triumph, was inſtantly deprived of the uſe of his ſpeech, and alſo the uſe of his right hand and leg, in which ſituation he was taken to an hoſpital.

July 20. A ſalt officer at Droitwich and another man, having laid a wager which could drink moſt neat rum, the ſalt officer, after he had drank a quart, dropped down dead.

July 22. A perſon in Leeds, rode his common hackney from thence to Hull, and back again, which is 130 miles, in nineteen hours and twenty-two minutes; he was allowed twenty hours.

December 17. The right hon. Tho. Conolly rode, for a wager of 500 guineas, on the Curragh of Kildare. He was allowed two hours to ride forty miles, with any ten hunters of his own. He with eaſe rode forty-two miles in an hour and forty-four minutes, on eight hunters.

January 18, 1762. Mr. Johnſon, of Coventry, having laid a wager of twenty guineas, that he rode from London to Coventry, which is ninety-one miles, in ten hours, ſet out from Tyburn-road, in the morning, at five o'clock, and arrived at the White Bear, in Coventry, exactly at fifty-three minutes paſt one in the afternoon; ſo that he performed it in an hour and ſeven minutes leſs than the time. He rode without boots, and took every ſtage a freſh horſe, which no previous notice had been given to get ready.

February 2. A man undertook to walk ſeven miles in an hour and five minutes, on the Kingſland-road, for a wager of thirty guineas; and performed it in an hour, four minutes, and two ſeconds. Great bets were depending.

April 7. Mr. Longbottom, boot-maker, in Holborn, rode his own horſe on the Rumford road againſt time. He was to ride ſeventeen miles and an half in one hour, and had one minute and a quarter to ſpare when he was brought in; but as he was ſupported on each ſide the horſe, to prevent his falling, the laſt two miles, by the *knowing ones*, who had bets depending, it was given againſt him, as he did not perform what he undertook to do. He was put to bed at the Bird in Hand, at Stratford, and was ſuppoſed to be in a very dangerous way.

May 24. Child, the noted miller of Wandſworth, walked on Wimbledon Common, forty-four miles in ſeven hours, fifty-ſeven minutes, which he performed with eaſe in three minutes leſs than was allowed, for a conſiderable wager, and bye bets.

Auguſt 9. Mr. John Hague, of Binns, near Marſden, undertook, for a conſiderable wager, to walk 100 miles in twenty-four hours, and performed the ſame in twenty-three hours and fifteen minutes.

Auguſt 26. A journeyman nailer of Cork, propoſed to ſome of his pot companions, at a houſe in Blarney-lane, a wager, that he would ſwallow an egg whole, which he attempted to do, after greaſing it with butter, but unfortunately the egg ſtuck in his throat; on which an elderly gentlewoman in the neighbourhood, of reputed ſkill, was called in, who gave him a chuck on the wind-pipe, which determined the matter by his ſudden death.

September 1. Two men had a trial of ſkill in jumping, in the Artillery ground, for fifty pounds each; one jumped through, his hands tied together, ten jumps ſucceſſively; while the other was allowed to take a run between each jump. The wager was won by the former, who was reckoned to do the moſt dexterous thing ever performed.

(To be continued.)

Iriſh

Iriſh Parliamentary Intelligence.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1793.

(Continued from our laſt.)

HON. *D. Brown.*—Sir, I will not go at large into the queſtion; but I cannot avoid making ſome reply to the learned gentleman, from whom, certainly, I expected more temperance, and leſs prejudice.

The articles of Limerick, to which the learned gentleman has alluded, had been drawn by an anceſtor of his; thoſe articles I lately read, and do affirm, that as far as a treaty could be binding, they did ſecure to the catholics of certain counties the liberty and ſecurity they had enjoyed previous to that period. The learned gentleman has charged three millions of his majeſty's ſubjects with diſloyalty, and the inſtances he has added to prove his charge are of a ſingular nature.

I do aſſert, Sir, that the articles of Limerick were infringed by acts of parliament; that notwithſtanding that infringement, for a period of one hundred years, during which time Great Britain was involved in ſeveral wars and rebellions, yet not a ſingle act of oppoſition to the Engliſh government can be charged in that time to the Roman catholics. I will not, Sir, ſay, that the learned gentleman has miſtated, but he certainly has been materially miſinformed.—The Iriſh brigade conſiſted originally of perſons who were driven from this country for their attachment to the houſe of Stuart, but that they have been recruited from Ireland is not the fact:—they conſiſt of the deſcendants of thoſe original ſettlers, of foreigners, and natives of France; this is the fact the learned gentleman gives to prove, that the Roman catholics of Ireland are waging war in foreign countries againſt England.

The learned gentleman ſhould, in extenuation of his charges againſt the catholic body, have ſtated what he knew of their merits. He is here as a ſenator, an advocate for the people, not againſt them;—as he did go to France to find out inſtances of catholic diſloyalty, which I own I think was travelling far for charges againſt the catholics of Ireland, he ſhould have told you, that when the Iriſh catholics in the French colleges were applied to on behalf of the French nation, that had given them what the impolitic laws of their own country had refuſed—education and profeſſion—to aſſiſt and direct in an invaſion of Ireland, that to a man they refuſed.

That the Iriſh catholics reſident in Spain, with which country England was alſo at war, from their attachment to Engliſh intereſt, were driven from the ſea ports of Spain, where they principally inhabited, and were confined as priſoners in the internal parts of that country, victims at once of the impolicy of their own country, and the jealouſy of its enemies.

The defence of the catholics of Ireland could be reſted on the charge of the learned gentleman; his accuſations does not go to them, they are applied to the deſcendants of thoſe who were one hundred years ago inhabitants of Ireland. I have lately read with particular attention the penal laws againſt the Roman catholics, and if the ſtatutes do not ſtate what they do not mean, the chattel property of the catholics is ſubject, as real eſtate heretofore, to a conforming ſon of a Roman catholic.

I have a particular recollection of the laws that deprive Roman catholics of the elective franchiſe; a ſhort ſtatement of them will be the beſt refutation of the learned gentleman's aſſertion, that they were enacted on ſtate neceſſities, and the diviſions and diſturbances occaſioned by Roman catholics and proteſtants.

In the 8th of Anne a law paſſed, obliging the catholic to take the oath of abjuration, of the right of the houſe of Stuart to the crown, to entitle him to vote at an election. This act aroſe from the jealouſy of the times, on the point of the ſucceſſion to the crown; and while thoſe were yet alive who had ſworn allegiance to the family of Stuart, while James the ſecond lived, who had been acknowledged ſovereign of thoſe realms, the act operated, and prevented every principled catholic from voting; but in the lapſe of twenty years, which included the rights of Anne and George, the principle died with the perſons who held it, and with the ſovereign they had ſworn to.

The deſcendants of thoſe catholics found, in the auſpicious reign of the houſe of Brunſwick, that happineſs and ſecurity for which governments are founded, and unclogged by the prejudices of their anceſtors, were ready to ſwear allegiance to the houſe of Brunſwick, and enjoy the conſtitution under its beneficent dominion. But the diſcerning eye of Intolerance ſaw through this new principle of the people; it ſaw that the political pretence for this deprivation was at an end, and at once laying aſide the maſk of political neceſſity, by the act of 1ſt of George the 2nd, ſtepped between the people and the barrier of their allegiance, and made the ſacrifice of their religious faith the purchaſe of the right of voting. I congratulate the houſe on the ſacrifice of prejudice to the true intereſts of Ireland they are about to make. The prophecies of the learned gentleman, of the effects of this ſacrifice, will be verified in the ſame manner as the prophecy in 1778, on allowing catholics to take leaſes, and buy lands. As the friend of the catholics, I feared much for them from the threats, on a former night, of the learned gentleman.—I am perfectly releaſed from my fear, and propheſy, in my turn, from our proceedings, the peace, the proſperity, and union of Ireland.

Sir *H. Cavendiſh.*—If there is not a ſecond man in the houſe who thinks that the Roman catholics ought to receive no farther indulgence, and who wiſhes to oppoſe the introduction of the bill, there is no manner of occaſion to debate it in this ſtage.

Right hon. *G. Ogle.*—Sir, I am that man who will oppoſe it in this ſtage, and in every other

ſtage.—Sir, after the very able, the learned, the argumentative, the honeſt and ſpirited ſpeech of my honourable and learned friend, (Mr. Duigenan,) it would be vanity in me to attempt placing the queſtion in any new point of view; he has indeed left me a beaten field, and therefore I again thank *him* for the able and manly ſupport he has given to the deſerted cauſe of the proteſtants of Ireland—a cauſe which I never will deſert—a cauſe which in my earlieſt life I learned to revere, and which I will maintain (cureleſs and fearleſs of what the conſequences *public* or *private* may be to me) to the *laſt* hour of my exiſtence. Sir, in the laſt ſeſſion I did declare, that I thought it impoſſible to make any further conceſſion to the Roman catholics, without injuring the proteſtant aſcendancy—a word that I am proud to uſe—to uſe in the ſame ſenſe this honourable and reſpectable city has done, and for which they have been ſo indecently calumniated. Theſe were the ſentiments I then declared—they were the ſentiments which the experience and reflection of many years had confirmed in my mind. My right hon. friend, (Mr. Hobart,) has ſaid they are not to receive their wiſhes in full.—Good God! what muſt their wiſhes have been if they are not to be ſatisfied with what the right hon. gentleman has propoſed; They are to receive the elective franchiſe unlimited. This is to be done, becauſe, as he ſays, there would remain a ſore place if any reſtraint or limitation ſhould remain. I tell the right hon. gentleman, there will indeed remain a ſore place—but it will be in the proteſtant mind.

They are to be made grand jurors; they are to have all civil employments—they are to be juſtices of the peace; they are to vote at elections; and if England permits, they are to have the army and navy open to them. What then remains for Proteſtants? the throne, the parliament, and the judgment ſeat; and what muſt their petition be, when all theſe conceſſions do not come up to its demand?

Sir, let the real or affected liberality of gentlemen diſguiſe the matter as they pleaſe; let them turn it and twiſt it into what forms or what ſhapes their ingenuity can invent, Proteus will return to his own proper form at laſt—*It is a queſtion of power*—they know it is—and will you grant away your deareſt rights, or will you maintain them?—Are you aware of what this will lead to? I will tell you what it will lead to, either an union with, or a total ſeparation from England; for is any man ſo unacquainted with the ſpirit of popiſh intolerance—is any man ſo little informed of the hiſtory of this country as not to know, that when they attain to power, they will uſe it to the oppreſſion of the proteſtant, who muſt then fly for ſuccour to England?—Sir, hitherto I always thought that no poſſible caſe could occur that would make me conſent to a union; I would rather lay down my head upon that table, to be ſevered from my body, than give ſuch a conſent. Alas! Sir, I did not then think I ſhould live to ſee the proteſtant cauſe deſerted; but I declare before Almighty God, I would rather paſs an act of union than this bill—I ſpeak my feelings openly, fearleſs of the conſequence: why ſhould I diſguiſe them? If I did the proteſtants would deſpiſe me—the preſbyterians would deſpiſe me—nay, even the papiſts themſelves—nay, worſe, I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf.

Mr. *Blake* [county Galway.] I differ in opinion from the right hon. gentleman [Mr. Ogle] ſo far from coinciding in opinion with him, that the emancipation of the Roman catholics of Ireland would tend to the ſubverſion of our conſtitution, it is a meaſure abſolutely neceſſary to its preſervation, beſieged as it is by foreign and domeſtic enemies.

Now that we have our Roman catholic brethren in contemplation, (and that at the inſtance of our beloved Sovereign,) let us, in the name of God, do things handſomely—do not retail them out ounce by ounce, ſeſſion after ſeſſion—let us, by one deciſive blow, obliterate all diſtinction, and by that act of union cloſe the diſtinctive terms of Proteſtant and Roman catholic in the general and conciliating appellations of chriſtian and Iriſhman

'Impreſſed with theſe ideas, and conſcious of the rectitude of my intentions, I ſhall through each ſtage of this buſineſs be the ſanguine, though feeble advocate of this numerous, oppreſſed, and loyal body of people.

Mr. *Bagwell*.—Sir, I have not given any opinion, as yet, reſpecting that part of the propoſitions of the right hon. gentleman [Mr. Hobart] which goes to the elective franchiſe, nor ſhall I do ſo, until the bill be brought in; but in every other reſpect, I am decided as to the propriety of repealing all penal ſtatutes which militate againſt the catholics, and not equally ſo againſt the proteſtants—All diſtinctions of that nature ſhould be done away, and alſo all advantages not trenching on the conſtitution, ſhould be given to the catholics which the proteſtants enjoy.

Sir, by the 14th and 15th Charles II. all proteſtants, ſtrangers and others, reſiding, or coming to reſide in cities, and towns corporate, are entitled to their freedom of trade, on payment of 20s. to the chief magiſtrate. The benefit of this act I ſtrongly recommend to the right hon. gentleman to extend by his bill to the Roman catholics, as well as to the proteſtants, and thus give a ſolid, ſubſtantial advantage to them, by relieving them from the heavy and oppreſſive demand of tolls which on moſt occaſions operate in oppoſition to the intereſts of the induſtrious citizen.

Sir *Edward Crofton*.—Sir, I cannot agree *in toto* with the right hon. gentleman who has made the motion. Certainly I am for removing ſome of the reſtraints under which the Roman catholics lie; and would go as far as any man in the country to render their ſituation not only comfortable, but even enviable; but I conſider the preſent time as rather premature, and I am for poſtponing the further conſideration of this buſineſs till the 4th of next month.

The Speaker informed him, that the motion before the houſe was only for leave to bring in a bill for the relief of his majeſty's Roman catholic ſubjects of Ireland.

Mr. *Stanley*.—However unwilling I may be to treſpaſs on the houſe at this late hour, yet, Sir, I think this is a queſtion of ſuch magnitude, that I

cannot

cannot prevail upon myſelf to repreſs theſe ſentiments of pleaſure and ſatisfaction which I feel, to obſerve that the period is at length arrived, when we are about to conquer old and deep-rooted prejudices, and that a ſpirit of benevolence and toleration has ſucceeded to perſecution and bigotry.

I have always thought, Sir, that the entire of the penal code enacted againſt catholics in this country were highly impolitic, unjuſt, and illiberal. I have always thought that they were a ſtain and diſgrace to our laws, and I wiſhed to ſee them obliterated from our ſtatute books. They were not only repugnant to the conſtitution of a free country, but they drew a juſt reproach and contempt on the national character.

But of all the other laws which oppreſſed this unfortunate people, that act of 1ſt Geo. 2. which deprived them of their franchiſe, that grand criterion which diſtinguiſhes a freeman from a ſlave, the right of voting for repreſentatives who are to make laws to bind their lives, liberty, and property, which my lord Holt called the nobleſt birth-right and moſt invaluable privilege of the ſubject—I ſay that law, of all others, appears to me to have been the moſt unaccountable, the moſt cruel, and the moſt unneceſſary. In the infancy of the revolution it might, perhaps, have been prudent to guard the new eſtabliſhments, by the excluding laws made in the reign of Will. 3. and by the oaths impoſed for the ſecurity of government.

But how it ſhould have become neceſſary, or how it can be juſtified, that forty years after the revolution, in 1727, when the crown of theſe kingdoms was firmly fixed on the head of the Hanover family, when the Proteſtant eſtabliſhments were guarded and ſecured, when the catholics had given forty years teſt of their obedience and ſubmiſſion to the new conſtitution;—after a a rebellion in England and Scotland, in the year 1715, when the Roman catholics of Ireland had a fair opportunity, if they were diſpoſed to diſloyalty, to liſt under the banners of the Pretender, and flock to the ſtandard of rebellion. Ireland was the only part of the empire where diſaffection or ſedition did not dare to rear its head; yet, after all the merits of this oppreſſed people, an act is made in the firſt of Geo. II. to deprive them of the right of voting for repreſentatives in parliament, which they had enjoyed, uninterruptedly, from the revolution to that day.

An hon. gentleman (Dr. Duigenan) has ſaid they were prohibited from voting at a much earlier period by the acts of queen Anne, which annexed oaths of allegiance and ſupremacy to their right of franchiſe. Give me leave to ſay, that that obſervation furniſhes an additional argument againſt the policy of the act of Geo. II. for if the oaths of allegiance and ſupremacy were univerſally taken by the catholic voters, during the reigns of queen Anne and Geo. . to qualify them to exerciſe their franchiſe, as it was well known it was the fact, their acquieſcence and taking theſe oaths, was the ſtrongeſt teſt they could give of their attachment to the ſtate, and ſhould have entitled them to the confidence of the nation; and therefore, it is clear they were not excluded from voting, nor was it intended they ſhould be by thoſe oaths; for it is well known, that the catholics voted in the election of that very parliament of Geo. II. which afterwards diſfranchiſed them.

Sir, the hiſtory of this act has been attributed to the local policy of a particular county in Ireland, the county of Galway, and to the reſult of a conteſted election for that county, between the lord Dunkellin of that day and ſome other perſon.

It was ſaid that the catholics having by their intereſt voted lord Dunkellin out of the county of Galway, returned his opponent. Lord Dunkellin had influence enough with the miniſter of that day to introduce this clauſe, depriving the catholics of their franchiſe, into the act of Geo. II.—Whether that fact is well founded or not is impoſſible for me, at this time, abſolutely to determine; but, I confeſs, I have great doubts of the authenticity of that rumour.—Becauſe, I find, upon looking into the hiſtory of that day, and particularly into the lords journals, in the 10th year of queen Anne, that Michael the lord Dunkellin of that day, was, on the 4th of October, 1711, called up by writ to the houſe of lords, in the life of his father John earl of Clanricarde; and ſat as a peer in the houſe of lords during the reigns of queen Anne and George I. and until his death; and his ſon, the late earl, was but two years old in the year 1727, when the act of 1ſt George II. paſſed;—ſo that it is manifeſt there was no lord Dunkellin of that day capable of being a candidate for the county of Galway.

Sir, an hon. gentleman, who ſpoke third in debate (Dr. Duigenan), has attacked the civil principles of the catholics;—he has ſaid, that they wiſhed for political liberty and political power, in order that they might carry into effect the principles of Mr. Payne, and unite with the enemies of the conſtitution in eſtabliſhing a republic, upon the French model.—Sir, I muſt beg leave to ſay, that I think I know the principles and the feelings of the Roman catholics, at leaſt in that province, to which I am particularly attached, (Connaught) as well, if not a little better, than that hon. gentleman—I know that they are a brave,—a generous,—and a loyal people;—they are attached by principle to a free and a mixed monarchy, and they deteſt republican and levelling doctrines;—and I will take upon me to ſay, when they are emboſomed in the body of the ſtate, when they are reſtored to thoſe rights of citizens, of which they have been ſo long and ſo unjuſtly deprived, they would ſhed the laſt drop of their blood in ſupport of their throne, and his majeſty's illuſtrious houſe, and in ſupport of the preſent conſtitution. They knew well that adminiſtration were always amicable to the catholic cauſe, as far as the temper of parliament and the nation would admit; and I tell that gentleman and this houſe, that the catholics are too wiſe and too loyal to be made the dupes of levellers or republicans; they know well, that if the enemies of the government could make uſe of them as inſtruments to overturn the conſtitution, the catholics themſelves would ſoon be hurled in its ruins. For theſe reaſons I ſhall give my moſt decided ſupport to the

preſent meaſure in its fulleſt extent, and look upon catholic emancipation to be the harbinger of peace, union, content, and proſperity to Ireland.

Mr. *Oſborne.*—I moſt heartily concur in the motion, as far as the propoſitions contained in it went; but think that they do not go far enough. It is abſurd, ſir, as a gradual meaſure, to grant the elective and with-hold the repreſentative franchiſe, ſince the electors are neceſſarily men of lower rank, fortune and information, than the repreſentatives would be.—To with-hold the repreſentative franchiſe, is ſtill holding out the principle of monopoly for ſelf—againſt the general good.

Mr. *Maxwell* reprobated adminiſtration for their conduct throughout the whole of this buſineſs, for not conſulting the independent gentlemen of the country, but in their place governing by a cabinet of clerks.

Rt. hon. Mr. *Cuffe.*—I ſincerely recommend coolneſs and temper to the houſe, and adviſe the Roman catholics to accept whatever ſhall be granted with gratitude, as the moſt likely way of reaching their ultimatum.

Lord *Kingſborough.*—I for one, ſir, am for permitting the bill to be brought in, but will not pledge myſelf to ſupport it, as I am highly diſguſted, and that with the juſteſt reaſon, with the conduct of the Roman catholics for the laſt two years.

Lord *Hillſborough.*—I, ſir, am alſo for admitting the bill, but will not pledge myſelf to its ſupport, unleſs the right hon. gentleman who propoſed it can aſſure me, that the Roman catholics will be finally ſatisfied with what it granted them.

Rt. hon. Mr. *Hobart.*—Sir, I believe, from the nature of the conceſſions I have propoſed, that they will ſatisfy every rational catholic in the kingdom. I am ſure they ought to do ſo, as they are all that can poſſibly be granted with ſafety to the proteſtant eſtabliſhment. I cannot ſay more on the ſubject, nor can I anſwer whether theſe conceſſions would completely ſatisfy all the catholics. I cannot take upon me to anſwer for any deſcription of men.

Right hon. Mr. *Conolly.*—I am ready to give up all the prejudices of my youth to ſecure peace to my country. I am ready to give up fortune, and even my life, for the ſame end.—He expreſſed himſelf warmly in favour of the catholics.

Mr. *A. Daly.*—Sir, the meaſures propoſed have my entire and hearty approbation as far as they go; but however, I do not think they go far enough. Much greater privileges might be granted; indeed I can ſee no reaſon why any privilege or any right of any other ſubject ſhould be withheld from them. Their long loyalty and their long ſufferings, juſtly entitle them now to every favour, and even every indulgence.

The queſtion was then put, that leave be given to bring in a bill for the further relief of his majeſty's Roman catholic ſubjects, when it paſſed in the affirmative, with two diſſenting voices only.

Ordered, That the right hon. Mr. Secretary Hobart, right hon. ſir Hercules Langriſhe, the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, and Mr. Prime Serjeant, do prepare, and bring in the ſaid bill.

At half after eleven o'clock the houſe adjourned till to-morrow.

5.] Right hon. Mr. *Grattan.*—Sir, I riſe to make ſome obſervations on the ſtate of the country, as apparent in the public accounts: and I ſhall follow them by a motion for an addreſs to his majeſty, for the better ſecuring a reform of parliament, and for manifeſting the loyalty of the people of Ireland. No man will deny, that while parliament is giving government an extraordinary ſupply, greater than ever this houſe has granted, and a great addition to the army, it ought at the ſame time, to ſecure to the people a reform of parliament. Sir, we find the want of ſuch reform; government has increaſed its expences, excluſive of all public or parliamentary grants, in the courſe of ſeven years, over and above its own eſtimates, on the faith of which new taxes were granted, 163,000l. per ann.—That the produce of the new taxes granted in the courſe of the laſt ſeven years, including the proportion of Iriſh ſubſcription to lottery as ſtated by the chancellor of the exchequer, amounted to 280,000l. per ann. That in the ſame period, the influence of the crown in the houſe of commons, had encreaſed near thirty members. In order to judge of this ſyſtem, it ought to be tried by the teſt of durability. Suppoſe it is perſiſted in, that is to ſay, ſuppoſe you every ſeven years increaſe your expences, as you have for the laſt, I ſay in twenty, you will ruin your country; you will have increaſed your taxes near 1,000,000 a year, which is equal to a debt of 20,000,000 at five per cent. a ſum nearly equal to one-third of what England contracted in the laſt German war. And you will have increaſed in the houſe of commons, ſo as to make the number of placemen and penſioners amount to above 175, which is a houſe of commons of placemen and penſioners. I ſay, ſuch a ſituation muſt bring things to a criſis with the people; my wiſh is to prevent that criſis by a timely redreſs.

If gentlemen examine the growth of expence in the two countries, they will find to their ſhame, that the expences of Ireland, from 1769 to 92, (the time when the trade of parliament was eſtabliſhed) have increaſed in proportion more than thoſe of Great Britain, including the intereſt of her debt incurred in the American war, the Falkland iſle armament, the Dutch armament, the Spaniſh armament, and the Ruſſian armament.—To ſuch an extravagance has the trade of parliament proceeded in this country. I ſhall be told, your debt has diminiſhed, but your expences, I mean the expences of government, have increaſed in an incomparably greater proportion; and your taxes have alſo increaſed in a ſtill greater proportion. And this is your peace eſtabliſhment! To this a war eſtabliſhment is now to be ſuperadded!

It has been ſtated, that your revenues are deficient 153,000l. per ann. and your expences are to be encreaſed 100,000l. per ann. for the further augmentation of the army; 100,000l. for a contingent encampment, and perhaps 50,000l. more for a militia. All theſe expences to be ſuperadded to a peace eſtabliſhment, already exceeding your revenues 153,000l. The miniſter propoſes a lottery, two loans, a vote of credit, and ſome

new

new taxes, a great army, and a militia. It is a new and a ſerious propoſition. I wiſh to give the government every neceſſary ſupport, and I wiſh to give the people every conſtitutional redreſs. I wiſh to paſs ſuch bills as may cut down the unneceſſary and corrupt charges on your eſtabliſhment. I repeat it, I wiſh to give government every honourable ſupport, and to reconcile the people by giving them every conſtitutional redreſs; and I conſider the latter neceſſary to effectuate the former, becauſe you are to combat French principles by the ſuperiority of your conſtitution, as well as the ſuperiority of your arms. But, for the better underſtanding my principles, I refer you to an addreſs which I ſhall now take the liberty to move; the reception it receives will be the teſt of your ſincerity on the ſubject of reform.

"That we ſee with juſt alarm the tranquillity of theſe realms diſturbed by the ambition of France, connected with the propagation of principles that lead to the ſubverſion of peace and order.

"That we feel a deep ſorrow at the atrocious conſequences of ſuch criminal deluſions, and an immediate intereſt in common with the throne to defend the faith of treaties againſt violation, and the ſettled principles of government againſt anarchy and plunder. The advantages we have derived under his majeſty's reign, his late gracious interpoſition, the paſſions and pride of his people, as well as their duty and intereſt attached in his royal perſon and dignity, have induced them to ſeize the firſt moments to aſſure his majeſty of our unalterable attachment to his royal houſe, and of the unanimous and cordial determination of his ſubjects of Ireland to ſtand ever by the throne, and to preſerve at all times our connexion with Great Britain.

"That we are now directing our attention to ſuch meaſures as may give his majeſty's government at this critical juncture, every neceſſary and honourable ſupport, and that if for ſuch an important object, we now for a ſhort time delay, among other buſineſs, the conſideration of what we conceive to be the general and juſt wiſh of his majeſty's ſubjects, a more equal repreſentation of the people, in the digeſting of which much time may be required; we his majeſty's faithful commons moſt humbly requeſt, that his majeſty will be graciouſly pleaſed to continue the ſeſſion even beyond the uſual period if neceſſary, in order to give his faithful commons full time this preſent ſeſſion to apply their faculties and induſtry to make and compleat ſo important a buſineſs as a reform of parliament; that by giving his majeſty's ſubjects, purſuant to the gracious recommendation from the throne, every reaſon to be ſatisfied, and by giving his government every neceſſary ſtrength, we may more effectually unite in ſupport of the king and conſtitution."

The *Chancellor of the Exchequer*.—Sir, I moſt decidedly object to the addreſs, as combining ſubjects not naturally connected; and taking the ſubjects diſtinctly; however highly I approve of ſtrong profeſſions of attachment to his majeſty, yet I think it would be much better for the houſe to manifeſt that attachment by cheerfully voting the ſupply, than by mere verbal profeſſions. I do not ſee any neceſſity for poſtponing the buſineſs of reform; I am ready to go into it at this moment, though I certainly cannot pledge myſelf to any thing ſpecific on that head. If at the uſual time of concluding the ſeſſion, it ſhould be found too ſhort to go through with the buſineſs, it would in my opinion be time enough to addreſs the crown to prolong it beyond the uſual period.

As to the accounts, and the animadverſions which the right hon. gentleman has made on them, I have not my papers with me, and therefore am not perfectly prepared to anſwer on that ſubject. I will from recollection however ſtate ſome facts which may perhaps ſerve for the preſent. To ſhew that government has not been ſo profuſe ſince the year 85 as the right hon. gentleman ſtated. I will ſtate the debt of the nation at that period and at preſent

National debt at 85,	-	2,181,000
Do. Do. at 92,	-	2,190,000
Increaſe only,	-	9,000

In the ſame manner it is eaſy to ſhew the increaſe of the civil eſtabliſhment, within the ſame period, was not more than 17,000l. almoſt the whole of which I can account for by votes of this houſe, addreſſes, &c.

The taxes laid on ſince the year 1784, including the 140,000l. new taxes granted at that time for the purpoſe of equalizing, did not amount to more than 160,000l. of courſe there remained only 20,000l. to defray all the expences which the votes of the houſe within that period, had induced on government. Sir, the idea of limiting the expence of a country in a progreſſive ſtate to opulence, growing in manufactures, in agriculture, and in commerce, was futile and impracticable. If gentlemen will recollect what has been done by government for the laſt eight years in promoting thoſe great objects, by bounties, inland navigation, &c. and yet I declare, that notwithſtanding all this, I ſhould neither have aſked parliament for loan or tax, were it not for the unfortunate probability of a war, which made extraordinary expence neceſſary.

Sir *W. Gleadowe*. Sir, I riſe to expreſs my ſtrongeſt diſapprobation of the miniſter's deſign, of again making a lottery a ſource of finance. Sir, it is a moſt ſhameful and ruinous mode; and I do aſſert, that more miſchief was done by lottery gambling laſt year, under the right hon. bart.'s bill for regulating that buſineſs, than had ever been done before; and I have to compliment him on the efficacy of his bill in thus depraving the people, and I muſt attribute the miſchievous conſequences of it to the right hon. bart. rejecting ſome clauſes that I had propoſed to him. As to the increaſe of the army, &c. I highly approve of it, and would truſt government chearfully with whatever ſum they might demand at preſent, hoping for a fair and honeſt account of its expenditure at a future day. Of the addreſs propoſed, I certainly do not approve; I think there is ſomething lurking in the laſt paragraph which I do not like. I will therefore oppoſe it, as I will at all times oppoſe every thing which looks like a peeviſh propoſition.

Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir, I muſt take the liberty of aſſerting the honeſty of my intentions

tions in the bill which the hon. member has cenſured ſo ſtrongly; the meaſure was a meaſure of the houſe, rather than mine; and as to the clauſes which had been propoſed, I adopted ſuch as I thought moſt likely to be beneficial.

Right hon. *J. Beresford.* Sir, I am perfectly willing to agree in the foregoing part of the addreſs, but not to the latter, which deſcribes the attention of the houſe as confined to one point---I would ſuggeſt an amendment, importing that the houſe wiſhed to attend to every meaſure likely to promote tranquility and content among the people.

Mr. *Maxwell.* Sir, I profeſs myſelf incapable at preſent of deciding on a propoſition of ſo much moment. I do conceive it to be unuſual to bring forward a matter of that kind without previous notice. I therefore requeſt the right hon. gentleman who made the propoſition will defer the conſideration of it for a few days.

Mr. *Grattan* immediately agreed to this; and after having moved that the order of the day for going into a committee on the ſtate of the repreſentation, ſhould be poſtponed to Monday next, gave notice, that on that day he would move an addreſs ſimilar to that which had been read. From the temper of the houſe, and the exhauſted ſtate of gentlemen after the fatigue of yeſterday, he believed they were not very willing to hear him in reply to what had fallen from the Chanc. of the Exchequer on the public accounts; he deſired, therefore, it might be underſtood, that, tho' he did not now ſay more on that ſubject, he by no means agreed in his poſitions, and would reſerve himſelf to combat the right hon. baronet's arguments at a future day.

The *Attorney General.* Sir, I move for leave to bring in a bill to prevent the keeping, importation, tranſportation, or removal of gun-powder or arms without a licenſe from the chief governor, and alſo to prevent the keeping of gun-powder, above a certain quantity, without licenſe. I am induced to take this meaſure, by obſerving that the inſurgents in Louth, Meath, &c. are well provided with arms; and that very lately large quantities of gun-powder, made up in packages, like linen, have been ſeized. The very circumſtance of gunpowder being ſo concealed or diſguiſed, was of itſelf ſufficient to create ſuſpicion; and it is a fact but too well known, that the inſurgents for whom the powder was intended, have committed the moſt violent outrages.

To prevent, therefore, their being ſupplied in a clandeſtine manner, I would propoſe, that no gunpowder ſhall be imported or removed without licenſe, and that gunpowder ſhould be always carried in caſks, with the word "GUN-POWDER" painted on them in large letters. Stronger meaſures, much ſtronger indeed, than that which I now propoſe, have been ſuggeſted to me by moſt reſpectable members of this houſe; but I entirely diſapprove of ſtronger meaſures than are abſolutely and obviouſly neceſſary; and, being up, ſir, I ſhall juſt obſerve that there is but one ſtrong clauſe in the bill---it is one which enabled the magiſtrate forcibly to enter houſes where it was ſuppoſed gun-powder or fire-arms might be illegally concealed.

Mr. *Curran* heartily concurred in the meaſure.

Mr. *Forbes.* Sir, I do concur with my hon. friend [Mr. Curran] in the neceſſity of ſuch a meaſure; but I am confident that the right hon. the Attorney General is too well learned in the conſtitution not to lament the neceſſity of ſuſpending in two inſtances the liberty of the ſubject, namely, the alien bill, and the preſent one; but as adminiſtration are intent on preventing half the ſubjects from a participation in the conſtitution, I truſt that they will be equally aſſiduous and ardent in extending not only the benefits of the exiſting conſtitution, but alſo of the Britiſh conſtitution, to the well affected part of the nation.

Ireland was now called on to engage with England in a war purely to preſerve the Britiſh conſtitution; and it certainly would be to the laſt degree unjuſt and unreaſonable, that the Iriſh ſhould expend their treaſure and ſhed their blood in ſupport of a conſtitution in the benefits of which they were not to ſhare. I truſt that the Britons after the war will not ſit down, as formerly, like churls to feaſt on, and enjoy that conſtitution, in the bleſſings of which the people of this kingdom were to be denied all participation.

Sir, what has fallen this night from the Chanc. of the Exchequer, augurs ill to parliamentary reform; he has refuſed to agree to a prolongation of the ſeſſion beyond its uſual period; he has ſaid after ſupplies had been granted, it might be a matter of future diſcuſſion whether the ſeſſion ſhould be prolonged; he has mentioned ſix weeks, or two months from hence, as ſufficient to compleat the buſineſs of reform. I cannot conceive that a ſincere friend to reform could hold ſuch a language; every man who has reflected in any degree on the ſubject, muſt be perſuaded that a buſineſs of the great magnitude and importance, cannot be completed in leſs than three or four months; and every gentleman knows that an adjournment during the aſſizes, will be abſolutely neceſſary.

The *Chancellor of the Exchequer.* Sir, I must declare nothing which I have ſaid can be conſtrued to augur ill to reform---all I have ſaid is, that I would not pledge myſelf to a meaſure which is not yet propoſed.

Mr. *Forbes.* Sir, I cannot but conſider that man an enemy to reform, who aſſerts that it might be effected in ſix or ſeven weeks. All know, that it is a work which will take three or four months with the exertions of all the members in the houſe.

The *Chancellor of the Exchequer.* Sir, I must again profeſs I am neither a friend nor an enemy to the meaſure as yet.

Leave was given to bring in the bill, upon which it was immediately introduced, and received a first reading.

Lord *Hillſborough.* Sir, I move for leave to bring in a bill to eſtabliſh a militia. This, as nearly as circumſtances will permit, I would wish to form on the ſame plan as that of England. The whole number of men I mean to propoſe is 16,000, or, upon a rough eſtimate, 500 for each county in Ireland.

Leave given.

6.] The gunpowder bill was read a third time and committed.

This bill prohibits the importation or removal

gunpowder without license, or any one having in their poſſeſſion more than 112lb. of the ſame.

The houſe reſolved itſelf into a committee of ſupply.

Mr. *Maſon* in the chair.

The *Chancellor of the Exchequer*.—Sir, before I will make any motion, I will ſtate the army extraordinary, by the increaſe of the eſtabliſhment.

By the calculation of a former night I ſtated, that an increaſe of 3000 men, in the year's pay would be an expence of 49,000l. Their cloathing and levying money 35,000l. contingencies and ordnance more than 90,000l. ſo that in all there would be an increaſe of 240,000l. odd, for the whole of the military. In caſe 2000 men were added to the encreaſe of men, the expence would be 40,450l. and the contingency 24,000l. The deficiency from bread-money to the army, and allowance to preſbyterian miniſters was 12,000l. thoſe with the new expence, would render the whole 326,000l. There was another expence in the department of quartermaſters, which might add to it ſomething more.

If the augmentation ſhould be conſidered too great, gentlemen will ſtate their opinion upon it. I will therefore aſk for no ſpecific ſum, but leave it to be determined on in the loan bill, by which time the houſe will have in their hands that fact upon the meaſure which they were entitled to call.

I think it better to keep the queſtion of miniſters ſeparate from that of the army, and for the latter I recommend that the committee of ſupply ſhould be kept open, until the number of men to form the eſtabliſhment ſhould be determined.

I move, "Reſolved, that it is the opinion of this committee, that the debt of the nation, at Lady-day 1792, was 2,190,089l. 9s. 10d."

Mr. *Grattan*.—Sir, I riſe, not to refuſe the number of men demanded, or even a greater number, if the exigencies of the empire ſhould require them; but I cannot avoid obſerving, that the chancellor of the exchequer having on a former day demanded an addition of 2,800 men, the next day having increaſed that number to 3000, and now having raiſed it to 5000, there muſt be ſome reaſon for theſe alterations; and I hope miniſters will communicate the cauſe to the houſe; I hope they will explain whether any new advice from France has made the meaſure of an increaſed augmentation neceſſary.

I wiſh to know, preciſely, what the object of the augmentation is? If they were deſtined to aſſiſt Great Britain in a French war, I cannot underſtand how the raiſing of 5000 men will be likely to prevent the war; the object of the augmentation then muſt be to guard againſt domeſtic inſurrection; perhaps they are neceſſary, I do not deny but they may, but I think the houſe ought to be informed for what purpoſe they were intended. By this augmentation, and the propoſed militia, the Iriſh forces will amount to 36,000 men. Will the miniſter come forward and ſay that ſuch a force is neceſſary; for my part I wiſh to be ſatisfied in this point, though I am willing to grant government every neceſſary power to enable them to enforce the due execution of the law, and to prevent the ſpreading of dangerous principles.

I am willing to grant every aid to Britain that the abilities of this country can afford, though I confeſs, when I conſider that I am granting ſuch a force to miniſters without reſponſibility, I have my fears; but I hope, that when they ſhall find themſelves entruſted with an army greater than ever Ireland had maintained, [20,000 regulars and 16,000 militia), they will not, confiding in their ſtrength, refuſe thoſe acts on which the public mind is ſo intent, a parliamentary reform, and ſuch meaſures as may give us an equal conſtitution with England, and equal ſecurity for that conſtitution. If they ſhould forget this generoſity of the houſe, I will aſſuredly call it to their recollection, I will appeal to their candour and to their gratitude, and I will implore them not to ſlight the deſires of a nation, ever ready to ſpend its blood and its treaſure in the cauſe of the Britiſh empire. If the augmentation be neceſſary, either to oppoſe French principles or French ambition, it ſhall have my free ſupport. But I again deſire miniſters to recollect the liberality with which their demands were about to be granted. I warn them againſt the fallacious hope that the force which they now received would enable them to deſpiſe the public wiſh; Ireland would not be coerced by ſuch a force. The ſeditious in Ireland probably would and ought to be reſtrained by it, but the whole Iriſh nation never would. I will conclude by obſerving, that the moſt effectual way of combating French principles in this country, is not by arms, but by giving to Ireland all the advantages of a Britiſh conſtitution; by ſhewing the ſuperiority of the principles of that conſtitution over thoſe of foreign phrenzy.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

..., ſpoken at a private Play, performed for the Benefit of a diſtreſſed Gentlewoman.

CONVINCED I am, in this great critic age,
'Tho' hard 'tis to 'ſcape from cenſure on the ſtage,
Tho' ev'ry eye, in ſtrict obſervance fix'd,
Each imperfection with perfection mix'd:
If much the firſt—they hiſs—away!'—no more!
If great the latter—then encore!—encore!—
Thus flows the buſy ſtream of tranſient life,
To-day 'tis ſmooth—to-morrow daſh'd with ſtrife:
But here, I'm ſure, the ſtream of Candour flows,
The flow'r of Sympathy unblighted blows,
The tender plant of Pity braves all ſtorms,
Here reſts ſecure—your breaſts its influence warms!

Bright

Bright Charity now fills th' ambrefial air,
And blooms the fair eft flow'r in this parterre!
'Tis this that makes us ſue for your applauſe,
And ſtamps the young, as veterans in the cauſe.
Our feeble efforts we this night employ,
To lead the ſoul oppreſt to ſcenes of joy:
'Tis Pity animates our ſouls to vie
T' expel the tear that ſtarts in miſery's eye!
To theſe keen anguiſh from a female breaſt,
Relieve its wants, and lull its cares to reſt.
May our exertions meet with kindneſs here,
Nor fear the Critic's laſh, a thought ſevere!
This good intent *will plead our greateſt faults,*
The brighteſt ſun is not without its ſpots;
Benevolence expands its chearing ray.
It ſhines thro' you, and lights us on our way;
Shou'd we ſucceed in this our glorious cauſe!
Your gen'rous charity *will ſpeak applauſe;*
Will for this inſtance bleſſings e'er re ceive,
From her who has but them and pray'rs to give,
Whoſe wiſhes are that Fortune ne'er may deal
To you theſe ſorrows ſhe has made her feel;
But that proſperity may ever flow
To thoſe who feel with ſenſe another's woe.

O. W.

No Stone left unturned.

WHEN Roger vow'd he'd conſtant be,
My heart with joy it burned;
He ſwears, to prove his love to me,
He'll leave no ſtone *unturned.*

One day he to the dairy came,
My milk had juſt been churned;
He archly ſaid---to quench his flame
He'll leave no ſtone *unturned.*

My hand he ſqueez'd, my lips he preſt,
I frown'd, and at him ſpurned;
Again he ſwore---to make me bleſt
He'll leave no ſtone *unturned.*

I beg'd, entreated, bid him go,
He hung his head and mourned;
I now relent---for me I know
He'll leave no ſtone *unturned.*

Says he, let's to the Prieſt repair;
We ſoon to him adjourned;
To pleaſe my Roger---now I ſwear
I'll leave no ſtone *unturned.*

The Loyal Pair.

"THE King wants men, I'll liſt," ſaid Jack,
His wife reply'd, "That's right;
"Recruits I'll raiſe 'till you come back,
"And beat up every night."

Extempore, on the late general Illumination.

OUR panes expreſs'd pleaſure, when our minds had
been eaſed,
And our hearts and our domes with true gratitude
blazed.

3,000,000.

To Anthony Paſquin, Eſq. upon his celebrated Life
of Lord Barrymore.

WHEN Johnſon told the world, with learned
pride,
How Savage wander'd, and how Savage died;
Admiring thouſands hung o'er every page,
Pitied the ſubject, and rever'd the ſage.
With more true feeling has your magic pen,
Copied a portraiture to model men;
To read your leſſons let each ſpendthrift run,
And learn reflection e'er they're quite undone.
There let the thoughtleſs and the affected go,
T' elude contemptuouſneſs, and want, and woe;
Morality flows lovely from your mind,
And while we laugh and cry, you mend mankind.

Extract from Peter Pindar's lateſt Performance.
Female Oratory; or, the Speech of Joan, the
Wife of one of the Cooks, in Anſwer to the Threats
of the Clerk of the Kitchen. From the Loufiad,
Canto IV. juſt publiſhed.

I SAY, Tom ſhan't be ſhav'd---he ſhan't---he ſhan't;
Leek porridge, ſtirabout, we'll ſooner want;
We'll rather hunt the gutters for our meat;
Cry mackrel, or ſing ballads through the ſtreet;
Foot ſtockings, mend old china, or black ſhoes,
Sooner than Tom, poor ſoul, his locks ſhall loſe.
Humph! what a pretty hoity toity's here?
Thomas, I ſay, ſhan't loſe his locks, poor dear!
Shav'd too! 'cauſe people happen to be poor---
I never heard of ſuch a trick before.
Folks *think they may take freedoms with a cook---*
Go, aſk your Maſter, if he'd ſhave a Duke.
No---if he dar'd to do it, I'll be curſt:
No, Secker, *he would eat the razor firſt.*
Good Lord! to think poor *people's heads to plun-*
der---
Why, Lord! are people drunk, or mad, I wonder?
What! ſhall my poor dear huſband loſe his locks
Becauſe a han't ten millions in the ſtocks?
Becauſe on me, forſooth, a can't beſtow
A di'mond petticoat, to make a ſhow?
Marry come up, indeed---a pretty joke---
Any thing's good enough for humble folk:
Shov'd here and there, forſooth; call'd dog a-
b---,
God bleſs us, well, becauſe we are not rich.

A Fragment, ſuppoſed to be written near the Tem-
ple, on the Night before the Murder of Louis
the Sixteenth. By Mrs. Robinſon.

NOW Midnight ſpreads her ſable veſt
With ſtarry rays light tiſſued o'er;
Now from the Deſart's thiſtled breaſt
The chilling dews begin to ſoar;
The owl ſhrieks from the tott'ring tow'r,
Dread watch bird *of the witching hour!*
Spectres *from their charnel cells*
Cleave the air with hideous yells!
Not a glow-worm *ventures forth,*
To gild his little ſpeck *of earth!*
In wild deſpair Creation ſeems to wait,
While Horror ſtalks abroad to deal the ſhaft
Fate!

To yonder damp and dreary cave,
From black Oblivion's silent wave,
Borne on Desolation's wings,
Death his poison'd chalice brings!
Wide beneath the turbid sky
Red Rebellion's banners fly,
Sweeping to her iron den
The agonising hearts of men:
There in many a ghastly throng,
Blood-sta n'd myriads glide along,
While each above his crest a faulchion rears,
Lav'd with tepid gore, *or drench'd in* scalding tears!

Beneath yon tow'r (whose grated cell
Entombs the fairest child of earth,
August in misery as in birth),
The troops of Pandemonium dwell!
Night and day the fiends conspire,
To glut their desolating ire!
Ire! that feeds on human woe;
That smiling deals the murd'rous blow!
And as the helpless victim dies,
Fills with shouts the threat'ning skies;
Nor trembles, lest the vengeful lightning's glare
Should blast their recreant arms, and scatter them to air!

Round the deep entrenchments stand
Bold Ambition's giant band;
Beneath, insidious Malice creeps,
And keen revenge—that never sleeps!
While dark Suspicion hovers near,
Stung by the dastard scorpion—*Fear!*
Reason, shrinking from her game,
Flies the scene in wild amaze!
While trembling Pity dies to see
The barb'rous sons of Anarchy
Drench their unnatural hands in regal blood,
While patriot *Virtue* sinks *beneath the* whelming flood.

Hark! the petrifying shriek
Issues from yon turret bleak!
The lofty tower returns the sound,
Echoing through its base profound!
The rising Moon with paly light
Faintly greets the aching sight
With many a gliding centinel,
Whose shadow would his sense appall!
Whose soul convuls'd with conscious woe,
Pants for the morning's purple glow—
The purple glow *that cheers his breast,*
And gives his startled mind a short-liv'd hour of rest.

But when shall morn's effulgent light
The hopeless sufferer's *glance invite?*
When shall the breath of rosy day
Around the infant victims *play?*
When will the vivifying orb
The tears of widow'd love *absorb?*
See! see! the palpitating breast,
By all the weeping Graces drest,
Now dumb with grief—now raving wild,
Bending o'er each with'ring child,
The only treasures *spared by savage ire,*
The fading shadows *of their* murder'd fire.

Oh! Fancy, spread thy pow'rful wing,
From Hell's polluted confines spring—
Quit, quit the scene where Madness lies!
With wounded breast and starting eyes!
Ruthless fiends have done their worst,
They triumph in the deed accurs'd!
See her veil Oblivion throws
O'er the last of human woes;
The royal stole, with many a crimson stain,
Closes from every eye the scene of pain,
While from afar the war song * *dins the ear,*
And drowns the dying groan † which Angels weep to hear!

The Captive King, by Dr. Wolcot, alias Peter Pindar.

Recit. Mr. Incledon.

DEAR is the dream of life that calm'd my care,
And dim'd the beam of hope that charm'd despair;
Yet let my soul be firm—pass one short hour,
And Louis scorns the arm of ruffian pow'r!

Song.

Adieu, thou partner of my woes,
Where spectred silence reigns around;
And nought awakes the dread repose,
But moans that deep with horror sound.

No more these walls my grief shall hear,
And to a captive King reply;
Where morning rose upon his tear,
And night descended on the sigh.

Forbear, my love, those drops to shed,
And joy to think my woes shall cease;
Lo! when the vale of death I tread,
I wander from the storm to peace!

Ye too, my idol babes, farewell!
Like me, whose tender forms may bleed;
The gloomy crimes of murder swell,
While nature shudders at the deed.

Yet know, we only fall to rise,
And start to glory from the dust;
To claim alliance with the skies,
The sacred refuge from th' unjust.

My SPIRIT, *lo! for* YOUR'S *shall wait;*
Together will we seek that shore,
Where sorrow dies, and ruthless FATE
Can give the parting pang no more!

Chorus.

Go, injur'd KING, *with seraphs shine,*
Behold a brighter *crown is thine!*
And see appear with glad'ned eyes,
A host *to hail thee midst the skies!*

NOTES.

* *Ca Ira.*

† *The last insult offered to the expiring Monarch.*

FOREIGN TRANSACTIONS.

☞ *IN a work whose object is not only to convey intelligence to the readers of the present day, but also to hand it down to posterity; it shall be our care to insert no Foreign Transaction but what is fully authenticated, we shall therefore avoid giving place to doubtful accounts (related frequently one day, and either contradicted or differently told the next,) or speculative conjectures; but confine ourselves entirely to what has the stamp of veracity, by appearing in the* London Gazette; *that we may not mislead our present or our future readers—and for the same reasons shall still further confirm the above Intelligence by the addition of authentic State Papers, and Official Accounts.*

Official Account, by Field Marshal Prince Saxe Cobourg, of the Action which took place on the 18th of March, near Tirlemont.

Head Quarters of the Army of the Field Marshal Prince Cobourg.

Tongres, March 19.

OUR van guard, which marched on the 14th instant from Tongres, took up their cantonments beyond that town. The 15th they advanced to Orsmael; their head quarters were established at St. Tron, and the body of the army cantoned beyond St. Tron. The light troops met the enemy on the road of Tirlemont, and drove them through that place, and beyond it.

On the 16th, the army left their cantonments, in order to form a camp beyond the river Gelhe, when the two armies met unexpectedly, on their march. For the enemy advanced from Louvain, with a design to surprise us in our cantonments. The enemy had just retaken their position in the town of Tirlemont, which they before had evacuated. A very severe cannonade began on both sides, which continued the whole day, but with very little loss on either side, when night put an end to that combat.

As our army could not reach the river of Grand Gelhe, and as we should have been in want of water in our then position, the field marshal Prince Cobourg ordered a retreat in the evening, towards the road of Orsmael, and the army occupied during the night the heights along the little river of Gelhe.

On the 17th, our army took a position, which was not defensible. It was taken merely for the purpose of having an extent of ground, to enable us to attack the enemy on several quarters at once, in case they advanced. The little river of Gelhe was in our front, and our van was posted along the river; our right wing extended to the road of St. Tron, where the van guard, under the command of the arch-duke Charles, was encamped, and next to them the whole army, in two lines of battle; the first, under the command of general Count Colloredo; and the second, under the Prince of Wurtemberg. They had the villages of Orsmael, Guthenhofen, and Neervanden in front.—The left wing was commanded by general Count Clairfait; this wing was going to take post between Racour and Landen. The enemy remained in their position behind Tirlemont.

On the 18th we saw the enemy at day-break marching towards us in different columns. They extended to the right and left of the road towards the heights on this side Tirlemont, in such manner that their right reached Guthenhofen, and their left Willmorsom. About eight in the morning a column, preceded by a quantity of heavy artillery, advanced on the road to St. Tron, towards Orsmael, from which place they dislodged our Franc corps, and raised considerable batteries near the church.

The archduke on his side, immediately raised batteries with the artillery of the van guard, and dismounted several cannon of the enemy, which, however, they had the skill to supply instantly by others.

Although this was an obstacle to their advancing, they, however, pushed forward with so much activity, that they profited by the advantage of the ground, and marched a column on the left towards the water, and another through Racour upon our flanks, and even on our back, in order to *turn* us, leaving at the same time a sufficient number of troops in the centre, to make use of them in case of necessity.

The field marshal planned his attacks against their different columns in this manner: The Prince of Wurtemberg was ordered to advance on his left towards the water, and lieutenant field marshal Benjolsky advanced on the road towards Orsmael and Donmael. The archduke Charles marched with two battalions of Starey, into the village of Orsmael, General Clairfait towards Racour, and Count Colloredo remained in the centre; these generals beat the French on all sides and repulsed them.

General Dumourier, at the head of 30,000 men, conducted in person the principal attack near Racour, on which the fate of the action depended; but general Clairfayt marched his reserve, which consisted scarcely of 8000 men, and repulsed Dumourier, who, although he had rallied his forces again, was overthrown a second time.

During this attack near Racour, the enemy advanced a column upon our centre; but count Colloredo repulsed them, and dislodged them from the village of Neervindern, where he posted himself, when night again terminated an engagement which lasted eleven hours, which also prevented our troops from pursuing the enemy any farther.

The extraordinary bravery with which our troops fought, cost us dear; we lost between 12 and 1500 men, amongst whom we reckon major Hugo Andonnelli, killed, general Robeck and colonel Riche wounded, and also several other officers.

cers. The enemy loſt at leaſt 4000 men killed and wounded. We have taken from them above thirty pieces of cannon.

We perceived this morning a ſtrong rear guard, employed in the poſition which the enemy had yeſterday, retreating with conſiderable diſorder, and general Benjolſky was detached with ſix battalions of infantry, and ten ſquadrons of cavalry to purſue them. He ſucceeded by ſkilful manœuvres in diſlodging their rear, ſo that this general, with his detachment, are at preſent very near Tirlemont.

SAXE COBOURG.

Captain Haringman has juſt addreſſed a letter of the following tenor to the Admiralty College of Zealand:

"*Noble and Mighty Lords,*

"In the courſe of the laſt night, our armed ſloops carried off, by my order, between the forts of Lillo and Lief-kenſhock, notwithſtanding the violent fire of the firſt of theſe forts and the ſhips, the gun-ſloop St. Lucia, mounting three braſs 24-pounders, and four ſwivels, and provided with a furnace for heating ſhot; and alſo the guard-ſhip conſtantly ſtationed before fort Lillo, mounting eight two-pounders. By this expedition we had four killed, and ſeveral ſlightly wounded. I am ignorant of the loſs of the enemy; but we have made fifty-five priſoners, among whom are the commiſſaries belonging to the guard-ſhip. I expect to receive, with all poſſible expedition, the orders of your noble mightineſſes for their removal, as well as for the diſpoſal of the officers. Captain Ca aigne, commander of the gun-ſloop, was on ſhore.

"I am fitting the gun-ſloop for our uſe, and ſhall ſtation her here next the Meſiante, as an advance guard.

"Recommending myſelf to the protection of your noble mightineſſes, I am, &c.

(Signed)

"J. S. HARINGMAN."

Ship Minerva, before Bath,
March 21, 1793.

"P. S. I cannot ſufficiently praiſe the zeal and readineſs with which this expedition was executed by the officers commanding the ſloops, and the crews under their command. The ſloops were under the orders of lieutenants Bloys de Treſſong, Wolterſbeer, Hoelands, de Vry, Lobrie, Riviere, and D. Schutter. The coaſting pilot, Dronkers, whoſe barque is ſtill detained in Bath, was alſo on board one of the ſloops, and, as well as the other pilots embarked for the occaſion, behaved extremely well. I recommend them to the protection of your noble mightineſſes, &c.

(Signed)

"J. S. HARINGMAN."

The following Letter was addreſſed on the 21ſt Inſtant, by General Count Van Boetzlaar, to their High Mightineſſes the States General of the United Provinces.

"*High and Mighty Lords,*

"I CAN now have the honour to give your high mightineſſes a more circumſtantial relation than that contained in the letter I have already forwarded to your high mightineſſes. The ſix pieces of ordnance, and the two mortars, abandoned by the French, together with a large quantity of ammunition and war utenſils, have been brought by my order into the fortreſs. The enemy retire ſlowly, and pillage the peaſants on their route. According to advices which have reached me this day, the French are now employed in demoliſhing the arſenal of the fortreſs of Klundert, a part of the ramparts of which they have razed.

"I have, in addition, the honour of ſtating to your high mightineſſes, that on Saturday the 17th inſtant, the chaplain of the regiment of Saxe Gotha, pronounced, by my order, in the church of this place, a ſermon of ſolemn thankſgiving, at which the whole of the garriſon aſſiſted. At the concluſion of divine ſervice, I ordered a triple diſcharge of the guns of the city ramparts to be made, and cauſed the flag of the united ſtates to be diſplayed on top of the tower.

"I have the honour to be, moſt reſpectfully,
"high and mighty lords, your high mighti-
"neſſes' very humble and obedient ſervant,
(Signed) VAN BOETZLAAR, Governor."

Return of Artillery, Stores, and Ammunition, abandoned by the Enemy in their Retreat.

		Calibre.
2	Mortars	50 lib.
4	Iron cannon (one ſpiked up)	18 do.
4	Ditto	12 do.
259	Empty bombs	
236	Carcaſſes	
	Bullets, iron furnaces, &c. &c.	

(Signed) S. J. COLHOFF, Second Lieut.

Hague, March 22.

INTELLIGENCE has been received here of a victory obtained by the prince of Saxe Cobourg over the French at Neerlanden, near Tirlemont, which was preceded by a long and ſharp action.

On the 15th inſtant, the advanced poſt of the imperial army had been beat back from Tirlemont which was re-taken by the enemy. On the 16th M. Dumourier attempted to paſs the left wing of the imperial army. On the 17th there was a change of poſition and a briſk cannonade. On the 18th at ſeven o'clock in the morning, M. Dumourier attacked the centre of the imperial army, but was repulſed: he was likewiſe repulſed by the imperial right wing; but about three o'clock in the afternoon, M. Dumourier's right wing penetrated through the imperial left wing, whoſe cavalry was prevented from manœuvring, the ground being interſected with ditches. The corps reſerved, commanded by M. Clairfayt, then decided the victory. The French retired in good order until ſix o'clock in the evening, when the imperial light cavalry put them to the route. The number killed and wounded is variouſly reported; it is ſaid, that the French have loſt 33 pieces of cannon.

Whitehall, March 25. A convention was this day ſigned by the right hon. lord Grenville, his majeſty's principal ſecretary of ſtate for foreign affairs, and by count Woronzow, envoy extraordinary and miniſter plenipotentiary from the empreſs of Ruſſia, for renewing the treaty of commerce of the year 1766, between Great Britain and Ruſſia, for the term of ſix years.

Hague, March 26.] Accounts have been received here from the prince of Saxe Cobourg, dated Breibeck, near Louvain, the 24d inst. stating, that on the preceding day he had attacked the French, who were advantageously posted between Tirlemont and Louvain; that the engagement was long and obstinate, but that the French were beat, and driven beyond Louvain, and were then posted behind the Dyle, between Louvain and Brussels.

Hague, March 28. A letter was this morning received express from captain Bentinck, dated yesterday, at Bois-le-duc, containing intelligence from Antwerp and Maestricht, that the advanced guard of the Austrian army entered Brussels on the 24th at noon; that the French army was posted at Halle; that the country from Bois-le-duc to Lier was clear of the enemy; and that the French force still at Breda amounted to 4000, and that at Gertruydenberg to 2500 men.

Accounts are also received that Diest was taken on the 20th, in an attack by colonel Mylins; that a considerable magazine was left by the French at Louvain; and that in the affair of the 22d, the Austrians had 1000 men killed and wounded, and the French had 4000 killed.

Hague, March 30.] Intelligence has been received here that the citadel of Namur is taken by the Austrians, and that a considerable body of the Austrian troops has been detached from that place to join the prince de Saxe Cobourg's army.

Ostend, March 30.] The French troops left this town for Dunkirk about three o'clock this afternoon, and at four, one of his Britannick majesty's cutters entered the port. Most of the prizes sailed before the cutter arrived; the others, which were to have sailed this day, are stopped. Three English brigs are still here, under the care of the British consul.

Order of his Catholic Majesty for the Expulsion of Frenchmen from Spain, addressed to the Governor of the Council of Castile.

"SIR,

"Hostilities ought to be regarded as already commenced with the French; and considering them as aggressors, according to the advice given by Ladislas Habor, com. gen. per interim of Catalonia, under this supposition his majesty, without waiting for the conclusions which his extraordinary council will address to him, wills, that proceedings be immediately taken to expel from his kingdom, beginning at Madrid, all Frenchmen, not housekeepers; and that notice be given to each of them, without loss of time, to depart from the place of their residence in eight days time, under the penalties established in like cases. The day shall hereafter be fixed for their departure out of Spain, and measures will be taken to prevent their concealing themselves, or avoiding the most direct road. I inform your excellency of the order of his majesty, in order that the council may cause this royal resolution to be executed with the zeal and activity expected.

(Signed)

"THE DUKE DE LA ALCUDIA."

Coblentz, April 1.] A detachment from the French army, of about 2000 men, has been defeated by prince Louis of Prussia, at a village behind his Prussian majesty's head quarters. In this action, above 900 men and 45 officers (of whom four were field officers) were taken prisoners: the Prussians also took five pieces of cannon and two pair of colours.

The Prussians have reached the banks of the Rhine near Oppenheim, and cut off all communication between France and Mayence, which is hemmed in on every side. On the night of the 31st ult. his Prussian majesty established his head quarters at Guntersblum: his advanced posts were on one hand beyond Oppenheim, and on the other, at Worms. The prince royal (who commands the reserve) is at Ingelheim, between which and the head quarters a great body of the army is cantoned, with its front towards Mayence. The cavalry occupy chiefly the villages between Oppenheim and Altzy, fronting towards France. On their right is the corps of Austrians, which prince Hohenloe has left under the command of general Kalkreuther. The bridge of Pontoons is removed from Bocarach to Bingen.

Hague, April 2.] On the 30th ult. in the evening, prince Frederick of Orange obtained an advantage over the French near Gertruydenburgh, in an action which lasted near three hours. The loss of the Dutch was a captain of grenadiers and six soldiers killed, and several wounded; 150 French were taken, with a lieutenant-colonel, a captain, and a lieutenant, several horses, and a piece of cannon. Yesterday, the hereditary prince was with his corps at Haigie, about half a league from Breda. All hostilities were suspended both there and at Gertruydenburgh. The articles of capitulation both for Breda and Gertruydenburgh, are now supposed to be finally settled. In the mean time, those places continue to be blockaded by two corps of troops, under the hereditary prince of Orange and his brother prince Frederick.

Accounts are received here that the French have evacuated Antwerp and Mons; and that the army under the command of general Dumourier, has retreated towards Valenciennes and Lisle.

Address by General Dumourier to his Army, after arresting the Commissioners sent to carry him a Prisoner to Paris.

Companions! Four commissioners, accompanied by the minister at war, from the national convention, are come to arrest me, and conduct me to the bar. I remember what you have promised; that you will not suffer to be carried away your father, who has several times saved his country, who has led you on in the road of victory, and who at last has still made an honourable retreat at your head; I have put them in a place of safety, to serve as hostages. It is time for our army to discharge its vow, to purge France of assassins and disturbers, and to restore to our unhappy country the repose which she has lost by the crimes of her representatives. It is time to regain a constitution to which we swore three years successively, which gave us liberty, and which alone can preserve us from licentiousness and anarchy, in which we are plunged. I declare to you, companions, that I will set the example of living and dying

free.

free. We cannot be free, but with good laws; if otherwiſe, we ſhall be the ſlaves of crimes.

General in Chief of the French Army,
DUMOURIER.

Near St. Amand, April 1, 1793.
Eleven o'Clock at Night.

Addreſs, by General Dumourier, to the French Nation.

Since the commencement of the revolution, I have devoted myſelf to the maintenance of the liberty and honour of the nation.

The ſervices I rendered in the year 1792 are the moſt memorable. Miniſter of foreign affairs during three months, I elevated and ſuſtained the dignity of the French name throughout all Europe. I was calumniated by an odious cabal, by whom I was charged with having plundered ſix million of livres deſtined for ſecret ſervices. I have proved that of this ſum I did not expend half a million.

Having quitted the career of politics towards the cloſe of the month of June, I commanded a ſmall army in the department of the north. This department I was ordered to quit with my troops, at the very time the Auſtrians entered in force that part of the republic. I diſobeyed the order, ſaved the department, and an attempt was made to come on me by ſurpriſe, for the purpoſe of conveying me to the citadel of Metz, where I was to be condemned by a council of war to ſuffer death.

On the 28th of Auguſt I took upon me, in Champagne, the command of an army of twenty thouſand men, weak, and without either diſcipline or organization. I arreſted the progreſs of eighty thouſand Pruſſians and Heſſians, and forced them to retreat, after they had ſacrificed the one half of their army. I was then the Saviour of France; and then it was that the moſt wicked of men, the opprobrium of Frenchmen—in a word, Marat, began to calumniate me without any mercy. With a part of the victorious army of Champagne, and ſome other troops, I entered, on the 5th of November, the Belgic provinces, where I gained the for-ever-memorable battle of Jemappe; and, after a ſucceſſion of advantages, entered Liege and Aix-la-Chapelle, towards the cloſe of that month. From that moment my deſtruction was reſolved on; and I have been accuſed of aſpiring now to the title of duke of Brabant, now to the ſtadtholderſhip, and again to the dictatorſhip. To retard and cruſh my ſucceſſes, the miniſter Pache, ſupported by the criminal faction to whom all our evils are to be aſcribed, ſuffered the victorious army to want every thing, and ſucceeded in diſbanding it by famine and nakedneſs. The conſequence was, that more than fifteen thouſand men were in the hoſpitals, more than twenty-five thouſand deſerted, through miſery and diſguſt, and upwards of ten thouſand horſes died of hunger!!!

I tranſmitted to the national convention very ſtrenuous remonſtrances, which I followed up by repairing in perſon to Paris, to engage the legiſlature to apply a remedy to the evil: they did not even condeſcend to read the four memorials I delivered in. During the twenty-ſix hours I ſpent at Paris, I heard almoſt every night bands of pretended federates demand my head; and calumnies of every deſcription, as well as menaces and inſults, followed me even into the country-houſe to which I retired.

Having delivered in my reſignation, I was retained in the ſervice of my country, becauſe it was propoſed to me to negociate the ſuſpenſion of the war againſt England and Holland, which I had conceived as indiſpenſable to the ſafety of the Netherlands. Whilſt I negociated, and that ſucceſsfully, the national convention itſelf haſtened to declare war, without making any preparations, and without either power or means for its ſupport.

I was not even adviſed of this declaration, and learned it through the medium of the Gazettes only. I haſtened to form a ſmall army of new troops, who had never fought; and with theſe troops, whom confidence rendered invincible, I made myſelf maſter of three ſtrong places, and was ready to penetrate into the middle of Holland, when I learned the diſaſter of Aix-la-Chapelle, the raiſing of the ſiege of Maeſtricht, and the ſad retreat of the army. By this army I was loudly ſummoned—I abandoned my conqueſts to fly to its ſuccour; and conſidered that we could be extricated from our difficulties by a ſpeedy ſucceſs only. I led my companions in arms to the enemy. On the 16th of March, I had a conſiderable advantage at Tirlemont. On the 18th, I brought the enemy to a general action, and the centre and right wing, under my charge, were victorious. The left wing, after having attacked imprudently, fled. On the 19th, we retreated honourably with the brave men that were left together; for a part of the army diſbanded itſelf. On the 21ſt and 22d, we fought with the ſame courage; and to our firmneſs was owing the preſervation of the remains of an army which breathes ſolely for true liberty, for the reign of the laws, and for the extinction of anarchy.

It was then that the Marats, the Robeſpierres, and the criminal ſects of the Jacobins of Paris, plotted the fall of the generals, and more eſpecially of me. Theſe villains, bribed with the gold of foreign power to complete the diſorganization of the armies, cauſed almoſt all the generals to be arreſted. They keep them in the jails of Paris, to Septemberize them; for thus it is that theſe monſters have coined a word, to hand down to poſterity the remembrance of the horrid maſſacres of the firſt ſix days of September.

Whilſt I was employed in recompoſing the army, in which employment I had laboured night and day, on the 1ſt of April four commiſſioners of the national convention reached me, with a decree, purporting that I ſhould be brought to the bar of the convention itſelf. The war miniſter, Beurnonville, my pupil, was weak enough to accompany them, to ſucceed me in my command. The perſons who were in the ſuite of theſe perfidious emiſſaries, informed me themſelves that different groupes of aſſaſſins, either fugitives from or driven out of my army, were diſperſed on the road to kill me before I could reach Paris. I ſpent ſeveral hours in endeavouring to convince the commiſſioners of the imprudence of this arreſt—Nothing could ſhake their pride; and I therefore arreſted the whole of them to ſerve me as hoſtages againſt the crimes of Paris. I inſtantly arranged

with

with the Imperialiſts a ſuſpenſion of arms, and marched towards the capital, to extinguiſh as ſpeedily as poſſible, the lighted embers of civil war.

My dear countrymen! it is expedient that a true and brave man remove for you the veil which covers all our crimes and misfortunes. In 1789, we made great efforts to obtain liberty, equality, and the ſovereignty of the people. Our principles were conſecrated in the declaration of the rights of man; and there have reſulted from the labours of our legiſlators, 1ſt, the declaration which ſays that France is and ſhall remain a monarchy—2dly, a conſtitution to which we ſwore fealty in 1789, 90, and 91.

This conſtitution might, and indeed muſt have been imperfect; but it ought and might have been believed, that with time and experience its errors would be rectified, and that the neceſſary ſtrife between the legiſlative and executive powers would eſtabliſh a wiſe equilibrium, which would prevent either of theſe powers from ſeizing the whole of the authority, and attaining deſpotiſm. If the deſpotiſm of a ſingle individual is dangerous to liberty, how much more odious muſt be that of ſeven hundred men, many of whom are void of principle, without morals, and who have been able to reach that ſupremacy by cabals or crimes alone!

Licentiouſneſs and exceſs ſoon rendered it impoſſible to ſupport the yoke of a conſtitution that gave laws. The tribunes influenced the aſſembly of repreſentatives, and were themſelves awed by the dangerous club of the Jacobines of Paris. The ſtrife between the two powers became at length a deadly combat. Then was the equilibrium deſtroyed—France ceaſed to have a king, and the victory of the 10th of Auguſt was ſoiled by the atrocious crimes of the firſt days of September.

All the departments, but more eſpecially the wretched city of Paris, were delivered up to pillage, to denunciations, proſcriptions, and maſſacres. No Frenchman, the aſſaſſins and their accomplices excepted, had either his life or his property in ſecurity! The conſternation of ſlavery was augmented by the clamorous orgies of villains. Bands of pretended federates ran through, and laid waſte the departments; and of the ſeven hundred individuals who compoſed this deſpotic and anarchical body, four or five hundred groaned and decreed, and decreed and groaned, expoſed to the exterminating ſword of the Marats and the Robeſpierres. It is thus that the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth periſhed, without a judicial trial, and without a tribunal: and it is thus that the decree of the 19th of November has provoked all nations, by holding out to them our aid, provided they will conſent to diſorganize themſelves. 'Tis thus that the unjuſt and impolitic decree of the 15th of December has alienated from us the hearts of the Belgians, has driven us from the Netherlands, and would have brought about the maſſacre of our whole army by this nation! provoked at our outrages and our crimes, if I had not ſaved that very army by my proclamations. It is thus that a decree eſtabliſhed the bloody tribunal, which places the lives of the citizens at the mercy of a ſmall number of iniquitous judges, without recourſe or appeal to any other tribunal. It is thus, that during the laſt month all the decrees have been marked by the ſtamp of inſatiable avarice by the blindeſt pride, and more eſpecially by the deſire of maintaining power, by calling to the moſt important poſts of the ſtate no other than daring incapable and criminal men, by driving away or murdering men enlightened and of a high character, and by ſupporting a phantom of a republic, which their errors in adminiſtration and in policy, as well as their crimes' had rendered impracticable. Theſe ſeven hundred individuals deſpiſe, deteſt, calumniate, and revile each other; and have already, and that frequently, thought of poinarding one and the other. At this moment their blind ambition has impelled them to conſpire afreſh; and bold criminality allies itſelf to feeble virtue, to preſerve a power as unjuſt as it is unſteady. In the mean time, their committees devour every thing, that of the national treaſury abſorbing the public funds, without being able to render any account of the expenditure.

What has this convention done to maintain the war it has provoked againſt all the powers of Europe?

It has diſorganized the armies, inſtead of reinforcing and recruiting the troops of the line, and the ancient battalions of the national volunteers, which would have formed a reſpectable army. Inſtead of recompenſing theſe brave warriors by promotion and praiſes, theſe legiſlators have left the battalions incomplete, naked, diſarmed, and diſcontented. In the ſame way have they treated the excellent cavalry, and the brave French artillery is in the ſame manner exhauſted, abandoned, and in want of every neceſſary. They notwithſtanding create new corps, compoſed of the ſatellites of the ſecond of September, and commanded by men who have never ſerved, and who are no other way to be dreaded unleſs by the armies they ſurcharge and diſorganize. The convention ſacrifices every thing to theſe ſatellites of tyranny, to theſe cowardly *head-loppers*. The choice of officers, and that of adminiſtrators, are in every particular the ſame: we ſee throughout the tyranny which flatters the wicked, becauſe the wicked alone can ſupport tyranny:—and, in its pride and its ignorance, this convention orders the conqueſt and diſorganization of the whole univerſe: it ſays to one of its generals, Go, and take Rome—and to another, Sally forth and ſubdue Spain—to the ſea that deſpoiling commiſſioners, ſimilar to thoſe barbarid Roman proconſuls againſt whom Cicero declaimed, may be ſent thither. In the worſt ſeaſon of the year, it ſends the only fleet it poſſeſſes into the Mediterranean, to ſplit and found on the rocks of Sardinia; whilſt it expoſes the fleets of Breſt to the fury of the ſtorms, by ſending them in queſt of an Engliſh fleet that has not yet left its port.

In the mean time, a civil war ſpreads through all the departments. Some of the inſurgents are excited by fanaticiſm, the neceſſary effect of perſecution; others, by an indignation at the tragic and fruitleſs end of Louis XVI. and others, finally, the natural principle of reſiſting perſecution.

Arms are every where taken up; murders every where committed; and every where an

ſtroy ſupplies and proviſions intercepted. The Engliſh foment theſe troubles; and will, by their diſcours, ſupply fuel to them at their pleaſure. Soon will every one of our corſairs diſappear from the ocean; ſoon will the ſouthern department ceaſe to receive ſupplies of corn from Italy and Africa; and already have thoſe from the North and from America been intercepted by the ſquadrons of the enemies. Famine will annex itſelf to all our other ſcourges; and the ferocity of our cannibals will but increaſe with our calamities.

Frenchmen! We have a rallying-point which can ſtifle the monſter of anarchy: 'tis the conſtitution we ſwore to maintain in 1789, 90, and 91; 'tis the work of free people; and we ſhall remain free, and ſhall recover our glory, by reſuming our conſtitution.

Let us diſplay our virtues, more eſpecially that of mildneſs; too much blood has already been ſhed. If the monſters by whom we have been diſorganized chuſe to fly, let us leave them to meet their puniſhment elſewhere, if they do not find it in their own corrupted hearts; but if they wiſh to ſupport anarchy by new crimes, then ſhall the army puniſh them.

In the generoſity of the enemies we have ſo grievouſly outraged, I have found the ſecurity of external peace. Not only do they treat humanely and attentively our wounded, ſick, and priſoners, who fall into their hands—and all this in deſpite of the calumnies ſpread by our agitators to render us ferocious—but they engage to ſuſpend their march, not to paſs our frontiers, and to leave to our brave army the termination of all our internal diſſentions.

Let the ſacred torch of the love of our country awaken in us our virtue and our courage! At the bare name of the conſtitution, civil war will ceaſe, or can no longer exiſt, unleſs againſt certain malevolent men, who will no longer be ſupported by foreign powers. Theſe have no hatred to any others among us except our factious criminals, and deſire nothing more fervently than to reſtore their eſteem and friendſhip to a nation whoſe errors and anarchy diſturb and trouble all Europe. Peace will be the fruit of this reſolution; and the troops of the line, as well as the brave national volunteers, who, for the ſpace of a year, have offered themſelves as willing ſacrifices to liberty, and who abhor anarchy, will repoſe in the boſom of their families, after having accompliſhed this noble work.

As to myſelf, I have already made an oath, and I repeat it before the whole nation, and in the preſence of all Europe, that immediately after having effected the ſafety of my country by the re-eſtabliſhment of the conſtitution, of peace and good order, I ſhall abandon every public function, and ſhall ſeek in ſolitude the enjoyment of the happineſs of my fellow-citizens.

The General in Chief of the French Army,
DUMOURIER.

Baths of St. Amand, April 2, 1793.

Hague, April 4.] Intelligence has been received from general Clairfayt, dated at Tournay the 2d inſt. adviſing that general Dumourier had that morning ſent to him, as priſoners, M. Bournonville, M. Camus, and other commiſſioners, who had been authoriſed by the national convention to apprehend him, and conduct him to the bar; and that, in a letter which he at the ſame time wrote to general Clairfayt, he declared his intention to march the next morning with his army for Paris.

Bergen-op-Zoon, April 4.] Intelligence has been received from the prince de Saxe Cobourg's head quarters at Mons, that an armiſtice was agreed upon between his ſerene highneſs and general Dumourier, the latter having previouſly conſented to evacuate the Auſtrian Netherlands and Dutch Brabant: that general Dumourier ſet out on the 3d inſt. on his march to Paris: that his ſerene highneſs had put his troops into very cloſe cantonements, keeping them in immediate readineſs to act: that the king of Pruſſia had croſſed the Rhine at Buchera, attacked the French at Bingen, Creutzenach, and Altheim, took general Neuwinger, 50 officers, 200 non-commiſſioned officers and privates, 15 cannon, and a military cheſt, and had formed the blockade of Mayence: that general Wurmſer, with a Pruſſian corps, was immediately to paſs the Rhine at Manheim, and act on the left of the king: that Worms and Oppenheim were evacuated, and that the enemy had retreated from thoſe places towards Landau. Theſe operations happened between the 27th of March and the 1ſt of April.

Memorial preſented on the 5th of this Month, by the Britiſh and Imperial Miniſters, to the States General.

"*High and Mighty Lords,*

"It is known that towards the end of the month of Sept. laſt year, his Britannic majeſty and your high mightineſſes gave, in concert, a ſolemn aſſurance, that in caſe the imminent danger which then threatened the lives of their moſt chriſtian majeſties and their families ſhould be realiſed, his majeſty and your high mightineſſes would not fail to purſue the moſt efficacious meaſures to prevent the perſons who might render themſelves guilty of ſo attrocious a crime from finding any aſylum in your reſpective ſtates. This event, which was with horror foreſeen, has taken place, and the divine vengeance ſeems not to have been tardy. Some of theſe deteſtable regicides are now in ſuch a ſituation that they can be ſubjected to the ſword of the law. The reſt are ſtill in the midſt of a people whom they have plunged into an abyſs of evils, and for whom famine, anarchy, and civil war are about to prepare new calamities. In ſhort, every thing that we ſee happen induces us to conſider as not far diſtant the end of theſe wretches, whoſe madneſs and attrocities have filled with terror and indignation all thoſe who reſpect the principles of religion, morality, and humanity.

The underſigned, therefore, ſubmit to the enlightened judgment and wiſdom of your high mightineſſes, whether it would not be proper to employ all the means in your power to prohibit from entering your ſtates in Europe, or your colonies, all thoſe members of the ſelf-titled national convention, or of the pretended executive council, who have directly or indirectly participated in the

ſaid

said crime; and if they should be discovered and arrested, to deliver them up to justice, that they may serve as a lesson and example to mankind.

"Done at the Hague, this 5th of April, 1793.

(Signed)

"AUCKLAND.

"LOUIS C. DE STARHEMBERG."

Proclamation. The Marshal Prince de Saxe Cobourg, General in Chief of the Armies of his Majesty the Emperor, to the French.

"The general in chief, Dumourier, has communicated to me his declaration to the French nation. I find in it the sentiments and principles of a virtuous man, who truly loves his country, who is desirous of putting an end to the anarchy and calamities that tear it asunder, and of procuring it the happiness of a constitution, and of a wise and solid government.

"I know that it is the unanimous wish of all the sovereigns, whom the factious have armed against France, and principally that of their Imperial and Prussian majesties, who are yet filled with esteem for the French nation, so great and so generous, among whom the immutable principles of justice and honour were formerly sacred, before the effect of the general overthrow of all order had deluded and corrupted that part of the people, who, under the mask of humanity and patriotism, have no other language in their mouths, than that of assassination and poinards. I know also that this view is that of all the honest, sensible, and virtuous part of the French, who are profoundly penetrated with these great truths, and who are desirous only of the prosperity and glory of a country torn by so many convulsions and misfortunes. I declare by the present proclamation, that I will support, by all the force which is entrusted to me, the generous and beneficent intentions of general Dumourier and his brave army.

"I declare besides, that coming recently, and after several encounters, from fighting with an enemy valiant, intrepid and generous, I shall join, if general Dumourier shall desire it, a part of my troops, or all my army, to the French army, to co-operate as friends and brothers in arms, worthy of reciprocal esteem; to give to France her constitutional king, *the constitution which she had formed for herself*, and of course the means of rectifying, if the nation shall find it imperfect; and revive in France, as well as in all the rest of Europe, peace, confidence, tranquility and happiness. I declare, in consequence, upon my word of honour, that I shall not come upon the French territory, there to make conquests, but solely and purely for the ends above specified.

"I declare also, on my word of honour, that if the military operations should require that any strong place or places should be delivered over to my troops, I shall consider them no otherways than as sacred deposits; and I hereby engage in the most express and positive manner, to deliver them up as soon as the government which will be established in France, or the brave general with whom I am to make a common cause, shall demand it.

"I declare in fine, that I shall give the most strict orders, and take the most vigorous and most efficacious measures, that my troops shall not commit the smallest excess, nor be permitted to make the least exaction, or be guilty of the least violence; that they shall respect persons and property on the French territory; and that whoever of my army who shall dare to disobey my orders, shall be punished on the spot with the most ignominious death.

"THE PRINCE COBOURG."

Given at my Head Quarters, at Mons, this 5th of April, 1793.

Second Proclamation. By the Prince of Saxe Cobourg, General and Commander in Chief of the Armies of his Majesty the Emperor, and of the Empire, to the French.

"The declaration which I made from my head quarters at Mons, dated the 5th of April, 1793, is a public testimony of my personal sentiments to restore, soon as possible, peace and tranquility to Europe. In it I manifested, in a sincere and open manner, my particular desire that the French nation might have a solid and durable government, founded on the unshaken basis of justice and humanity, which might ensure peace to Europe, and happiness to France.

"Now that the result of this declaration is so opposite to the effects it ought to have produced, and which proves but too plainly that the sentiments which have dictated it have been misunderstood, it only remains for me to revoke it entirely, and to declare formally, that the state of war which subsists between the court of Vienna and the combined powers and France, is from this moment unhappily renewed.

"I find myself therefore forced, by the predominating influence of the circumstances which the most guilty men persist in directing to the overthrow and destruction of their country, to annul entirely my former declaration, and make known, that a state of war so unfortunate, being renewed, I have given the necessary orders for commencing it, in concert with the Allied Powers, with all the energy and vigour of which victorious armies are capable.

"The cessation of the armistice is the first hostile step that the unfortunate combination of events has forced me to take. There will therefore only subsist, of my former declaration, the inviolable engagement, which I again renew with pleasure, that the most exact discipline will be observed and maintained by my army upon the French territory; and that every breach thereof will be punished with the utmost rigour.

"The sincerity and loyalty which at all times have been the principle of my actions, oblige me to give to this new address of the French nation all the publicity of which it is susceptible, to leave no doubt of the consequences that may result from it.

"THE PRINCE DE COBOURG."

Given at the Head Quarters at Mons, the 9th of April, 1793.

(To be continued.)

British Parliament.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1793.

(Continued from our last.)

THE attorney-general, in anſwer to what had fallen from Mr. Curwen, ſaid, that land might be deemed more ſolid ſecurity than aſſignats, yet the legiſlature, knowing that Engliſhmen were prevailed upon, from certain views of intereſt, to truſt to aſſignats, deemed it wiſe to prohibit that folly by an act of parliament.

Mr. Francis aſked the attorney-general, whether he knew of any remittance having been made to France, ſubſequent to the declaration of war, for the purpoſe of buying land, or inveſtment in the French funds: if no ſuch fact were known, there exiſted no ground for the bill?

The attorney-general anſwered, that he did not think it neceſſary to ſtate his knowledge, or ignorance, of the exiſtence, or non-exiſtence of ſuch remittances, as a ground for his bill.

The queſtion was then put, and carried without a diviſion.

The ſame day, when the committee of the whole houſe had come to the reſolution for raiſing 438,000l. for payment of the Hanoverian force ſubſidized by Great Britain, a debate enſued, ſupported on one ſide by lord Fielding, major Maitland, meſſ. Curwen, Fox, and Sheridan; and on the other, by Mr. Pitt, Mr. Dundas, and captain Berkeley. The oppoſition charged adminiſtration with criminal neglect and tardineſs in the meaſures they had adopted for proſecuting the war, and in forming their alliances. Though undertaking ſuch a war had been originally repugnant to the intereſts of the country, yet, as it was now undertaken, it was the duty of the houſe to carry it on with the utmoſt vigour, in order, by efficient exertions, to procure ſooner the bleſſings of peace. How diametrically oppoſite had the conduct of miniſters been to their own profeſſions in that reſpect. Their negociations and their warlike operations were in an inverſe ratio. The former were as raſh and precipitate, as the latter were tardy and inefficient. When a powerful country, like Great Britain, ought to have furniſhed its allies ſpeedily, and with ſuch a body of troops as could yield effectual aſſiſtance, men were ſent to Holland by twenties and by tens.—A right hon. gentleman (Mr. Dundas) had, ſo far back as the month of December, informed the houſe, that France ſhould be conſidered as in a ſtate of hoſtile preparation; and yet no aid had been ſent to the Dutch, ſo long menaced, and afterward attacked by general Dumourier, till the 22d of February, when about 2000 of the guards had been detached thither; which was ſubjecting thoſe gallant men to almoſt certain deſtruction, their ſtrength and numbers being totally inadequate to the greatneſs of the expedition.

So criminal even was the neglect of miniſters, that proper tranſports had not been provided for their reception. At a ſeaſon of the year when ſtorms were naturally to be expected, a number of our gallant countrymen, officered by perſons of the beſt blood in the kingdom, and led on by a prince of the blood-royal, were heaped one over the other, in tranſports ſo ill prepared as to want even ballaſt. Report had it, that ſo ill had the expedition been conducted, that the field-pieces and cartridges were left behind. Had miniſters, as they ought to have done, (if credit were due to their own repeated declarations, ſtating the important ſervices rendered by the guards,) ſent them out in the beginning, and not waited till the 22d of February, effects, yet more beneficial, might have accrued. A treaty with the elector of Hanover was alſo a matter not very complex, and required no great time to accompliſh; and though the right hon. gentleman had mentioned the ſubject three months back, it was not perfected before the end of February, when 12,000 Hanoverians were engaged into the Britiſh ſervice; a number by no means equal to the object for which they were retained. Thoſe troops were never ſent till Dumourier had taken Breda and Gertruydenberg, and was beſieging Williamſtadt; till he had made himſelf maſter of the important country adjacent, which might, by timely and effectual ſuccours, have been prevented.

On the part of adminiſtration it was argued, that though it was admitted the tranſports had met with a hard paſſage, yet ſurely they could not be reſponſible for the uncertainty of the weather. The charge of the condition of the tranſports, brought by gentlemen on the oppoſite benches, operated againſt themſelves, and was a proof of the expedition uſed by miniſters. With reſpect to the quantum of the force ſent, it was to be conſidered that this country, though powerful in maritime, was not equally ſo in its military force. Seldom, at the commencement of a war, had a ſtronger or better equipped force been draughted from Great Britain. If the difficulty of recruiting, and the neceſſity of retaining a proper number for defence at home, were conſidered, as they ought, more praiſe than blame would attach itſelf to his majeſty's ſervants. Near 2,000 of the guards, and 12,000 electoral troops, it was readily admitted, would not alone have been ſufficient: but gentlemen ought to recollect, that the Dutch, and other allies, had alſo great armies. The Dutch entertained different ideas of the efficiency of our ſuccours, and, on every occaſion, expreſſed their ſatisfaction and gratitude to Great Britain.

Capt. Berkeley, in the courſe of his ſpeech, having inſinuated that an hon. gentleman (Mr. Fox) on the other ſide, was a friend to Dumourier, was called to order; and a converſation, fraught with much heat, aroſe, which was terminated in the hon. captain's retracting his words. The reſolutions then paſſed, without a diviſion.

On Thurſday, March 21, a motion for the ſecond reading of the bill againſt traiterous correſpondence, was oppoſed by Mr. Curwen, who ſaid, that no ground had been ſtated to warrant ſo novel and extraordinary a bill. He reprobated the clauſe which prohibited the return of Engliſhmen to this country from France, without a paſſport, as unjuſt and oppreſſive. He condemned the prohibition of buying the lands or funds of France as prepoſterous and unneceſſary; and the prohibi-

tion of insurance as impolitic. In support of this opinion, he quoted the opinion of the late lord Mansfield, which was, that this country gained a considerable sum by insurance, and that by insurance intelligence was frequently gained of the operations of the enemy.

Mr. North considered the measures proposed by the bill to be called for by the exigencies of the time; that the clauses were justified by precedents, and were strictly analogous to the laws of nations, and consonant to all national policy. He expressed his astonishment that any opposition could be made to such a bill, which went alone to cut off the resources of an enemy. The clause which prohibited investments in French lands or French funds, he deemed extremely politic, and he asked, how it could be said truly that we were determined to support the war, unless we prevented that money going out of the kingdom to pay the armies and navy of our enemies, which ought to be preserved for the payment of our own navy and army, in a war declared against us, and against the constitution under which we had so long happily lived.

The bill was then read a second time, and a motion made that it should be committed for the next day. This was opposed by Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, lord John Russel, and Mr. Whitbread, jun. as too precipitate a proceeding on a bill of such importance. It was also opposed by Mr. Martin, who, at the same time, expressed his hearty approbation of the bill, and a wish that those gentlemen who had opposed going into the war, but who had professed that, when in the war, they would vigorously support it, to remember their promises, and not continually to throw difficulties in the way of administration. The motion was supported by Mr. Pitt, the Attorney General, Mr. Grenville, and Mr. alderman Anderson. The latter was for the passing of the bill with all possible expedition, as essentially beneficial to the country. He observed, upon the insurance clause, that he knew premiums were received in the city upon French property; he thought such insurance to be rather a losing than a gaining concern; for he expected, from the vigilance of administration, and the exertions of our ships, that the greater part, if not the whole, of the French commerce, would speedily fall into our hands.

On a division, the numbers were:

For the commitment -	127
Against it - -	37
Majority	90

The next day, the order of the day being read, the solicitor-general moved, that the consideration of the preamble should be postponed till the different clauses had been gone through. After some observations from Mr. Fox (who expressed his detestation of the bill, as in the highest degree despotic in its principle) and from the chancellor of the exchequer (who recommended moderation in the discussion) Mr. Grey rose, and said, that the preamble stated unfairly and falsely the object of the bill. He had promised to support the war, in consequence of which he had already concurred in voting the necessary supplies; but he never could conceive himself pledged to support ministers in measures which appeared unnecessary and mischievous.

The attorney-general defended the preamble, and stated that he had followed the example of lord Somers, and some of the greatest men that ever were in this country, who had given preambles of the same kind to bills of a similar nature. In every act of this sort, it became indispensably necessary that it should admit of a more general interpretation than could perhaps be wished, if the evil could be otherwise sufficiently guarded against. For instance, in the present case, it might be true, that some persons going from this country to France, or returning, might have no improper intention whatever, yet, as other persons might probably go there, or return, for purposes hostile to this country, it became necessary, in order to guard effectually against these, to make a general regulation, prohibiting all persons from going to France, or returning, except under such regulations as may be consistent with the safety of the state.

Mr. H. Browne vindicated the preamble, and said, that compared to that of the present time, the danger at the time of the revolution was trifling. It was undoubtedly important to fix the government in the person of our glorious deliverer from popery and arbitrary power; but the question now is, whether we shall have a king at all. Mr. Browne went on to state the danger arising from the principles and objects of France in the present war; and its evident intention to interfere in the internal polity of this country.

Mr. Sheridan agreed that the hon. gentleman had been perfectly in order; but it had been said, that his hon. friend had been disorderly in his opposition to postponing the preamble, which he could not admit. It might be true, that in many cases it was usual and proper to postpone the preamble; but, in this case, where the assumptions in the preamble afford the only justification of the enactments of the bill, to desire gentlemen to postpone the preamble, without requiring any proof of these assumptions, was desiring them to agree to all the enactments of such a new and alarming nature, without requiring the smallest evidence that there is any ground of necessity for them.

Mr. Fox was against postponing the preamble, and insisted, that before acceding to a proposition so new and alarming, it should at least be justified by a clear proof of an urgent necessity. The hon. gentleman (Mr. Anstruther) had quibbled on this preamble, and had been obliged to state it unfairly, in order to support his deduction; he had asked, whether it can be denied that it is *expedient to prevent* corresponding with his majesty's enemies, &c. but the words of the preamble are, that it is expedient *more effectually* to prevent such correspondence, &c. and he would ask, on the other hand, whether, without any knowledge of the insufficiency of the existing laws, or of any dangerous and extraordinary urgency, it would be right to go on to the enacting of such dreadful provisions as some of those which compose this bill? Gentlemen talk of what had been done at the revolution: let them follow the example of those who acted at that time, by shewing evidence of the necessity of the present measure. Upon the principles now asserted, if a handful of men, however insignificant,

cant, ſhould happen to entertain opinions ſubverſive of the conſtitution, this alone would be held ſufficient to juſtify inveſting government with the moſt arbitrary powers, t ough there exiſted, in fact, no real danger. An hon. gentleman (Mr. Browne) had ſaid, that, if he were a Jacobite, he would not take the part even of his favourite monarch, if impoſed on him by the power of France; but, for his part, if the conſtitution which he ſo much venerated was to be deſtroyed, he did not care whether its overthrow came from France, or originated at home. He would ſupport miniſters in carrying on the war, but he would not agree to undermine the conſtitution; and he could not concur in proceeding a ſtep farther in the bill, without evidence of ſome urgent neceſſity.

(To be continued.)

Affairs of France. (Continued from our laſt.)

THE national convention had ſcarcely organized their dreadful revolutionary tribunal, when accounts were brought of inſurrections in various quarters againſt the exiſting government. In the ſitting of Monday, March 18, it was announced, that the communication between Nantz and Rennes was intercepted by a number of inſurgents; that a plan was in agitation at Paris to deſtroy the convention, and renew a monarchical government; that in the department of the Straits of Calais, the counter-revolutioniſts did every thing they could do to impede the recruiting; that, in two diſtricts, the commiſſioners ſent by the department, had been inſulted by the ariſtocrats, and their lives threatened; that the departments of Vendee and the Two Sevres were in the poſſeſſion of the inſurgents, who had alſo ſeized on the diſtrict of Cholet, and ſet fire to it; that the forces ſent to quell theſe counter-revolutioniſts had been repulſed with loſs; and that the ariſtocrats are provided with artillery. At the ſame time, a letter was read from the national commiſſioners at Orleans, informing the convention, that Leonard Bourden, one of their colleagues, had been nearly murdered by the ariſtocrats, who told him to go and join Le Pelletier. The municipality, they added, inſtead of puniſhing, countenanced the atrocious act; and the adminiſtrators of the department only repreſented it to the aſſembly as a ſlight quarrel. On the other hand, the convention was informed, that the rebels at Amiens had been repulſed with the loſs of 500 men. To counterbalance this again, it was announced, that the counter-revolutioniſts were in force in the departments of Ille and Villaine, to the number of 800; that they were poſſeſſed of about ten leagues of the country, had cut off ſeveral communications, and had driven the troops of the line, the national guards, and the gens d'armes as far as Chateau Briaud; that they had murdered a mayor, his ſon, and a conſtitutional rector. They ſaid it was time the cap of liberty ſhould be thrown down. The convention ordered a proper force to be ſent againſt them.

Barrere moved, that the republic ſhould be declared in a ſtate of revolution, and that whoever propoſed an Agrarian law, (a propoſition which had miſled the people) ſhould be puniſhed with death. The latter the aſſembly decreed unanimouſly.

A decree was iſſued, ordering the counter-revolutioniſts in cuſtody at Rennes, Lamballe, &c. to be brought to Paris; and the city of Orleans was declared in a ſtate of rebellion.

On Tueſday, March 19, more diſaſtrous news was announced from the department of Mayenne and Loire, dated Angers the 17th inſtant. The ſucceſs of the rebels had been ſuch as required the moſt vigorous meaſures. All that part ſeparated on the ſouth by the Loire was in their power. The patriots of Saint Florent had been murdered by them; they had pillaged the public treaſures of the diſtrict, and carried off the records.—Chemilly had ſuffered in the ſame manner. On the 16th there had been an engagement, when the patriots were vanquiſhed. Saumur was threatened. The magiſtrates had aſſembled the ſcattered forces, to offer a reſolute front to the counter-revolutioniſts. Couriers were gone to the neighbouring departments to demand aſſiſtance. All communication with the Lower Loire was interrupted. The plunderers were maſters of Ancenis. They all wore the white cockade. They demanded a king, and the recal of the emigrants. The preſident of the department terminated his letter by informing the convention, that the domeſtics of the ci-devant nobles, and ſome prieſts, having kindled firſt of all the fire of diſcord, 200 of them had been made priſoners; and he demanded the eſtabliſhment of a revolutionary tribunal, to do juſtice to the traitors upon the very ſpot.

When this letter was finiſhed, a deputy from Mayenne and Loire ſaid, he was informed that Saumur was actually beſieged: it might hold out for ſome time, being ſituated between the confluence of the Cher and the Loire, if it received ſpeedy ſuccours. Different propoſitions were then made:—one to break every correſpondence with ſuch countries with which they were at war, to drive from the republic all ſtrangers, except thoſe who had been ſettled before the 14th of July 1789.—This was referred to the diplomatic committee.

At this period, the national convention ſeemed not to be under any appearance of a reverſe o fortune in the Netherlands. On the contrary, the commiſſioners to the Belgic army wrote from Bruſſels, on the 18th (the very day that general Dumourier received a ſignal defeat,) that they had divided the department of Jemappe into three diſtricts, and that they muſt add Tournay to them to form a fourth. But accounts of the moſt diſaſtrous events now poured in upon them. The particulars of theſe events, which produced the entire evacuation of the Ne herlands, and of all the viſionary ideas of republican aggrandizement, will be found in our Continental Advices. In this article we ſhall ſpeak only of the effects which they produced in France.

On Thurſday, March 21, it was announced, that the inſurgents in the department of the Lower Loire, had attacked general Marcé on the 18th, with 1300 men, and ſeven pieces of cannon, and had been repulſed with the loſs of 100 men:

the general having received a reinforcement of 1000 men, was preparing to purſue them on the 19th.

The next day, on receiving the account of general Dumourier's defeat on the 18th, in which it appeared that the left wing, under general Miranda had fled, the convention decreed, that the executive council ſhould enquire into the cauſes of the defeat of that wing.

On Saturday, March 23, the convention was informed that Bourdeaux had ſent two battalions of 800 men each to aid in quelling the inſurrections; deputies extraordinary from the departments of Vendee and the Two Sevres brought intelligence, that general Marcé had been defeated by the inſurgents on Tueſday near Chantonay, and obliged to abandon the place with his wounded and artillery; and that the commiſſioners had ſuſpended Marcé, and given the command to Boullard, lieut. col. of infantry. The miniſter at war then ſtated, that he was forming an army of reſerve at Orleans on account of the inſurrections; and it was decreed that general Marcé be tried by a court-martial at Rochelle.

On Sunday, March 24, the commiſſioners with the Belgic army ſtated, that they had ſuſpended general Miranda, and the colonel of the 73d regiment of infantry; and it was decreed that the general and the colonel be brought priſoners to the bar. A letter from Nantz, ſtated that city to be in the middle of a civil war, and that the inſurgents, within a circumference of three leagues, were not over-rated at 40,000.

On Monday, March 25, it was announced, that the road from Nantz to Angers was open; that the national guards had deſtroyed the entrenchments made by the inſurgents; that a great number of the leaders of the latter were apprehended; that more than 1000 of them were killed, and as many in priſon; and the commiſſioners at Rennes wrote, that the inſurgents had been beaten and diſperſed in various actions, and that the priſons were full of them.

The miniſter at war announced the retreat of Dumourier to the French frontiers, of which he ſaid it would be *improper* to publiſh the detail.—This was received with murmurs.

On Tueſday, March 26, a letter from the commiſſioners at Rennes, dated March 23, ſtated, that five departments were covered with inſurgents, and called for additional forces. The executive council gave an account of the progreſs of the revolt, by which it appeared, that although the inſurgents had been beaten in various places, they had prevailed on the peaſants in the neighbourhood of Breſt to join them.

On Thurſday, March 28, a letter from the directory of the department of Eure and Loire announced, that the rebels had been beaten near Saumur and Angers, and 1200 of them taken priſoners.

A letter from the commiſſioners to the Belgic army, dated Liſle, March 27, ſtated, that, altho' their miſſion was at an end, in conſequence of the total evacuation of Belgium, they thought their preſence with the army neceſſary, and ſhould wait for farther orders.

On Friday, March 29, a letter from the commiſſioners at Angers, dated March 25, ſaid, the troops were marching from different points againſt the rebels, of whom they hoped the republic would ſoon be purged, as their means did not equal their frenzy. Santerre announced, that Paris was quiet, and he hoped would continue ſo; and Lamarque, from the committee of general ſafety, reported, that numberleſs pamphlets were circulated, exhorting the people to ſet the ſon of the late king on the throne, diſſolve the convention, recal the prieſts, and re-eſtabliſh tythes. On this, the convention decreed, that whoever ſhall be convicted of compoſing or printing writings for the reſtoration of monarchy in France, or the diſſolution of the national repreſentation, ſhall be puniſhed with death: the venders and diſtributors of ſuch writings to be puniſhed with three months impriſonment, if they diſcover the authors; if not, with two years in the galleys.

On Saturday, March 30, the commiſſioners to the department of the Upper Loire wrote, that the inſurgents had been diſperſed, and ſeveral of their leaders taken.

M. Camus then appeared, and ſaid: 'The committee of general defence has charged me to propoſe to you meaſures of ſafety, reſolved upon this night, in preſence of a great number of deputies, and after a long deliberation.

'Diſpatches, arrived yeſterday from the army, informs us, that the moſt odious plots are in agitation for the deſtruction of the republic. We do not yet know the whole, but we ſhall ſoon be in poſſeſſion of it. I propoſe,

1. To order general Dumourier to the bar.

2. That the miniſter at war ſhall inſtantly ſet out to examine the ſtate of the army of the north.

3. That four commiſſioners, members of the convention, ſhall repair to the ſaid army, with powers to ſuſpend and arreſt all generals and military officers whom they ſhall ſuſpect, and bring them to the bar.'

This decree was paſſed almoſt unanimouſly; and Camus, Quinette, Lamarque, and Bancal, were appointed commiſſioners.

On Sunday, March 31, it was announced, that the whole province of Brittany was in arms; that the rebels were encamped all along the left bank of the Loire, from Ingrande to Maure; that they had erected batteries, and, to the number of 3000, had entrenched themſelves with 36 pounders. They had been attacked by the national guards with great vigour; and in this battle 200 of the rebels were ſlain and 300 made priſoners; the latter were all of them maſſacred in cold blood by the patriots. Notwithſtanding this, the counter-revolutioniſts aſſembled in force, and made 85 patriots priſoners. Speedy ſuccours, ſays the letter, are abſolutely neceſſary, for the country is in imminent danger, and the rebels cry out 'Vive es Anglais.' They have very experienced leaders. Melinet demanded, that the marine miniſter ſhould ſend all the marit me force he could collect, to cruize on the coaſts. The marine miniſter wrote word, that the city of Paiubœuf has been ſaved from the invaſion of the rebels, through the valour of a captain of artillery, and ſome ſailors belonging to two French frigates. On hearing this news, the convention ordered that the marine

marine minister should send some men of war and frigates to oppose the designs of the English.

On Monday, April 1, the minister of the marine gave an account of the measures which had been taken for the defence of the coasts of the insurgent departments. There were at that moment cruizing on the coasts of the departments of Vendee, and the Lower Loire, eight frigates from 36 to 50 guns, with eight smaller vessels.

A letter from general Dumourier to the war minister, dated March 28, describes the army as in a state of the greatest disorder, and not having provisions for more than ten days: he says, that the pretended succours of men from the departments of the North consist only of old men and children, who, so far from being useful, serve only to increase the confusion, and consume the provisions. He declares, that if order and discipline be not restored; that if 50 authorities, each more absured than the other, continue to direct all political and military operations, France is lost; he affirms, that it is impossible for him to stop the progress of the enemy, who, without amusing themselves with sieges, may, with an army of 20,000 cavalry, lay waste and reduce to ashes all that part of the country which is in the neighbourhood of Paris. Dumourier concludes this melancholy representation of the state of affairs, with bestowing eulogiums on the clemency and moderation of the Austrians, who were entitled to the more praise, as from the example of cruelty and outrage which the French had exhibited, a very different conduct on their part might have been expected. I, says he, have always affirmed, and I repeat, that a republic can only be founded on virtue, and that freedom can be maintained only by order and wisdom.'

A letter was read from the administrators of Maine and Loire, stating, that there was every reason to hope that the insurgents would soon be dispersed, and that those of them who had been taken had been tried by martial law, and immediately executed. To this letter was added a copy of the examination of one of the insurgents, named Cartino, from which it appeared that the insurgents assumed the title of the Christian Army, and that their signal for rallying was 'Vive le Roi, la Reine, l'Aristocratie!' It was stated also, that they had declared for a king—that they at first amounted only to fifty—that they had afterward increased to 12,000, and that they had 25 pieces of cannon.

(To be continued.)

BRITISH INTELLIGENCE.

Portsmouth, April 28, 1793.

THIS day arrived at Spithead the Edgar, of 74 guns, capt. Bertie, with 60 tons of silver and gold taken from the Dumourier French privateer, that had captured a Spanish register ship.

This re-capture, which is brought to at St. Helen's, is the richest prize ever carried into Britain, not even excepting the Acapulco, brought in by lord Anson; and as all the specie, amounting to upwards of 500,000l. was moved into the privateer, it will become the property of admiral Gell's fleet. The Spanish ship is besides laden with bark and cochineal, amounting in the whole to 800,000l.

The privateer and register ship were both taken by the Phaeton, sir Andrew Douglas, 140 leagues to the westward of the Lizard. Eight days before this lucky stroke of fortune, admiral Gell had parted with the East-Indiamen under the convoy of the Boyne and Powerful, which will make the remainder share very high.

The cargo that remained on board the Spanish register ship, on the 14th of April, which was the day on which she was re-captured, consists of the following articles, viz.

16 Chests of money, seven of which are gold, the rest plate.
72 Cwt. of redwood.
2662 Quintals of bark, of different weights, from 100 to 300 pounds each.
2400 Quintals of cocoa.
4887 Quintals of copper.
520 Quintals of lead.
112 Quintals of wool.
162 Quintals of sugar.
224 Pounds of medicine.
338 Pounds of extracted bark.
75 Pounds of grease of cocoa.
150 Pounds of balsamic peru.
250 Prepared hides.
119 Skins for rasping.
8 Dozen of fine leather.
3 Barrels of honey.
3 Dozen of Peru wine.
11 Cases of different productions of Peru.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

April 25, 1793.

THE general committee of the Roman catholics of Ireland met, for the last time, at the Tailors Hall, in Back-lane.

Having agreed to an address of thanks to his most gracious majesty for the benefits they have received—to his excellency the lord lieutenant—and to both houses of parliament, and transacting some ordinary business, they came to a resolution, purporting, that it was with pleasure and gratitude they observed the house of commons, in this session of parliament, unanimously taking into consideration that important measure, the present state of the representation of the people in parliament; and they most earnestly exhorted the catholics of Ireland to co-operate with their protestant brethern in all legal and constitutional means to carry into effect

that

that great meaſure, recognized by the wiſdom of parliament, and ſo eſſential to the freedom, happineſs and proſperity of Ireland—a reform in the repreſentation of the people in the commons houſe.

They alſo reſolved, that as by the elective franchiſe the catholics of Ireland were now enabled to ſpeak individually the language of freemen, and as they were no longer conſidered as a diſtinct body of his majeſty's ſubjects, they rendered up their truſt to thoſe who ſent them thither, and that the committee was therefore diſſolved.

About the hour of two o'clock on the night of Wedneſday laſt, the dwelling houſe of Mr. Brigs, near Athlone, was broken and entered by a number of armed villains, with their faces covered, who after binding every individual of the family with cords, and almoſt ſuffocating them with the bed-clothes, which they heaped over their heads and faces, plundered the houſe of caſh, watches, ſome plate, and other articles of value to a conſiderable amount. In about half an hour after their departure, the maid ſervant found means to diſengage herſelf, and having cut the bands of the reſt, which were extremely ſevere and painful, there was an active and vigilant purſuit as far as the village of Ahaſera, in the county of Galway, where three of the above gang were apprehended, and the ſtolen goods found upon them. They were brought to Athlone town on Thurſday night, and ſafely lodged in the marſhalſea. Next day they were ſeverally expoſed to public view in the market-houſe, and underwent a ſecret examination, after which they were confined in ſeparate apartments.

May 1.] This night a burglary and murder of the moſt atrocious kind was committed in the houſe of Samuel Waddy, eſq. at Jamesville, in the county of Wexford, the particulars of which are as follows:

Some time ago Mr. Waddy diſcharged from his ſervice a footman of the name of William Spain, for miſdemeanors, particularly, for beating in a cruel manner a female ſervant in the family: the fellow, on going away, vowed vengeance againſt his maſter, and unhappily kept his word, for between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock, on Tueſday night, Spain, with a number of accomplices, broke into Mr. Waddy's houſe, where after tying all the ſervants, he proceeded to Mr. Waddy's bedchamber, and diſcharged a piſtol at his head, which inſtantly killed him. The villains then robbed the houſe of valuable articles to a conſiderable amount, and got off.

9.] A melancholy accident happened on Thurſday morning in the harbour. The regulating captain returning from regulating the men on board the tender lying off the Pigeon-houſe, they having ſome new guns on board to ſcale, embraced the opportunity to ſalute the captain at the ſame time; the men going on the ſide at which the boat put off from on purpoſe to give three cheers, which occaſioned the tender to heel, which altering the direction of the guns in firing, the wadding paſſed by the captain's head, ſtruck one of the men rowing the boat, although at a good diſtance from the ſhip, on the temple, which ſo fractured and tore his ſkull, that the man died immediately. The poor man has left a diſconſolate widow, with two infant children, in great diſtreſs.

11.] Yeſterday the trial at bar in the Court of Exchequer, John Flood, Eſq. verſus the Provoſt and Fellows of Trinity College, was determined in favour of Mr. Flood. By this deciſion a property of 4000l. per annum reverts to that gentleman, which, by the will of the late Henry Flood, eſq. had been bequeathed to cultivate the ſtudy of the Iriſh language.

The number of militia men to be raiſed in each county is as follows:—

Cork	976	Leitrim	35
Cork city	488	Mayo	70
Kerry	488	Roſcommon	42
Limerick	420	Sligo	35
Limerick city	305	Antrim (including Carrickfergus)	42
Tipperary	560	Armagh	42
Waterford	305	Down	77
Waterford city	183	Louth (including Drogheda)	56
Dublin co.	280	Meath	42
Dublin city	420	Monaghan	42
Kilkenny	420	Cavan	35
Kildare	280	Donegall	56
King's co.	420	Fermanagh	35
Queen's co.	366	Londonderry	56
Wexford	560	Longford	28
Wicklow	366	Tyrone	56
Carlow	244	Weſtmeath	35
Clare	366		
Galway	560		

In all 16,000 men.

10.] Yeſterday, purſuant to the requiſition of the right hon. the lord mayor, there was a meeting of noblemen, gentlemen, and citizens, held at the Royal Exchange, at which his lordſhip preſided.

The duke of Leinſter, lord Allen, lord Clonmorris, Mr. Grattan, Mr. J. C. Beresford, Mr. Barrington, Mr. Alexander, and ſeveral other members of both houſes, with a great number of reſpectable citizens attended.

By order of the lord mayor, the report of the committee appointed to enquire into the preſent ſtate of manufactures, who ſat on Thurſday, was read.

From this it appeared, from the ſtatement of a clothier from the Liberty, that the number of perſons uſually employed in the wool clothing buſineſs, from five to ſix thouſand, were now out of employment, and deſtitute of the means of ſubſiſtence, owing to the ſlackneſs of demand for the manufactures in which they were employed.

Thoſe manufactures were chiefly coatings and livery cloths, and from the vaſt quantities remaining on hand without purchaſers, and the vaſt quantities which were conſtantly pouring in from the ſiſter country, where the great ſlackneſs of demand left a great ſurplus on hand, it was feared a great number more of the working manufacturers muſt be diſcharged from their employment.

From a ſtatement given by a cotton manufacturer in Francis-ſtreet, it appeared, that of the number of perſons employed about twelve months ſince in the cotton manufacture, there were now ſixteen

…een thouſand out of employment, including …, women, and children.

That out of four thouſand looms employed in …e calico branch only in the Liberty, but one …dred and fifty were now employed; and that …e number of looms employed in the manufac… of velverets, corduroys, thickſets, and other …rics of cotton, were decreaſed in proportion, …hin 25 miles round Dublin.

It appeared alſo from the ſtatement of the ſilk …nufacturers, from the account of Mr. Collins, …e out of 170 looms employed by himſelf not …re than 30 were now at work, and that twen…ther perſons, who employed an equal number …hands with himſelf, were obliged to reduce …m in ſimilar proportion.

A ſimilar report was read from a Mr. M'Don…l, employed in the cotton manufacture near …yboro' in the Queen's county.

The whole of the report being read through, …. Benjamin Wills roſe and obſerved, that in a …e of calamity, ſuch as the preſent, it became …e duty of every good citizen to contribute, by …ry means and ſuggeſtion in his power, to the …f of his diſtreſſed fellow citizens.

With reſpect to the relief that could be expect…n flow from a ſubſcription, it would be at beſt …e temporary, and would ceaſe when the fund …d was exhauſted.

He then ſuggeſted that which was likely to be …ductive of much more relief, and might at pre…t be attended with ſalutary effects. This was …deputies to be appointed from the aſſembly, to …from houſe to houſe in every pariſh with their …ks, to ſolicit every perſon to ſubſcribe his or …r name, and oppoſite to it a diſcretionary ſum to …d out within a few days in purchaſe of ſome …cle of Iriſh manufacture, and to produce to …e deputies, at the end of that time, receipts …the ſums ſo expended.

Mr. Wills moved, that a committee be appoint…to take the ſubject into conſideration, and to …geſt the beſt mode of relief, which was agreed …, and one of twenty-ſeven appointed, conſiſting …the

Lord Mayor,	Duke of Leinſter,
Lord Allen,	Lord Cloncurry,
Mr. Grattan,	Mr. John Claudius Be-
Mr. Alexander,	reſford,
Mr. J. Barrington,	Mr. Sheriff Hutton,
Mr. Wills,	Mr. Vandeleur,
Mr. Bellwood,	Mr. Orr,
Mr. William Cope,	Mr. D. Thomas O'Brien,

…d the remainder of eminent manufacturers; …ch committee was ordered to ſit forthwith, to …ive ſuch information as might be communicat…to them from perſons competent, and to report …day to the aſſembly, who are to be convened …the purpoſe of receiving ſaid report.

Before the aſſembly adjourned, a memorial was …ived from the manufacturers in the worſted …ch, complaining of the great decay of their …e, and the annihilation of thoſe bounties …ted a few years ſince, in lieu of their protect… duties. The memorial alſo alledged, that in …er to enable the maſter manufacturers to meet …Engliſh goods at market, they had conſidera… lowered their wages. That the principal cauſe of their diſtreſs was the exportation of the raw material and the re-importation of the ſame in a manufactured ſtate. They alſo alledged that from the faſhion of the women wearing Spaniſh leather ſhoes, the great conſumption of laſtings, ſattinets and callimancoes, manufactured by them, had in a great meaſure ceaſed, to the great injury of a trade which employed above 5,000 hands, and to the benefit only of one, which did not employ above 60.

This petition was received, and referred to the committee.

A letter from Richard Daly, eſq. manager of the Theatre Royal, was next received, and read by the Lord Mayor.

It expreſſed Mr. Daly's concern for the preſent calamitous ſituation of the manufacturers of Dublin, and his earneſt wiſh to co-operate in the laudable object, for their relief—and concluded by offering a benefit play at the Theatre Royal, free of all expences, for the purpoſe—the produce to be diſpoſed of in ſuch manner as ſhould be found uſeful.

The letter was received with marked approbation, and referred to the committee.

Mr. Wills and Mr. Beresford, reſiſted ſome arguments, for an inſtant collection in the pariſhes—which commencing within the known function of the committee, and before the public were apprized of its objects, or the mode in which it was to be diſpoſed of, they would naturally withhold their contributions, or at leaſt not give them ſo liberally, and thus the ſpirit of benevolence, of which the cauſe, when properly brought forward, muſt appear ſo worthy, would be damped by the precipitancy of an ill-timed zeal.

It was reſolved that the committee do ſit forthwith, and report at one this day—the aggregate aſſembly adjourned to that time.

Six of the committee immediately waited on his excellency the Id. lieut. for a contribution: his excellency received them with great politeneſs, and was graciouſly pleaſed to give a donation of 100l. towards the temporary relief of the unemployed artiſans.

BIRTHS.

AT Coolraine, Queen's co. the lady of Francis Whyte, eſq. and niece to ſir Frederick Flood, bart. of a ſon and heir.—In Cork, the lady of Philip Spiller, eſq. of a ſon and heir.—In Limerick, George Stamer Gubbins, of Kilruſh, eſq. of two ſons.—In Merrion-ſquare, the lady of the hon. major general Stopford, of a daughter.—In Dame-ſtreet, the lady of John Lalor, of Cranagh, co. Tipperary, eſq of a ſon.—In North Great George's-ſtreet, the lady of Alexander Kirkpatrick, eſq. of a daughter.—The lady of the hon. George Jocelyn, of two daughters.—In Earl-ſtreet, the lady of John Sweny, eſq. of ſon.—The lady of ——— Lafanue, eſq. of a ſon.—In York-ſtreet, the lady of Morley Saunders, of Saunders-Grove, co. Wicklow, eſq. of a ſon.—At New-Market, co. Clare, the wife of Henry Bridgman, ſhoe-maker, of three boys, who, with their mother, are in perfect health.—The lady of ſir Matthew Blackiſton, bart. of a ſon.—At Belmont, the lady of Henry Paiſley L'Eſtrange, eſq.

of

of a ſon and heir.—At Ballitore, co Kildare, the lady of Norcott Henry D'Eſterre, eſq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

ARTHUR CROZIER, of Dunbar, eſq. to Miſs Juliana Nixon, of Wheathill, county Fermanagh.—At Newpark, co. Mayo, Owen Young, of Harryſtown, co. Roſcommon, eſq. to Miſs Rebecca Brabazon, youngeſt daughter of the late George Brabazon, eſq.—Mark Lynch, eſq. to Miſs Skerret, both of Ballinaſloe.—Capt. Alex. Lynch, to Miſs Darcy, of Woodville, co. Galway.—At Limerick, Joſeph Robinſon, of Parſonſtown, King's co. eſq. to Miſs Deborah Garrat, daughter of William Garrat, of Clonmell, eſq.—At Sligo, James Walker, eſq. to Miſs Letitia Johnſon.—In Rutland-ſquare, John Moutray, of Favour Royal, eſq. to Miſs Mary Upton, ſecond daughter of Ambroſe Upton, of North Great George's-ſtreet, eſq.—The Rev. Mr. Wallace, to Miſs Elizabeth Newenham, fourth daughter of ſir Edward Newenham, one of the knights of the ſhire for the co. Dublin.—Alexander Walker, of Drumahair, eſq. to Miſs Dodd, of Ballintogher.—At Limerick, John Vize, eſq. M. D. to Miſs White, daughter of Benjamin White, eſq.—Cha. O'Brien, of Woodtown, co. Dublin, eſq. to Miſs Findlay, of Dorſet-ſtreet.——The rev. Edward Myler, of Suffolk-ſtreet, to Miſs Weekes, of Annamoe, co. Wicklow.—Robert Hamilton, of Abbey-ſtreet, eſq. an eminent ſurgeon, to Miſs Burroughs, of Cuſſe-ſtreet.——At Cork, Deane Naſh, eſq. to Miſs Tiſdall, ſecond daughter of the late rev. Archdeacon Tiſdall.—Thomas Beeby, eſq. to Miſs Ball.—John Foreſter, eſq. to Miſs Mathews, of Kilkenny.——Thomas Apjohn, of Longfield, co. Limerick, eſq. to Miſs Anne Beahan, of Adare, in ſaid co.

DEATHS.

AT Domingo, laſt December, of a fever occaſioned by a wound, Michael Burke, eſq. ſon of the late Miles Burke, of Newport, county Tipperary, eſq.—In the Iſland, near Limerick, the widow of John Stewart, a maſon, aged 101.—At Mount-Pleaſant, near Ranelagh, Miſs Park, daughter of the late Robert Park, of William-ſtreet, eſq.—At Ballyſhannon, Thomas Allingham, eſq.—At Ballydogan, co. Galway, William Burke, eſq.—In Kildare-ſtreet, the right hon. the counteſs of Inchiquin.—At Limerick, Standiſh Grady, of Coppercullen, eſq.—Terence M'Mahon Hefferman, of Liſkennett, co. Limerick, eſq.——At Bray, co. Wicklow, Thomas Todd Faulkner, eſq. nephew and heir of the late alderman Geo. Faulkner, of Parliament-ſtreet, and proprietor of the Dublin Journal.—At Paſſage, near Cork, Thomas Boland, of Pembroke, eſq.—At Cork, George Forſter, eſq.—At Mote, co. Weſtmeath, John Clibborn, eſq. M. D.—Boleyn Weſt, eſq.—At Limerick, Miſs Angel Vokes, eldeſt dau. of Thomas Vokes, of Cragbegg, eſq.—In Great Britain-ſtreet, Mrs. Alicia Caldwell, ſiſter of the late Charles Caldwell, eſq.—At Cork, major Gilman, of the 27th reg. foot.—Suddenly, on his march to Kinſale, enſign Reddiſh, of the 70th reg. foot.—Samuel Waddy, of Jamesville, co Wexford, eſq.—Dr. Samuel Law, of Caſtlewellar, co. Down.—Garret Engliſh, eſq. one of the juſtices of the peace for the co. Dublin.—At Ballybride, near Tallagh, John Matthias Downing, eſq.—Of a cancer in her tongue, Mrs. Talbot, lady of William Talbot, of Loughane, King's co. eſq.—At Mallow, Mrs. Blenerhaſſett, lady of Gerald Blenerhaſſett, of Riddleſtown, co. Limerick, eſq.—In Limerick, Francis Lloyd, eſq. M. D.—On Summerhill, in the 75th year of his age, William Cuſack, eſq. univerſally regretted.—In Grafton-ſtreet, in conſequence of a wound he received in a duel the day before, lieut. Powell, of the 40th reg. foot.—At Borris, the right hon. lady Suſanna Kavanagh.——At Cork, Mrs. Rye, lady of Richard Rye, of Ryecourt, eſq.—At Limerick, aged 79, Mrs. Lynn, relict of capt. Tho. Lynn.—Tho. Going, of Belliſle, co. of Clare, eſq.——At Chaffpoole, co. Sligo, Mrs. Dodwell, aged 93, relict of the late Edward Dodwell, eſq.——At Bath, Mrs. O'Callaghan, relict of the late Cornelius O'Callaghan, of Blantyre, eſq. By her death an eſtate of 1200l. per annum devolves to lord Liſmore.—At Armagh, the rev. doctor Carpendale.——At Ballingarry, Matthew Lane Scanlon, eſq.—Mrs. Daly, lady of Malachy Daly, of Ramore, co. Galway, eſq.——Aged 91, Mrs. Allen, relict of Walter Allen, eſq. and dau. of colonel Lowe, of Loweſtown, co. Weſtmeath.

PROMOTIONS.

EDWARD Willey, eſq. to be lieut. colonel, and ſir Richard Steele, bart. to be cornet, in the 4th dragoon guards.—John Ormſby Vandaleur, eſq. to be major, William Sherlock, eſq. to be captain, and ſir Samuel Hannay, bart. to be lieutenant in the 5th dragoon guards.——Redmond Browne, eſq. to be major of the 5th dragoons.—Thomas Pukenham Vandaleur, eſq. to be major of the 8th dragoons.—B. Trecothick Henicker, eſq. to be lieutenant-colonel of the 9th dragoons.—Mervyn Archdall, eſq. to be major, Rob. Browne, and Overington Blunden, eſqrs. to be captains, in the 12th dragoons.——Robert Bolton, eſq. to be captain in the 13th dragoons.—Robert Riddle, eſq. to be major, William Chriſtmas, eſq. to be captain, and James Preſton, eſq. to be captain-lieutenant, in the 18th dragoons.—Alexander Duff, eſq. to be captain in the 38th regiment of foot.—Stephen Freemantle, eſq. to be lieutenant-colonel, and Alexander Buchanan, eſq. to be captain, in the 39th foot.—Henry Bruen, eſq. to be a governor of the county of Carlow.—The right hon. the earl of Ormond and Oſſory, to be a governor of the county of Kilkenny.—The right hon. lieutenant-general Robert Cunningham, to be commander in chief of his majeſty's forces in Ireland.—The rev. Edward Ryan, D. D. to be miniſter of St. Luke's pariſh, Dublin.

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